

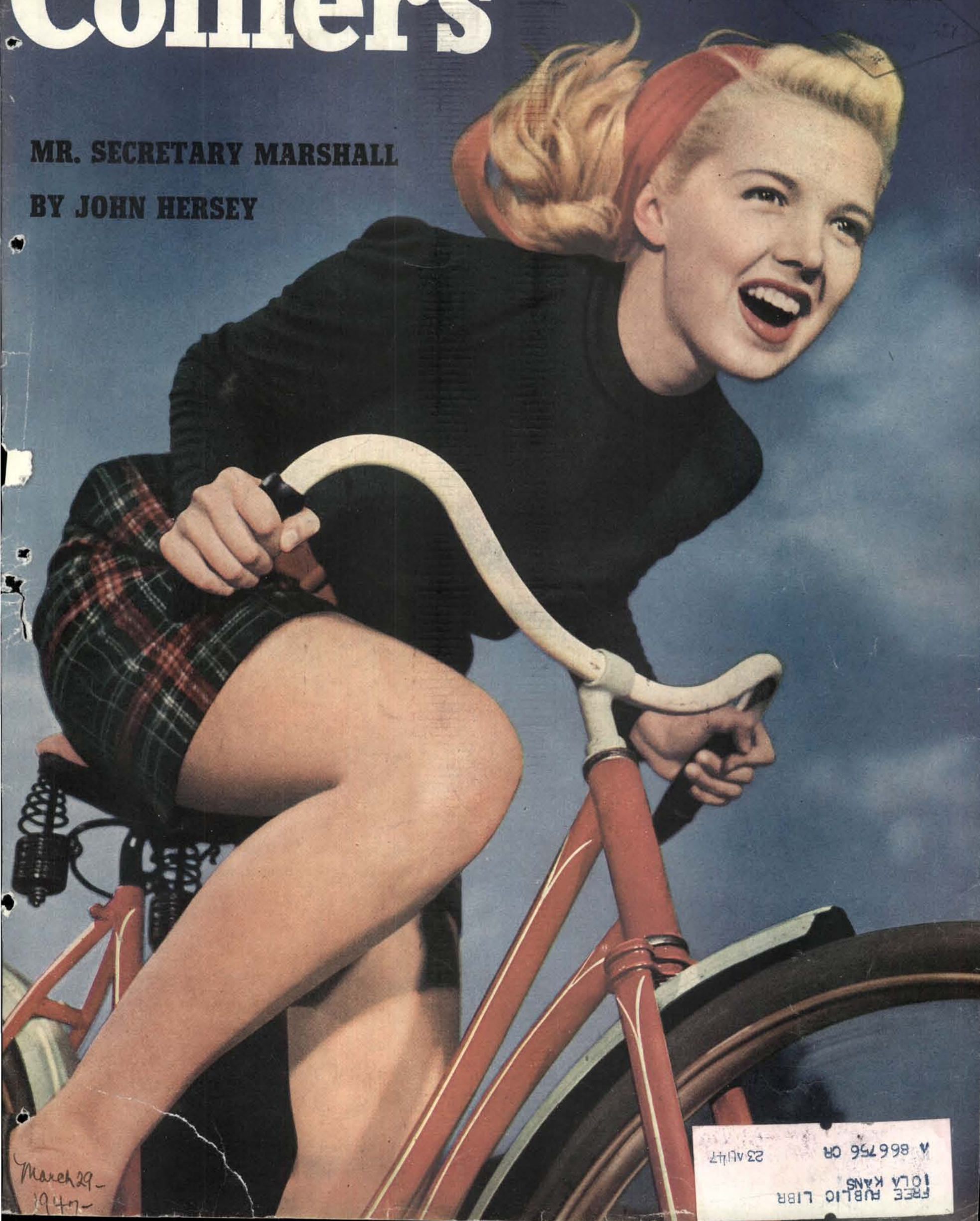
Collier's

MARCH 29, 1947

TEN CENTS

MR. SECRETARY MARSHALL

BY JOHN HERSEY



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March 29 -
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"TRIUMPH"



Color Photograph
by John Paul Pennebaker

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CREST DE LUXE pen, \$17.50; pencil, \$6;
complete set, \$23.50. Federal excise tax
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* After all, you want a pen to write with. It's reasonable, then, to want the pen which writes best—for you . . . You'll find it in Sheaffer's "TRIUMPH"—the pen with the famous *Lifetime** POINT in a wide variety of styles for every type of writing! . . . Right for your writing is an axiom with "TRIUMPH" because you can pick the point that suits you best! Test the *Lifetime** POINT against any other—its rugged flexibility, its instant action, its smooth, effortless performance. Then you'll choose "TRIUMPH"—and be glad of your choice for years!



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Reduces Lead Breakage!

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LISTEN EVERY SATURDAY to SHEAFFER'S ADVENTURERS' CLUB—CBS Complete Network: 11:30 A.M. E.T.; 10:30 A.M. C.T.; 9:30 A.M. M.T.; 8:30 A.M. P.T.



TYPICAL EXAMPLES: THE B. F. GOODRICH TIRE THAT OUTWEARS PREWAR TIRES

Typical example No. 32. "I equipped my new car with five B. F. Goodrich Silvertowns," says Raymond Harris, Chester, Pa., "and started on a trip to California and return. I traveled all types of roads and in all weather conditions. Did not make a single stop because of tire trouble. These tires have now covered 18,054 miles and, as you can see from the picture, show but very little wear."

Typical example No. 39. "In my opinion the new B. F. Goodrich tire is 50% better than any prewar tire used on my cabs," says "Tex" Martin, owner of a fleet of taxicabs in Pelly, Texas. "A

set of these tires to date has been driven approximately 55,000 miles. The tire in the picture is one of these 55,000 mile tires, and I estimate it is good for another 10,000 without recapping."

Typical example No. 27. "The speedometer has registered 34,112 miles since this B. F. Goodrich tire was installed," states Ray Anderson, General Manager of the Western Automobile Leasing Co., Los Angeles, Calif. "Indications are that it will deliver over 15,000 miles more before center tread will disappear. This tire used in rental service—including special delivery, mail, and emergency runs

—in a city which is practically all signal-operated heavy traffic."

Most people who need tires can now get the new B. F. Goodrich Silvertowns. A few sizes are still scarce, of course, but most dealers have a good assortment right in stock. Talk to your B. F. Goodrich dealer. You may not have to wait at all. *The B. F. Goodrich Co., Akron, Ohio.*

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FIRST IN RUBBER



On her wedding night,



*she alone can send
a stranger to his death*



*...or keep silent and
hold her happiness
forever!*

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MILLAND · WRIGHT**

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Imperfect
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LIVILLE COOPER** • Produced by **KARL TUNBERG**
by **LEWIS ALLEN** • Screen Play by **Karl Tunberg**

COLLIER'S

March 29, 1947

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THE WEEK'S MAIL

MELANCHOLY FACTS

DEAR SIR: Sexual deviation, such as that manifested by homosexuals, exhibitionists, rapists and others (The Biggest Taboo, by Howard Whitman, Feb. 15th), is a much commoner phenomenon than most people are willing to admit. The failure of the public to acknowledge this melancholy fact . . . has resulted in the imprisonment of literally thousands of people who might otherwise—had their illness been discovered early—be adjusted to normal and useful lives.

I have encountered sexual deviates on each of whom a state has spent as much as fifty thousand dollars in futile and meaningless punishment, and the depth of whose maladjustment was greater . . . than before they began. A fraction of that sum . . . spent at a strategically early period in the illness could conceivably have salvaged their lives . . . and saved the taxpayers what was spent in applying an archaic retributive doctrine. . . .

EDWIN J. LUKAS,
Society for the Prevention of Crime,
New York City

. . . Our Biggest Taboo is Howard Whitman and his ilk who publicize sex. How come up here in God's country we have no sex problems? Sure—once in a while the line is crossed but we don't advertise it. Shame on you.

EDWIN K. REULING, East Jordan, Mich.

. . . You're making a lot of people think whether they want to or not . . . although I can picture the letters you'll be getting about that "obscene article." . . .

JEAN FODGE, R.N., Rochester, N. Y.

. . . I am writing to suggest one phase that you have not touched—the practice (at least around here) of giving a sex pervert a workhouse sentence, then suspending it on condition that he "leave the county." What possible good this can do I cannot see. I have been appointed to represent some of these fellows and invariably have found that my client has been run out of at least one other county before coming to ours. OSBORNE E. STACY, Att'y at Law, Tiffin, Ohio

MENNONITES

DEAR MR. DAVENPORT: Harry Botsford (Mennonite Menus, Feb. 15th) apparently spent a week-end vacation in Lancaster County, and now knows all about the Pennsylvania Dutch people! The Germans he speaks of settled in Germantown, Philadelphia, not in Lancaster, York, Berks, Lebanon or Lehigh counties.

(Continued on page 78)

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"But Joe, it still isn't safe!"

"What do you mean, it isn't safe?" Joe Glass protested. "There's my new Safety Sticker to prove it. This car's as mechanically perfect as the B-29 I flew over Japan. It's safe enough for anyone to drive!"

"I'll agree the *car's* perfectly safe, dear," replied his wife. "But what about our home and bank account? You know as well as I that a single accident could take everything we own. So I still insist it isn't safe to drive . . . until we get automobile insurance."

Joe Glass is adequately insured now, thanks to his wife's good judgment. How about YOU? Under today's hazardous driving conditions, accidents happen every day to the best of drivers. Chances are one to three that you, yourself, will be involved in an auto

accident this year. That's why it'll pay you to insure with State Farm Mutual—where good, common-sense protection costs so little.

State Farm Mutual is the world's largest auto insurance company. It pioneered such "More for Your Money" features as: Double-the-usual public liability and property damage insurance . . . liberal medical pay . . . 80% collision coverage. More than 7,000 State Farm agents in the U. S. and Canada are ready to serve you now—to offer you complete protection against the financial risks of owning and operating a car. Their friendly help is available any time, anywhere you might run into trouble. Avail yourself of their good advice today, without obligation.



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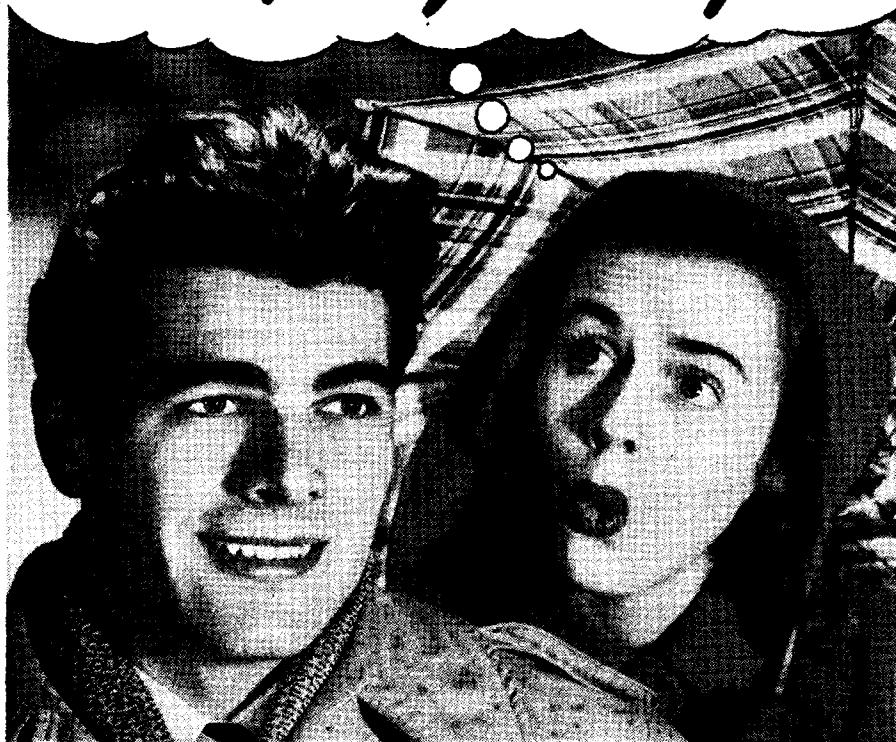
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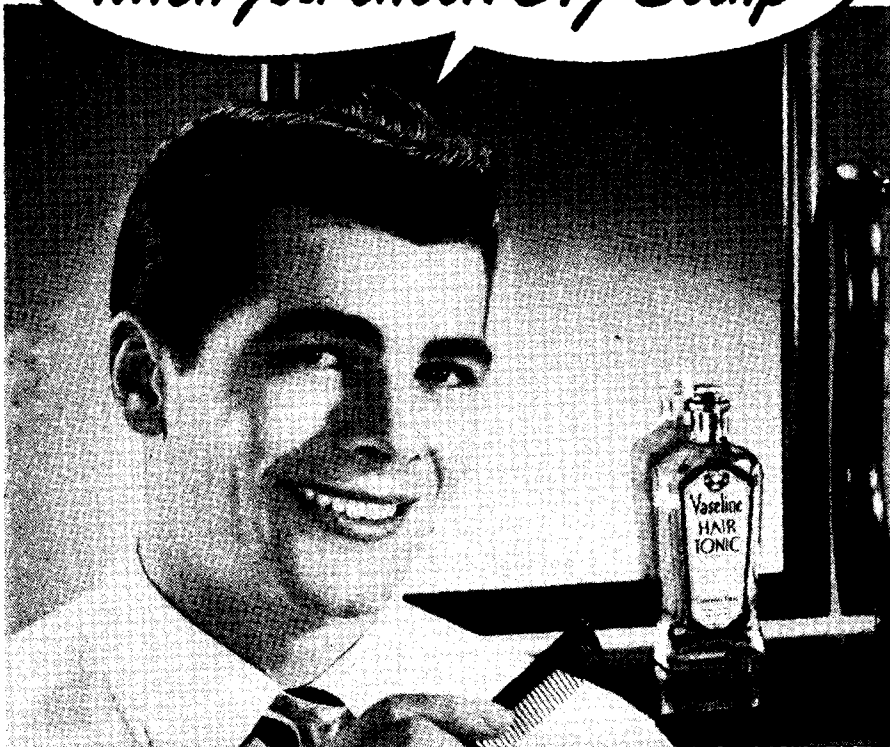
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oh-oh, Dry Scalp!



"WHETHER IT'S RAIN or shine, he always has a bedraggled look. His hair never looks combed . . . it's so lifeless and straggly . . . full of loose dandruff, too. He's got Dry Scalp, all right. I'd better tell him . . . quick . . . about 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic!"

*Hair looks better...
scalp feels better...
when you check Dry Scalp*



WELL-GROOMED HAIR is easy to have—with the daily use of 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic! A few drops every morning—and your hair takes on new lustre—new neatness. You check loose dandruff and Dry Scalp. It contains no alcohol or other drying ingredients. Try it also with massage before every shampoo. It's double care . . . both scalp and hair . . . and more economical than other hair tonics, too.

Vaseline HAIR TONIC

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Used by more men today than any other hair tonic



KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

BY FRELING FOSTER

The largest jigsaw puzzle on record was that made by a New York firm about a decade ago at the request of a wealthy customer. As it contained some 10,000 pieces and sold for \$1,500, it had approximately 20 times as many pieces and cost 150 times as much as the average jigsaw puzzle now made for adults.

During 1945, mobile laboratories of the U.S. Public Health Service examined drinking glasses and other utensils in more than 56,000 restaurants and bars in 213 cities and found that 84 per cent of them were insufficiently washed, having a bacteria count of over 100, the maximum number permitted by law.—By Michael Gagan, Long Island City, N. Y.

Between 1817 when the first showboat was built in the United States and 1940 when all but one had disappeared, about 50 of these floating theaters gave performances in river towns, chiefly along the Ohio and the Mississippi. The only one still operating is the Goldenrod which, since 1938, has been docked at St. Louis where she has entertained more than 1,000,000 patrons.

American turf records show that only seven thoroughbreds have earned the Triple Crown for winning in a single year the Belmont Stakes, the Kentucky Derby and the Preakness Stakes. Of these seven horses, two—Gallant Fox (1930) and Omaha (1935)—were not only sire and son, but were also owned by one man, William Woodward, and trained by one man, Jim Fitzsimmons.

When the world's first street railway was opened in New York in 1832, the cars were horse drawn and, except for their cast-iron wheels, resembled the stagecoach, having a high seat in front for the driver and a door in the rear for the passengers. Thus, as these cars could not be operated from either end like later models, they were equipped with a device that enabled the driver, at the end of the line, to raise the body a few inches above the wheels and turn it in the opposite direction.

Of the some 400 different kinds of handcuffs and other fettering devices that have been invented, not more than 100, so far as is known, were ever manufactured. Among them, only four or five cannot be opened by the wearer without a key, an outstanding example being the Tower handcuff, invented in 1876, whose double lock has never been picked, although many experts have tried it, including Houdini.

Unlike most medical examiners, a London expert, when estimating the time of death in a homicide case, relies largely on the temperature and not the condition of the body, calculating its rate of heat loss on its weight, clothing and the temperature of the air. In a recent case, he estimated the time of a murder within an hour, as proved later, although the body had lain in the snow for 18 hours.

The most important factor in the purchase of a precious-gem stone is faith in the jeweler as few laymen can distinguish a synthetic from a genuine gem. Moreover, few people know that certain stones are sometimes sold under misleading names. For example, red garnets may be called Syrian rubies, green peridots called evening emeralds and rock-crystal gems called Alaskan diamonds.

A doll developed by Thomas A. Edison about 1888 is believed to be his least-known invention and the only toy of its kind that ever actually talked, having a small phonograph mechanism in its body that enabled it to recite a dozen nursery rhymes. After making a few hundred, Edison learned that another company held the right to manufacture phonograph toys and, therefore, he stopped production and had the dolls destroyed. Of the several he saved and presented to friends, only two are known to be in existence today.

Ten dollars will be paid for each fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by their source of information. Address Keep Up With the World, Collier's, 250 Park Ave., New York (17), N. Y. This column is copyrighted and no items may be reproduced without permission.

Collier's for March 29, 1947



eye powered Styles may come and styles
may go . . . But style-wise men will always demand Hart Schaffner
& Marx authenticity and quality standards.

HART SCHAFFNER & MARX

60TH YEAR OF MAKING CLOTHES WITH THAT MADE-FOR-YOU LOOK

THE TRUMPETER LABEL
... A SMALL THING TO LOOK FOR
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Discover the Hidden Power in Your Car

WITH THIS NEW ALEMITE CREATION!

Far More Than a Mere Motor Oil

IT CONTAINS A PATENTED INGREDIENT THAT . . .

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Proved in millions of miles of driving. Ask for it at your favorite dealer's. If he does not have it, he can easily get it for you.



THE WEEK'S WORK

The Kyle Crichtons
jitterbug at the Re-
tired Policeman's Ball

DAVID PESKIN

IT TOOK some editorial whip-cracking to get Mr. Kyle Crichton to venture to Florida for Slump in the Sun (March 22d), and Life Begins at Sixty (p. 22) this issue. To this rugged Pennsylvanian, heat in winter is something to be viewed with suspicion, unless it emanates from a hot-water bottle.

Mr. Crichton, we are informed by David Peskin who did the photography on the trip, remained aloof from the subtropic joys while ensconced in the glamor of Miami Beach's Roney-Plaza. "Something happened to Kyle," Peskin snitches, "when we got to St. Petersburg. Back in Miami he appeared to be the crankiest, weariest old grouch I ever worked with.

"Two days in St. Pete, and he became strangely transformed. His crack-of-dawn gymnastics, brisk morning strolls, cold-water serenades and double-portion breakfasts had even the comely Mrs. Crichton bewildered. Between my own shutter-clicking I caught glimpses of the new Crichton pitching horseshoe ringers, shuffleboarding recklessly, belting the hide off a softball and standing up to a full night of dancing—jitterbugging at that!"

The morning Mr. Crichton challenged the half-as-young Peskin to a 50-yard dash for a brimming beaker of nice freshly pressed St. Pete carrot juice—Peskin left hastily for home.

The rejuvenation of Mr. Crichton, who was Lehigh '17 basketball captain, can be ascribed to either (a) his years of athletic frustration at Collier's, where his exercise consists largely of beating up timid secretaries, or (b) to St. Pete's Ponce de León attributes.

"They kept talking about the young folks there," he snorts in his red-faced way. "But if there are any young folks in St. Petersburg, they must be underground." Anyway, Mr. Crichton is back, bulging with new shuffleboard muscles, and the secretaries are trembling anew.

JERRY BRONDFIELD, who professes to be just another reformed sports writer from Cleveland, once rode for a few hours in the squirrely 6-day bike race so he might get authentic atmosphere. There are those, he says, who claim he's never since been the same. Another time he covered an execution the same night his senior prom was taking place at Ohio State U., his alma mater. "I thus be-

came the only man ever to witness an electrocution in a tuxedo," he says.

It was at Ohio State he ran into Mike Peppe, the *cause célèbre* of Little Man, Big Splash (p. 16), and he has watched Mike take swimmers from water wings to championships. Peppe would grant him an interview only on condition that should this article prove the kiss of death to the Peppe paddlers in the forthcoming National swim championships, the blame will be on Mr. Walter Davenport, who will be thrown into the Ohio State pool should he foolishly wander close to it.

FIGHT No. 25 (p. 20) is Jesse Stuart's first appearance in Collier's for eight years. From Riverton, Kentucky, he was born in a genuine log cabin, educated in homespun style with book, hunting rifle and hoe. He worked his way through college—often cleaning sewers for a living—edited the campus paper, starred on the track team—and wound up a school-teacher. He's had 50 sonnets and a master's thesis burn up in a rooming-house fire; served in the Navy during the war; has since returned to his old Kentucky home to write and farm.

He's married, has a little girl. "My mother's people, the Hiltons," he writes, "have been country school-teachers, moonshiners, rebels and Democrats—all Kentucky mountain pioneers. My father's family is Scotch—the Stuarts are and have been feudists, boozers, country preachers, Republicans and fine soldiers."

FOR its work in stimulating naval recruiting during the war, Collier's is proud to have received a Certificate of Achievement from the U.S. Navy—in "grateful recognition of outstanding services to Naval Personnel during World War II." The New York Mirror and C. D. Batchelor, cartoonist of the New York Daily News, received similar certificates.

This week's cover: When David Peskin set up his cameras on a suitable road in Westchester, New York, to snap pretty June Kirby, professional model, it turned out June couldn't ride worth a lick. Announced Peskin, "June, you're going to learn to ride!" Twenty minutes later June was pedaling away like Willie Ogg, and Peskin had to sweet-talk her into getting off the bike when it was all over. . . .

TED SHANE



Always Dependable

It's high praise for a product when referred to as "always dependable."

But more important than praise is what the product will *do for you* . . . because of its dependability.

The dependability of Dodge "Job-Rated" trucks brings you important benefits:

1. Your business prospers because dependable, uninterrupted delivery service attracts and holds customers.
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For the most *dependable* truck you've ever owned, see your Dodge dealer for the "Job-Rated" truck that fits *your* job.



ONLY DODGE BUILDS "Job-Rated" TRUCKS

175 BASIC CHASSIS MODELS
TO FIT 97% OF ALL HAULING NEEDS

DODGE "Job-Rated" TRUCKS

FIT THE JOB . . . LAST LONGER



Courtesy

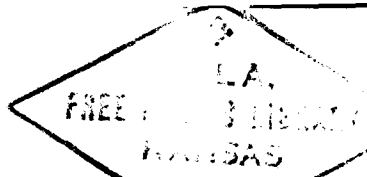
Some materials for new telephone service are still scarce . . . but reasonableness, courtesy and kindness we can provide in full quantity, for we make them ourselves on the spot.

“The Voice With a Smile” keeps on being one of the nice things about telephone service.



BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM





One of the most remarkable things about George Catlett Marshall is that no one in Washington is willing to attack him publicly. One of his classmates at VMI once called him "a dedicated man"

THE day after General of the Army George Catlett Marshall took his oath of office as Secretary of State, he had a haircut. Haircuts put him at ease in times of duress. Mrs. Marshall, in her book, *Together*, says, "Whenever George feels fatigued, he gets a haircut. . . . The shorter his hair is, the more buoyant he feels."

On that second day of the hardest job he had assumed in all his 66 years, George Marshall sat in the single chair in a hideaway barbershop upstairs in the Pentagon Building and submitted himself to the shears of Mr. Joseph Abbate.

This gentleman, a barrel-shaped and exuberant barber, 49 years old and five feet five inches tall, who emigrated from Sicily as a child, can afford to be blasé about his customers. Chiefs of Staff are commonplace to him. "I cut General MacArthur five years," he says, "General Craig four years, General Marshall once a week for more than six, and now General Eisenhower. Very good hair, all of them." Mr. Abbate almost never drapes his barber's mantle over shoulders with less than three stars on them. He has handled Stimson, Arnold, Patton, Wainwright, Somervell, Handy, Hildring, Devers.

However, just as a haircut is a special relaxation to George Marshall, so Joseph Abbate looks forward uncommonly to cutting the general's hair. No man could get a more superlative tribute than General Marshall, when Mr. Abbate says, "Don't think I ever saw a man's hair that would lie so well. When you take and comb it, dry, it lies there just like yours or mine with water and olive oil on it."

The general came in that morning in civilian clothes. He greeted the barber by saying, "Good morning, Joseph." It tells quite a bit about all three men that Mr. Stimson always called the barber "Mr. Abbate," General Eisenhower calls him "Joe," and General Marshall addresses him as "Joseph."

With a somewhat ornate dignity, Joseph congratulated General Marshall on his new position.

The Secretary thanked Joseph for his flowers; the most massive of all the floral tributes he had received on the day of his swearing-in had been a basket arrangement from the barber.

"How is young George?" the Secretary soon asked. He referred to George Marshall Abbate, Joseph's two-and-a-half-year-old son, named for the general. The barber was able to give a good report.

Then Secretary Marshall asked after Joseph's uncle in Sicily. There was a background for this inquiry. After the Sicilian invasion, Joseph had proudly told the general how his uncle, though but a hungry civilian, had had the discrimination to surrender personally and formally, using the customary white flag, to (then) Major General Lucian Truscott.

Later, in 1944, while General Marshall was having his hair cut one day before his tour of inspection of the European and Italian fronts, Marshall asked the barber if he had anything to send his uncle. Joseph gave the general an envelope of money. When Marshall reached Rome, he sent an emissary all the way down to Messina to deliver the packet and to see that Joseph's uncle got a job with the Army. (The Army was regretfully obliged to fire Joseph's uncle not long afterward.)

This time Joseph was able to tell the general lots of fresh news about his uncle, because he had just returned from a triumphal visit to Sicily.

And so, as Joseph worked—"just a plain haircut, no special trimmings for the Secretary of State"—General Marshall settled back at ease, and, with his fortunate ability to compartment his mind, he shut off thoughts of Germany, Argentina, and China, of Molotov and Bevin, of State Department reorganization and protocol and press conferences, and listened carefully as the barber told how he had gone home to his native town with a 200-pound trunk, full of chocolate bars, boxes of vermicelli, two dozen shirts, a hundred neckties, and thirteen silver dollars. These last he distributed to the first thirteen Sicilian boys he saw. (The Secretary considered the story, which lasted several minutes, interesting

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY GEORGE KARGER

MR. SECRETARY MARSHALL

BY JOHN HERSEY





Despite his cool dignity, General Marshall has an extraordinary lack of arrogance. This is revealed in a minor way in the above photo, which shows him cleaning up with some G.I.s while visiting the Normandy front in 1944.

President Truman, shown with Marshall and his predecessor as Secretary of State, James F. Byrnes, once called Marshall "the greatest living American." But Marshall's reputation may be his greatest single handicap in his new job.



enough to retell it, word for word, to Mrs. Marshall that evening.)

The general budgets even his pleasures, and during part of the haircut he dictated letters to his personal secretary, Mrs. Sallie Chamberlin, just talking the letters off from beginning to end, never correcting, never deleting, never going back. Joseph listened but seemed not to hear, just as he often had during the war when top-secret conferences took place in the barbershop. "I stood there and I listened to the war won, seven, eight, eleven times," he says, "but I never let out a secret."

Joseph could sense from the letters that General Marshall was up against new kinds of problems, but he had no doubt of the general's competence to master them. The barber could think back over many episodes in what he frankly and quite honestly calls a "long friendship" with the general (the night of his sixteenth wedding anniversary, at about 8:30, an MP knocking on the door of his house with a bottle of champagne from the general . . . the silver spoon and fork that came from the general when George Marshall Abbate was christened . . . the letter the general sent when Joseph's mother died . . .), and he had reasons of his own for thinking the general would make a good Secretary of State.

Reputation May Be a Drawback

Different men have various reasons for their belief, but the fact is that there is an extraordinary unanimity in Washington with respect to the talents of General Marshall. In an interview with the Kansas City Star, Harry Truman went on record, while President Roosevelt was still alive, with his opinion that Marshall was "the greatest living American." Winston Churchill, in spite of the general's intransigent opposition to the Prime Minister's "soft underbelly of Europe" strategy, called him "the true organizer of victory."

Navy men praise him; men who were senior to him in the Army, but whom he outstripped, say they liked working under their ex-junior's command; the most cynical newspapermen respect him. Scores of orderlies, drivers, MPs, secretaries, and plain citizens, who have worked for him, feel, as Joseph Abbate does, that he is their own friend. There is not a single individual in the capital who has been willing to backbite the general publicly, and Washington is not famous for such restraint.

As he gets down to serious work in Moscow, this eminence of his reputation is probably the greatest single disadvantage General Marshall has. Public figures become the victims of their reputations, and the general's has gotten a little out of hand. Even the praise which is so amply due him has, after much repetition, given the public the impression that he may employ some kind of personal magic to bring peace singlehanded. His behavior since assuming office has shown that no one knows better than he does that he is just a human being who has taken on an ugly job.

His own obvious sense of being a mere mortal is complemented by a realization—and this is the key to the way he may be expected to run his country's foreign affairs—that the men with whom he has to deal are just human, too.

General Marshall studies the men with whom he works, and those with whom he negotiates, almost as hard

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as he studies the issues under debate. Tillman Durdin, the veteran New York Times correspondent in China, whom the general invited to serve for several weeks as his personal adviser, says, "In all aspects of his China mission, General Marshall viewed the attitudes and activities of groups, individuals and nations more in terms of natural human adjustments to circumstances than in terms of inexorable economic forces."

Perhaps he would be in a stronger position at Moscow, and in other encounters ahead of him, if he were more of a student of economics and politics than he is. But he is, at any rate, a technician in human relations, and this will help him in the highly personalized peacemaking that is done in the Big Four meetings.

The best way, therefore, to estimate how Secretary Marshall will fit into the complicated human equations of Moscow, and of later conferences, is to inquire what sort of human being he himself is.

Diplomatic Safety Pin

In the summer of 1939, General Marshall, who had just been designated Chief of Staff, made a good-will trip to Brazil. On the evening of his first official dinner, the general took a bath and began to dress. Only then, according to Mrs. Marshall, did he discover that Sergeant Jones, his orderly, had inadvertently packed a pair of trousers for his dinner clothes that the general had kept from the days of his lieutenantcy, and that now failed, by a matter of inches, to get around the girth of his generalcy.

There was not time before the dinner to get another pair of trousers. By pulling in his high-ranking stomach, the general was able to fasten the trousers, without much gap, using a long safety pin. During the evening he was a careful ramrod, and got through without an accident. The next morning people in Rio talked about, and the newspapers commented upon, the unusually pronounced military bearing of the North American *soldado*.

General Marshall still carries himself very well at the age of 66. He has not needed any such extreme hazards, in Washington, to earn a reputation for being a trifle stiff, in personality, as well as in posture. To many people, there is something outwardly forbidding about the new Secretary of State. He has never had a nickname since, at 16, he left Uniontown, Pennsylvania, where he had grown up and had been called "Flicker." President Roosevelt, who was the most first-naming man in Washington, always called him "General."

Unlike General Eisenhower, whom many subordinates call "Ike," and who has hundreds of pals in the Pentagon, General Marshall kept most of his associates just outside the fence of intimacy. There is only a handful of men in the Army who call him "George"—and they are long-standing friends, like Major General Philip B. Peyton, who roomed with Marshall at Virginia Military Institute.

This quality of aloofness, however, is on the surface. General Marshall is capable of deep friendships, and the fact that he is reserved makes these intimacies seem all the deeper.

During the war, for instance, General Marshall developed a great liking—as well as great respect—for another reserved man, Field Marshal Sir John Dill, the former Chief of the Imperial General Staff, who represented Britain on the Joint Chiefs of

Staff in Washington. This was only one of a number of close friendships the general entered into—notably, among civilians, with Henry L. Stimson, James F. Byrnes, and Harry S. Truman (who, as chairman of the Truman Committee, learned to worship the ground the general marched on)—but since the Dill relationship was fairly typical, it is worth examining a little.

The friendship grew out of a series of homely kindnesses on the part of Marshall. Christmas Day, 1941, was also Dill's birthday. Learning this, though overwhelmed with the duties of a war only three weeks' old for his country, General Marshall arranged a birthday party at his house in Fort Myer, and before it, dispatched an orderly to buy tiny silk British and American flags and a cake. At the party the cake was brought in, with the flags stuck in it, and presented to Sir John. He was intensely moved, and declared he had not been given a birthday cake since boyhood. He pulled out the flags, examined them carefully, and found, on the staffs, the printed words, "Made in Japan."

Another time, General Marshall took Sir John to see the battlefield of Gettysburg. Since his days at VMI, Marshall had made a hobby of walking over, and studying the scenes of Revolutionary and Civil War battles. At Gettysburg, he knew every move made by A. P. Hill, Longstreet, Meade and the others, and as he and Dill started out, he asked the professional guide who was with them to take a rest. Both generals, on their day off, were in civvies, and the unsuspecting guide, annoyed that he wasn't needed, said, "Certainly, if you men aren't interested in military affairs, go ahead."

Marshall took Dill on several inspection tours, and after one of them, Sir John wrote a letter, addressing his colleague affectionately (for an English soldier) as "Dear Marshall," and said, "The kindness with which I was treated wherever we went has greatly touched me, and my heart goes out to the Army of the United States as never before." When Sir John was presented by Yale University with an honorary degree, General Marshall went to New Haven and made a speech about him.

Dill died at his work, and his wife, Lady Nancy Dill, asked General Marshall to read the lesson at her husband's funeral. The general chose a reading from the book of Romans: "... Neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God..." Mrs. Marshall received a letter the following day from a Supreme Court justice, saying, of the general's performance on behalf of his friend: "The text that he chose, and the manner of its reading in its setting, made that reading for me—as I am sure for all others—an enduring memory."

General Marshall's ability to earn such close friendships will be much more important to him in his present job than it was in the Army. For better or worse, United States foreign policy is now a matter of intensely personal teamwork. When he first came home, Secretary Marshall said to a friend, "I've got to join the team. The team can't join me." It is fortunate that the general is already very friendly with his President and his predecessor, but he will also have to establish certain new cordialities—especially with Senator Arthur H. Vandenberg, who

(Continued on page 48)



Mrs. Marshall greatly helped her husband in his war-killing job during the war. Their relationship is one of the most remarkable, unposed photos

One of the deep friendships that General Marshall formed during the war was with Sir John Dill, British member of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, shown with him here



The Gyrene began whistling Yankee Doodle and believe it or not the monkeys started marching. "As soon as some big movie producer sees them," the redhead says, "Mike has got his fortune made"

HEARNO

SEENO,

SPEAKING

BY D. H. JOHNSON

Those guys from Anzio are back
—this time with monkeyshines

Monday, 6:00 P.M.

MCGETTRICK:
I am leaving this note with the 6-to-midnight man to hand you when you come to work tonight—which I still keep wondering if you really do, from the way the joint looks when I get here in the A.M. Every A.M. there are grease spots all over the driveway, and the gas pumps are gunked up with spillage, and the inside of the station looks like Cassino after we got through with it. You are the sloppiest night-man on Hollywood Boulevard. However that is not why I am writing you this. What I want to know is why in hell you are keeping monkeys in the oil storeroom. I unlocked it today to get a drum of hypoid lube, and fifteen apes came at me with their jaws open, and I like to had my arm took off before I got the door slammed in their faces.

I have asked the day help and the 6-to-midnight man about this, and as usual nobody knows anything about anything, so the monkeys must belong to you. Get them out, and get them away from the station. This is an order.

Fred Updike, Prop.

Tuesday, 12:15 A.M.

Dear Sarge:

I just got your note as the 6-to-midnight man gave it to me when I came to work about the monkeys which in answer to same would say I do not go for those kind of remarks about me being sloppy.

In the first place leave us remember we are not in the Army now any longer I am glad to say. I took your lip for 3 years about policing up stuff but things are very different now slightly.

Now you are just the guy that owns the gas station who I happen to be working for which if you do not like it you know what you can do with your job which I am thinking of leaving confidentially anyway as I practically have got another career I could probably step into almost any time I wanted to now very likely.

In the second place I have not got time to go around tidying up after myself like an old maid between the hours of midnight and 8. I am running my hips to the ground all night waiting on customers which if I do not have customers I have got to be on my toes anyway. And besides I go home at 8 and you stagger in like a banker at 8:30 or so and how do you know the day help do not snafu things up during the meantime very frankly?

In the third place I would say do not worry too much about what I said in the first place. I mean about leaving. I am not a type that would leave a pal who I saved the life of once in the lurch without notice and if I step into this new career I mentioned I will give you anyway 24 hours to get a new man.

J. McGettrick

P.S. I wonder if I could have a \$25 dollar advance and oblige. Do not take this out of my pay check

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kindly as my wife is a very fond woman of a buck and latches onto my check every payday and only gives me bare cigarette money which if she found out I was 25 clams short she would hit the ceiling and want to know why and I would have to tell her I am buying red coats with brass buttons for some monkeys which no woman would see any sense in.

J. McG.

P.S. I just remembered you said to get rid of the monkeys which you say there was 15. You are seeing double as there are only 3. I can not do this as I am keeping them for a veteran who he and his wife would not have a place to lay their head otherwise. Besides which they are half mine and they will not bite you. They are just coming at you with their mouth open smiling.

Joe.

Tuesday, 6:00 P.M.

McGettrick:

Try and get a couple of things into that cast-iron head of yours. I don't care who you are keeping the monkeys for. I don't care how many monkeys there are. I don't care whether or not they were smiling. All I want is for you to get those monkeys to hell out of there.

For two days now, I have not been able to get in there for lube supplies. I have been buying my oil and grease from the competition across the street, retail yet. The Joe over there thinks I have got battle fatigue, and the day help are giving me the laugh behind my back, and this has got to stop. Get those monkeys out tonight, the minute you come to work. This is an order.

Fred Updike, Prop.

P.S. I note you are thinking of quitting. This is a great surprise to me, as when I brought you home and gave you a job out of gratitude for carrying me out of that spot at Anzio I thought you would be around for life. I am deeply shocked that you want to walk out on me. When do you plan to leave? How about Saturday?

Wednesday, 12:01 A.M.

Dear Sarge:

I just got your note and in answer to same would say I am greatly amazed at you a little. I mean you jumping onto a wrong conclusion just because I maybe wrote a chance remark about quitting thoughtlessly. Especially which it is the same as telling an old friend to get the hell out.

I have always thought of you as my best pal and a noncommissioned officer and gentleman. Also my wife. She has often said several times what a diamond you are in the rough to pay both our fares out from Brooklyn and give me a job for as long as I wanted just for a worthless trifle like saving your life. She also said once that if you had a little hair you would look like Gary Cooper.

So leave us not break up anything as beautiful as this by taking me at my word and saying do I want to leave Saturday. I will tell you when I want to. If I want to. Which I might not.

This is a little indefinite yet slightly on account of several things which I guess I had better write out just how it happened and you will see same.

It all started Sunday night which I was sitting here in the station and a car drove in and stopped by the gas pumps. You know me. Always on my toes. So I got up and went out in spite of my foot being asleep and it was a big guy in a Marine uniform who he had a ruptured duck and this beautiful babe sitting in the front seat beside of him. I did not notice the back seat yet.

"Fill her up?" I says to the Gyrene. This will show you how I am always in there pitching. "Check your oil?" I says. "Clean your spark plugs? Recap your tires?"

"No," the Gyrene says. He gave me kind of a sad look like a cocker spaniel I used to own that always had stomach trouble when I was seven years old. "Chum," he says, "could we pull over into a corner of your driveway and stay the rest of the night?"

So I looked at him and then I looked at this beautiful babe and I still did not look at the back seat yet on account of how cute a redhead can be with brown eyes which I did not blame him.

"The park is more private," I says.

"They got the parks locked up hours ago," he says.

"We tried the beach," the redhead says, "but a cop made Mike drive on."

"They would not even let us park in the street," the Gyrene says. "And this is the country I have been stuck on an island two years for. Chum," he says, "are you going to let us park here or not?"

"I got to think this over in my mind," I says.

"I hope you have got the right kind of mind," the redhead says. "Mike and me have been a man and wife since 1942."

"Haven't you got a home?" I says.

"She has got a home," the Gyrene says. "She has been living with her folks here in Hollywood while I was in the service. But now that I am back," he says, "her old man will not let me move in on account of my monkeys."

"Monkeys?" I says.

"Dad is allergic to monkeys," the redhead says.

"Monkeys?" I says.

"So are all the hotels," the Gyrene says.

"Monkeys?" I says.

"Chum," the Gyrene says, "if you do not stop saying that I am going to set off a fist under your big fat bazoo. Look in the back seat and pipe down."

So I looked in the back seat and I looked away for a minute and I looked back again and these monkeys were still there. They were three little gray ones sitting in a row which as soon as they saw I was looking they put on an act. The one on the left put his fingers in his ears and the one in the middle put his hands over his eyes and the one on the right put his hands over his mouth only he forgot in a minute and made a snoot at me.

"Monkeys," I says.

"That does it," the Gyrene says. "Chum," he says, "come here. I want to push your nose so far through your head you will smell coming and going."

"Mike," she says, "you better be good. You tell him everything." Which even a Gyrene can not get anywhere arguing with a redhead so he did this.

From what he says it seems like the Marines detailed him to stand guard on this little island in the Pacific Ocean while the war was on yet. Then it ended and the brass forgot all about him for two years until just a couple of weeks back and here he was all this time living in a sarong with nobody for company but some beautiful native babes and a few monkeys practically. And him being a married man he only made pets of the monkeys and treated these natives like strictly off limits he says.

I guess it would be safe enough to tell his wife this as none of the native babes would know how to write a letter no doubt but he thought of a way to prove it to her. He took these three monkeys which he named them Hearno and Seeno and Speakno. These are South Sea Island words I guess and their last name is all Evil. Then he went to work and learned them tricks that even a redheaded wife would be able to see must have took all his time.

"What kind of tricks?" I says.

"Look," the Gyrene says to the redhead. "I am tired and I want to find a place to sleep. Why am I doing this?"

"Because this man has a kind face," she says. "Show him some tricks."

"No," he says.

"Mike," she says, "you better be good."

So he got out of the car which he looked more like a sick spaniel than ever and spoke to the monkeys. "Here Hearno," he says. "Come on Seeno and Speakno. Attention," he says. "Snap it up."

So the monkeys snapped it up and Hearno stood on the head of Seeno and Speakno stood on the head of Hearno and it looked like a totem pole saluting like a new second looey.

"Alert," he says.

They all dived under the car like it was a fox-hole and Speakno stuck his head out from under of the fender and made with his hands like it was a pair of binoculars.

"All clear," the Gyrene says. "Here boys." He gave Hearno a little drum made out of a coconut shell and Seeno a tin whistle and Speakno a bandage.

"Watch this," the redhead says.

So the Gyrene started in to whistling Yankee Doodle and believe it or not those monkeys marched abreast around the driveway which Hearno was pounding on his drum and Seeno was playing his whistle and Speakno had this bandage around his head except when it slipped down over his eyes and it looked like that picture of the three guys. You know the one. One guy with a fife and one guy with a drum and one guy with a headache.

"As soon as some big (Continued on page 79)

Those monkeys got some more cans to throw and in a minute the whole place was a shambles and I was yelling and whistling and dodging grease and oil and not getting anywhere with anything



ILLUSTRATED BY AL SCHMIDT

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Every time his boys win a team title, they seize Coach Mike Peppe bodily and throw him into the pool. This makes him the most dunked man in American sports

BY JERRY BRONDFIELD

How a five-foot-four swimming coach made Ohio State's racers and divers the talk of the nation

THEY worked things in reverse at Ohio State University. They didn't have a varsity swimming team but they built themselves a tremendous natatorium—almost a half million bucks' worth—and in 1931 they opened the doors to as beautiful a bath as you'll find in the country.

Just about that time they collared a little guy in the physical education department and said why don't you whip up a varsity swimming team and we'll hold some meets here.

The little guy's name was Mike Peppe. He said fine, he'd go right to work on it. Maybe someday they'd even fill the joint, although how they'd lure 3,000 people to a swim meet without giving away crockery or something was beyond him at that point. After all, the Buckeyes had never owned a swimming team; they were the last in the Western Conference, or Big Ten, to have one, and the Western Conference was the toughest league in the land in everything from football to parcheesi.

But they didn't ask much of Mike. Just put a team in the water, they told him, and don't let anybody drown. . . .

That, as we said, was 1931. Mike Peppe took a few years to get organized. He provided no great conversational piece in swimming circles those first years, but when things popped they popped fast. In 1938, Ohio State, coming out of nowhere with a

"sleeper," won the National A.A.U. team championship, becoming the first college outfit in history to break the title grip held by the big athletic clubs, particularly the New York A.C.

In the eight years since, Mike Peppe's Buckeyes have won six National A.A.U., three National Collegiate and three Western Conference team championships, establishing their five-foot, four-inch coach as the biggest man in the business.

Last year Ohio State scored the grand slam of swimming—capturing the Conference, National Collegiate and National A.A.U. team titles in the same season. They were the first team to make the sweep twice; they had done it before in 1943. Probably the only way they can fail to repeat this year is if someone pulls the plug and drains the pool.

This spring at the Collegiate, March 28-29, and the National A.A.U., a week later, they defend six individual crowns at each meet. They're favored not only to hold onto as many but to pick up a few more in the process.

And here, now, is the record that caps everything, that has brought more fame to Mike Peppe than any other: Peppe-trained divers have won the national diving championship ten years in a row.

In that period there were 50 possible U.S. springboard titles to be won—Collegiate and A.A.U. Peppe's perfectionists took 42 of the 50! All this

despite the fact that there are more than a thousand colleges and athletic clubs eligible to compete. There hasn't been a bigger monopoly since Boss Tweed counted the votes himself.

Four times Peppe's kids swept everything, and tacked on the Conference crown and the dizzying A.A.U. 10-meter platform title as well. Once, in 1941, this stunt was accomplished by a single performer, Earl Clark. It had never been done before, has never been turned since.

Rates Patnik as the Best Diver of All

Clark, however, was not Peppe's best diver. That distinction Mike reserves for Al Patnik, of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, who, when he wound up his career in 1940, was hailed by critics as the greatest diver who ever lived. Patnik took every national springboard title available in 1938 and 1939, and all but one in 1940. That lone defection was to his teammate, Clark.

Patnik was perhaps the perfect example of Mike Peppe's sorcery with divers. When he first reported to Mike in 1937 he brought with him an ability a couple of levels lower than mediocre. Mike looked him over and groaned. Patnik had the clean, streamlined body for diving, and possessed pretty good acrobatics, but his hurdle (take-off) was as graceful

PHOTOS FOR COLLIER'S BY HY PESKIN

as a beer keg bouncing off a brewery wagon. To compound the crime he couldn't hit the board the same way twice, and his completed dive showed it. But one day—by sheer accident, no doubt—Patnik took off perfectly. Peppe, working with a backstroker, caught the dive out of the corner of an eye. He dropped the backstroker and pulled Patnik from the water. "Now," he growled, "you're *really* going to work!"

Work it was. Less than three months later, Al Patnik won the National A.A.U. high- and low-board titles.

Patience and work aren't the only answers. Sometimes it's high, psychological drama. Like Miller Anderson's case. Anderson was Mike's national champ in 1942 before going off to war. As a fighter pilot he had 111 missions over Europe. The Nazis got him on the 112th, got him good. Anderson bailed out, but the tail of his plane struck him, shattering the thigh bone.

Captured by the Germans, he lay in a dirty enemy hospital, practically unattended. Finally found by the Americans, Anderson underwent an operation, with the surgeons screwing in a three-inch silver plate above his left knee.

Anderson returned to Ohio State last fall on a cane. Dive? Impossible, said the medics. Maybe, said Anderson. Let's see, said Peppe.

First, Mike ordered corrective gymnastics to strengthen the weakened leg. Weeks of it. Then Anderson mounted the board. Peppe was afraid to look; he knew Anderson's take-off leg was the left one, the one with the silver plate.

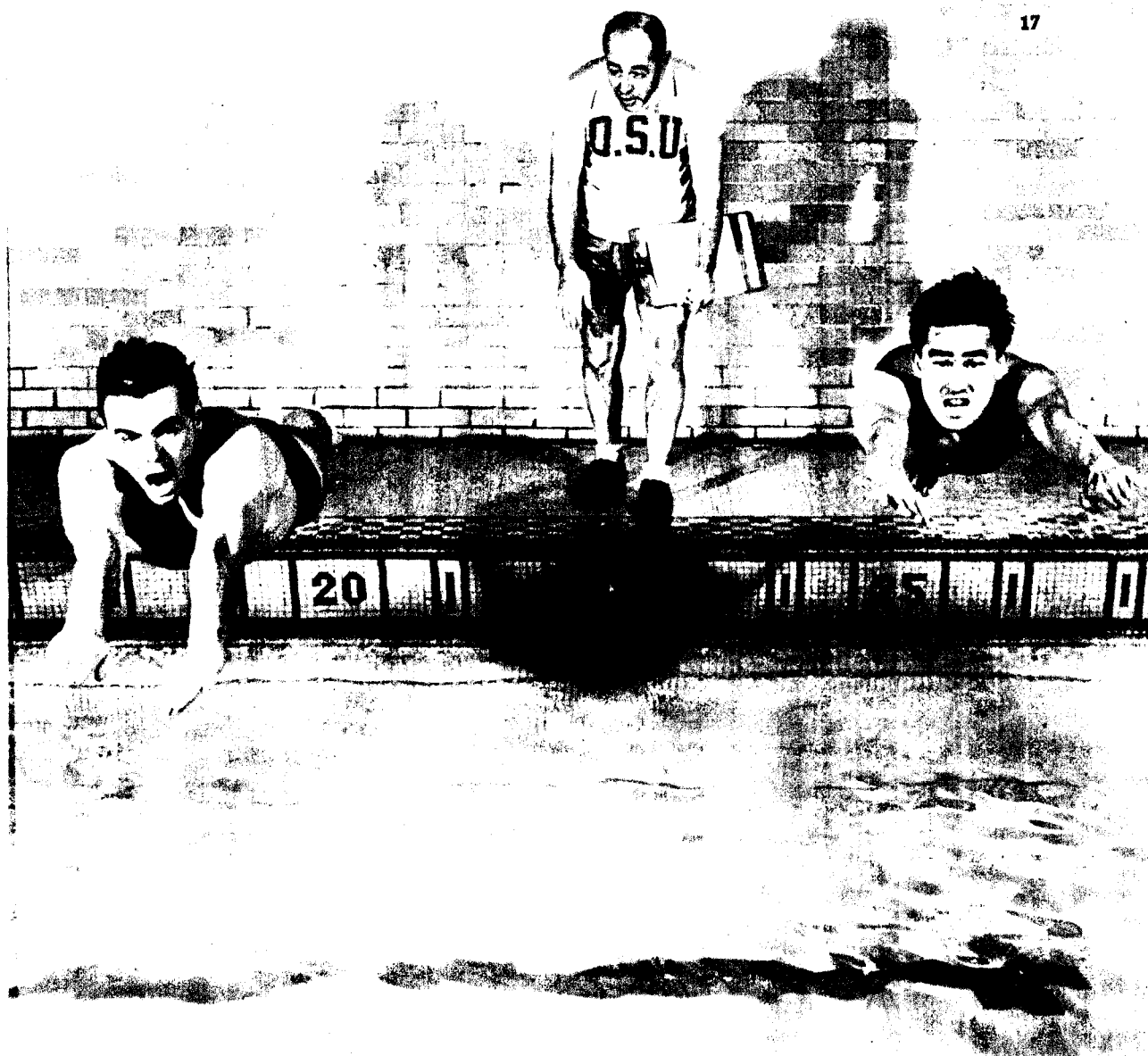
Anderson made his approach, went into his hurdle—and couldn't get more than six inches off the board. He looked as though he were going to cry.

"I'm sorry, Miller," Mike said as kindly as he could. "Look—maybe there's an angle that'll work. We'll change your approach, and you'll take off on the right foot."

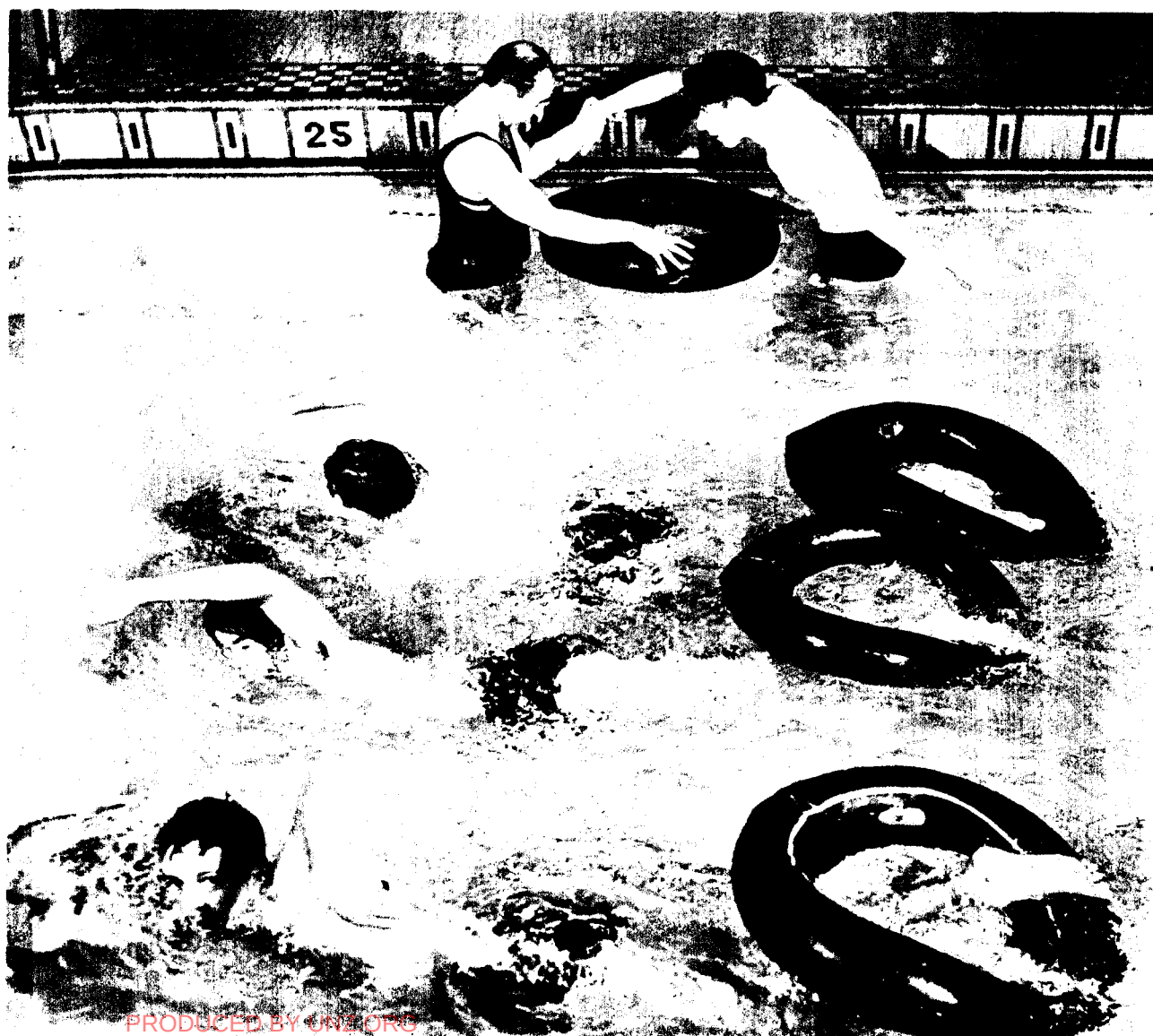
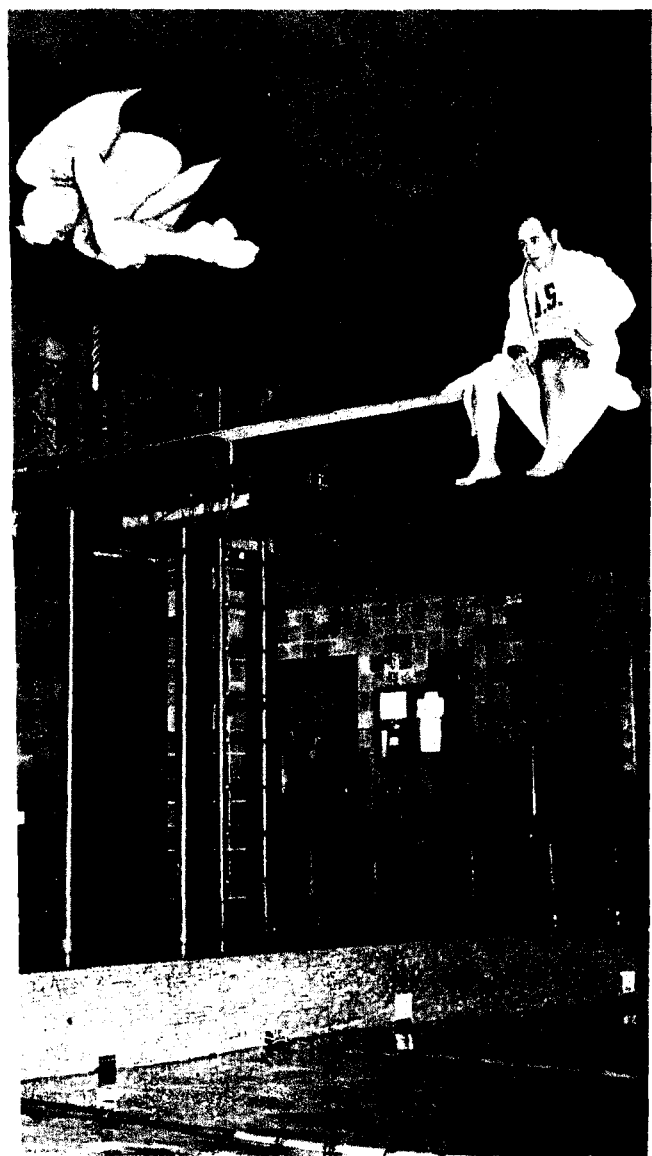
That may sound simple, but athletically it's about as simple as telling a left-handed pitcher he's got to throw right-handed from now on.

Anderson made a stab at a right-foot take-off. It was ludicrous. He had no spring, no timing, no balance. But he did have Peppe, and Peppe had an idea it could be done. So Miller (*Continued on page 98*)

Miller Anderson, wounded in the war, learned a new diving technique and is still a champion



Jack Hill (left) and Halo Hirose take off on signal from Peppe. Hill will defend his national 220- and 440-yard free-style crowns this year. Hirose, a Hawaiian, last year won the national collegiate 100-yard free style. A typical practice session (below) includes a 200-yard pull by stroke alone, with feet hooked over inner tubes. In the background Peppe demonstrates proper arm action of the crawl stroke to one man



SUNDAY in Mexico is date day. This is a pictorial record of the first date of Ernesto Duhart, 21-year-old medical student at the University of Mexico, and Georgina Rodriguez Parada, 18, who was "Miss Mexico" last year. Papa Parada accompanied the young people, because customarily in Mexico a young man may not take out a girl of Georgina's class, even in the daytime, unless the family protector, a male, goes along.

Ernesto and Georgina began their big day with High Mass at the famous shrine of Guadalupe. Then came a ride through Chapultepec Park and on to El Rancho del Charro, where gentlemen cowboys of Mexico City stage an amateur rodeo every Sunday. This Sunday there was an added attraction—42 of the Long Beach, California, volunteer police, with their fine horses and gaily decorated saddles.

From El Rancho del Charro, Ernesto and Georgina went on to the Pyramid of the Rattlesnakes, at Tenayuca, about six miles northwest of Mexico City. They lunched about four o'clock at the famous Floating Gardens of Xochimilco, and soon afterward Ernesto said goodby and Papa Parada took Georgina home. ★★★

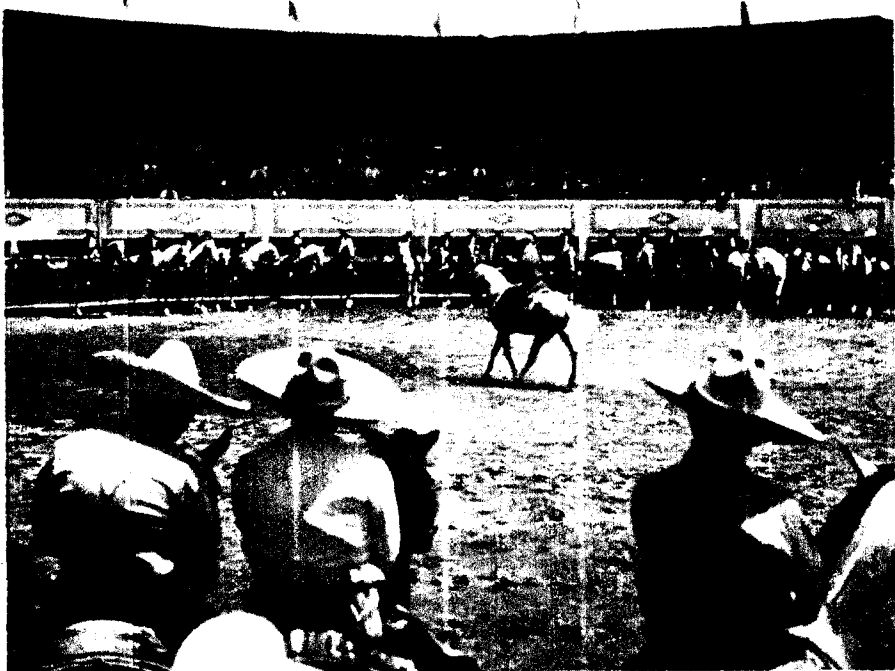
In the floating gardens of Xochimilco, Ernesto buys flowers for Georgina. Corsages cost one peso

PHOTOS FOR COLLIER'S BY HANS KNOPP



MEXICAN SUNDAY

BY AMY VANDERBILT



At El Rancho del Charro, Ernesto and Georgina watch gentlemen cowboys from Mexico City compete with visiting Americans from California. The riders in the foreground wear \$1,200 costumes, trimmed with much silver



Zinnias grow shoulder-high on the islands of Xochimilco, where flowers and vegetables for the Mexico City markets are raised. On Sundays the Xochimilco gardens are crowded with gaily dressed pleasure seekers



Ernesto and Georgina enter the shrine at Guadalupe. On Sundays, Mass is celebrated every half hour, and penitents sometimes walk miles on their knees. It took two tons of silver to make the candlesticks and altar rail



Twenty minutes from Mexico City is Tenayuca, the Pyramid of the Rattlesnakes, one of the famous relics of Mexico's vanished civilizations. Ernesto found it extremely interesting, but Georgina preferred the flowers

Almost anywhere in Mexico you'll find a serenader playing a guitar or a harp. Here, Ernesto and Georgina listen to the popular Guadalajara while waiting for their beer and "tacos"—tortillas stuffed and rolled



Ernesto and Georgina—and Papa—end the day with lunch at Xochimilco. The menu—fruit compote, minestrone, dish of peas, rice and zucchini with chili, turkey with strong chocolate-chili sauce, coffee, ice cream



FIGHT NO. 25

BY JESSE STUART

I didn't want Buck to fight this cat, I wanted to take 'im alive. I found the right opening. I steadied myself and I threw my lasso

I'D JUST taken my first shipment of hides to the Greenwood Express office when Hade Stableton saw me.

"Eddie—hey, you Eddie Battlestrife—just a minute," Hade hollered at me. "I want to see you!"

"Make it snappy," I yelled. "I want to get this batch of hides on Number Three."

I didn't want to fool with Hade. For every time he'd ever stopped me in his life, he wanted to borrow something from me or he wanted me to do something for him.

"Eddie, I had bad luck last night," Hade grunted soon as he reached me.

"What happened?" I asked.

"Lost my good tree dog, old Rags, and a hundred dollars to boot," he sighed. "You caused it, Eddie!"

"How did I cause it?" I asked him.

"Remember that big wildcat you caught out on Seaton Ridge?" he asked me.

He knew that he or old Buck would have to fight the wildcat. He didn't want it a killin' any more good dogs

"But what does that have to do with your losin' your best tree dog and a hundred dollars?" I asked. "That wildcat went to West Virginia."

"West Virginia, hell," Hade said. "That wildcat's right up here at Auckland in a cage. I wish that wildcat's hide was among this batch of fur you're expressin'. I'd be a lot better off."

"How'd that wildcat get to Auckland?" I said. "I sold 'im to Elmer Pratt."

"You know who's got the wildcat now?"

"No, I don't."

"Jason Radnor's got 'im," Hade told me.

"Jason Radnor?" I said.

"Yep, Jason Radnor's got 'im," Hade said, shaking his head sadly. "He's got 'im in a big cage. And you pay a dollar to get in to see the cat fight a dog. If you fight a dog against the cat, you pay five dollars! And there's plenty of betting a goin' on. Old Jason will cover any bet that the cat will whip a dog. Now he's even giving odds. Last night bets went up to five hundred dollars. Jason covered everything that the men bet against his cat!"

"I sold that wildcat to Elmer Pratt for fifty dollars," I said. "I don't need the cat. I didn't want to keep 'im. I could get more for 'im that way than I could for his pelt."

"I know it's bad, Eddie," Hade

said. "But I thought I'd tell you! I thought you ought to know about it."

"Yes, I'm glad you told me," I said as I began thinking about what the wildcat had done to Hade's dog. "I need to know about it. Where do they have that cage?"

"Over the hill from the slaughterhouse where we used to fight our game roosters. But listen, Eddie," Hade went on to warn me, "if you're thinkin' about a takin' old Buck up there and fightin' that cat you'd better be keerfull! I'm a tellin' you, Eddie! It looked like easy money to me. And I went after it. Old Scout kilt many a wildcat too. But he never fit one like this cat! He'll never fight another cat! Scout was the nineteenth dog the wildcat's kilt. Boys told me up there last night that old Jason was a feedin' the wildcat beef blood to make 'im mean. Never saw a meaner cat in my life! Didn't get old Scout

(Continued on page 52)

ILLUSTRATED BY PERCY LEASON

LET'S TALK BUSINESS

BY BEARDSLEY RUMI

CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD, R. H. MACY & CO.

A noted business expert says that it is time for open talk about the chances of business recession. Here are his ideas

FRANKLY, I see no objection to discussing in public the possibility, even the probability, of a falling off of business activity and of employment in the coming year. I know that many leaders in business and government are against such talk, that they would like to treat the subject as a skeleton in the closet with the door shut and locked.

If confidence would be disturbed by such talk it is already being disturbed at the point that matters most. Why not get the possibilities out into the clear light of day? Then at least there is a chance for public criticism, and a better chance for taking precautionary measures—just in case.

My opinions should be taken only as those of a layman who believes that high prosperity in the United States is modern necessity, a necessity for tranquillity and happiness at home and for peace in the world. Some of these opinions are based on economic analysis. But let us always remember that economics is not an exact science. Economics is not even as exact a science as medicine. One reason is that in economics there are few opportunities for controlled experimentation. Another reason is that in economics there are no autopsies.

But basically more important for the uncertainty of economic forecasting is the fact that the human mind and will can make events different from what they otherwise might have been.

The reason for thinking about the business future is not to discover what is going to happen. The reason for the analysis is to be prepared, to shape the future instead of merely drifting into it.

Prophecy Is A Hazardous Job

Let me show how wrong economic forecasting can be. Take the widely heralded semiofficial expectation of ten million or so unemployed in the first months after V-J Day. Or the estimates by some business economists that the national income could hardly be expected to go above \$120,000,000. Even the more optimistic Committee for Economic Development with its hope for \$140,000,000 proved to be somewhat on the low side in 1946.

A classic example of error in economic analysis was the warning given to the United States Treasury in 1937 by a distinguished economist that if the federal budget was not balanced promptly, the interest rate would rise to 6 or 8 per cent as it had in France. And yet within eight years the government had borrowed \$200,000,000,000 and more, at constantly lower rates of interest.

I give these illustrations, not to imply that economics, unlike medicine, is unable to learn from its mistakes, but to show that forecasting is hazardous. *Caveat lector!* Let the reader beware!

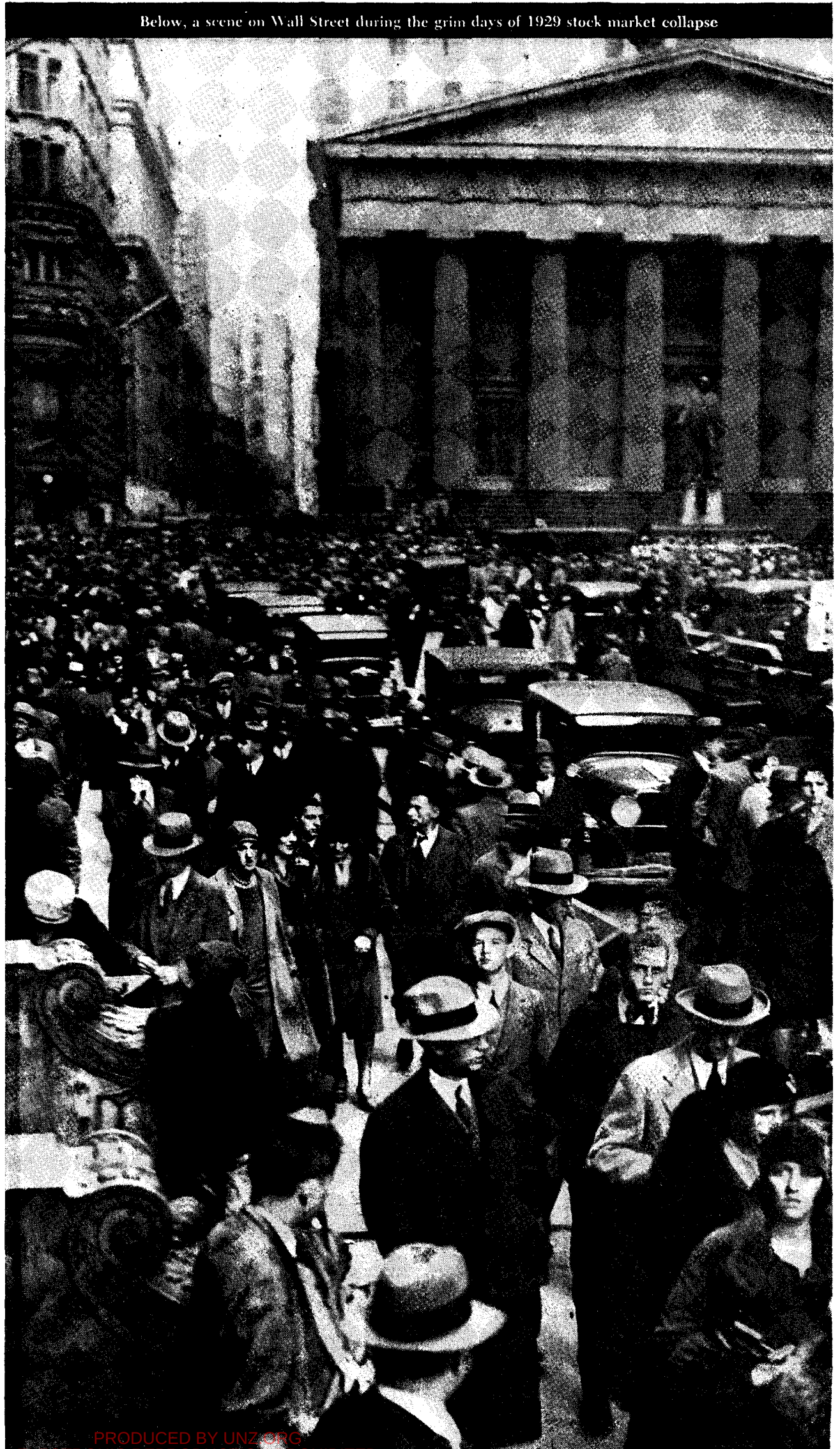
1946 Was Good But Peculiar

Where do we stand today? We have just emerged from 1946, a fantastic and a morbid year, a year of economic maladjustments, and yet a year of high employment, record peacetime production, of generally good profits for factory, store and farm. High employment and good profits should give confidence to worker, manager and investor; and record peacetime production should cause us to be thankful for material abundance as well as for the end of the war. But we are not confident, and we are not thankful. And we are not at peace.

Our present "full employment" high-production economy which came into 1947 out of 1946 is founded on a number of extraordinary elements. The President's Economic Report tells us something about the year 1946 and about how it compares with the years before. It tells us that civilian employment in 1946 approached 58,000,000, "the highest civilian employment this nation has ever known," with production 50 per cent above the 1939 predefense level; that during the last quarter of 1946, national product was estimated to have reached an annual rate of \$205,000,000,000 and that for 1947, an over-all increase of 5 per cent might be a reasonable objective for maximum production.

Naturally, anyone might ask, "Well, if we did it in 1946, why can't we do (Continued on page 32)

Below, a scene on Wall Street during the grim days of 1929 stock market collapse



LIFE BEGINS AT SIXTY

BY KYLE CRICHTON

That's the motto of the oldsters of St. Petersburg, Florida, whose daily routine of activity would probably exhaust their grandchildren

The shuffleboard club at Mirror Lake Park has thousands of members who keep its 104 courts busy all day long



SITTING at a table by the side of the dance floor, Mr. and Mrs. William O'Brien were seemingly deep in conversation. A casual observer could only believe that they were occupied exclusively with their thoughts. However, in a fast second a complete and amazing transformation took place. As the orchestra gave forth with the first note of a waltz, Mr. and Mrs. O'Brien seemed to evaporate. By the end of the first bar of music, they could be seen in the middle of the floor, practically sailing. By the end of two bars they couldn't be seen at all because the floor was jammed with waltzing couples.

Only a cursory glance at the scene was enough to establish that there wasn't anybody in view under sixty years old. There was a full complement of seventies, a sprinkling of eighties and at least two gentlemen waltzers in their nineties. They were not exactly traveling in high but they were moving and they moved steadily on till the waltz ended.

Not to be too mysterious about the matter, this was St. Petersburg, Florida: the home of the Ancient Actives. Surely never in the history of the world has there been such a gathering of old-timers so agile on their feet and so determined to be amused. There is evidence to support the theory that people occasionally die in St. Petersburg but the old man with the scythe has a battle on his hands in almost every case. We can report that we recently spent a week in the place and were happy to get back to New York for a rest.

St. Petersburg is made up of people from all parts of the country who have ostensibly retired to this soft climate to relax and defend their remaining years. Instead of that, it has turned into a merry-go-round which provides more frenetic activity than any comparable section of the universe. They start at the break of dawn and only stop when the lights are turned off. One would think that such strenuousness would be fatal but they have proved that the way to keep young is to do it on the run. It's the damndest thing anybody ever heard of!

Take our friends, the O'Briens; they

have their lives organized on a perennial house-party basis. They sleep late, have a large and lingering breakfast and then set out for the shuffleboard club at Mirror Lake Park. That institution is in the heart of St. Pete and practically everything centers around it.

They had 8,300 members when we were there this year and expected 10,000 before the end of the season. Membership dues are four dollars a year, and for that you are entitled to 14½ hours' activity a day.

The club has 104 shuffleboard courts and they are jammed when Mr. O'Brien arrives (and have been jammed since eight in the morning) but Mr. O'Brien has a second sense about where a court will soon be open. He has either had a game rigged up with his cronies from the night before or he keeps an eagle eye out. The crush is so desperate throughout the day that nobody is allowed to play more than three consecutive games. At the proper moment, Mr. O'Brien taps one of the contestants firmly and prepares to take his place.

"My turn, son," says Mr. O'Brien from his eminence of 72 years and the transfer is made. Mr. O'Brien is equipped with his special stick, a rod with delicate antennae at the point where contact is to be made with the disk.

The club has ordinary sticks for amateurs but Mr. O'Brien and all his cronies purchase their own miraculous instruments. It doesn't seem possible that anything scientific can be achieved in pushing a round disk with a wooden stick toward the end of a marked concrete court, but Mr. O'Brien assures us of the contrary.

"A good player can beat a punk seven days a week," says Mr. O'Brien.

Night and Day—Cards

But shuffling is only part of the fun. The card players are out in force under the trees all day long and crowd the clubhouse every night. Bridge is the most popular game but hearts is coming up fast and there are still isolated groups clinging to five hundred and pinochle. The chess club has an organization of its own and there are

in addition the roque players and the lawn bowlers.

Lawn bowling is a cult of its own and the club has about 400 members who give their mornings up to rolling the flat-sided bowl with all the delicacy of a great artist making an etching. The only thing they lack is the lawn. Pierce Gahan, head of the city's recreation department, estimates that the yearly upkeep of a good bowling sward would come to around \$10,000. This is why the bowlers get a good flat dirt surface and like it.

When we saw them, the bowlers were getting in shape for an international match with an English team. The game is popular in Canada and in our states bordering on the Great Lakes but it has no chance in St. Pete against the shuffleboard insanity. The same is true of roque, a highly technical form of croquet requiring great skillfulness. It is rapidly dying out. This may prove something psychologically important about America: Anybody can play shuffleboard and everybody does; only a few can play roque and lawn bowling and they soon tire of it.

While Mr. O'Brien is shuffling, Mrs. O'Brien is either taking a hand at cards or kibitzing around the club. But she really comes into her own on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, when they have noon dancing at the club. Billy O'Brien may be doing a hot bit of shuffling but at twelve o'clock on those days he is poised at the edge of the dance floor, waiting to take off.

"This is when you get the good dancers," says Mrs. O'Brien. "Anybody who dances at noon means it."

There are famous characters among the shufflers and not the least of them is Mrs. Anna Hager, aged 83, who came down to St. Pete from South Bend, Indiana, 20 years ago and is the best-known and most colorful individual around the club. Mrs. Hager is rich, has traveled widely and is everybody's friend.

The fact that she walks with a cane doesn't affect her shuffleboard playing but it keeps her from dancing. It doesn't, however, keep her from the dances. She never misses a club dance, either at noon or night, showing up

promptly as an onlooker and staying till the last toot.

The top players among the old-time shufflers are George Lennon, aged 77, a retired city employee from Chicago, Jimmie Jacobs, aged 78, a retired railroader from Altoona, Pennsylvania, and Robert Nagel, a former professional baseball player from St. Louis. They are no longer in the championship class but they are good enough to play on the grandstand courts, where audiences almost tear the roof off with enthusiasm over good shots.

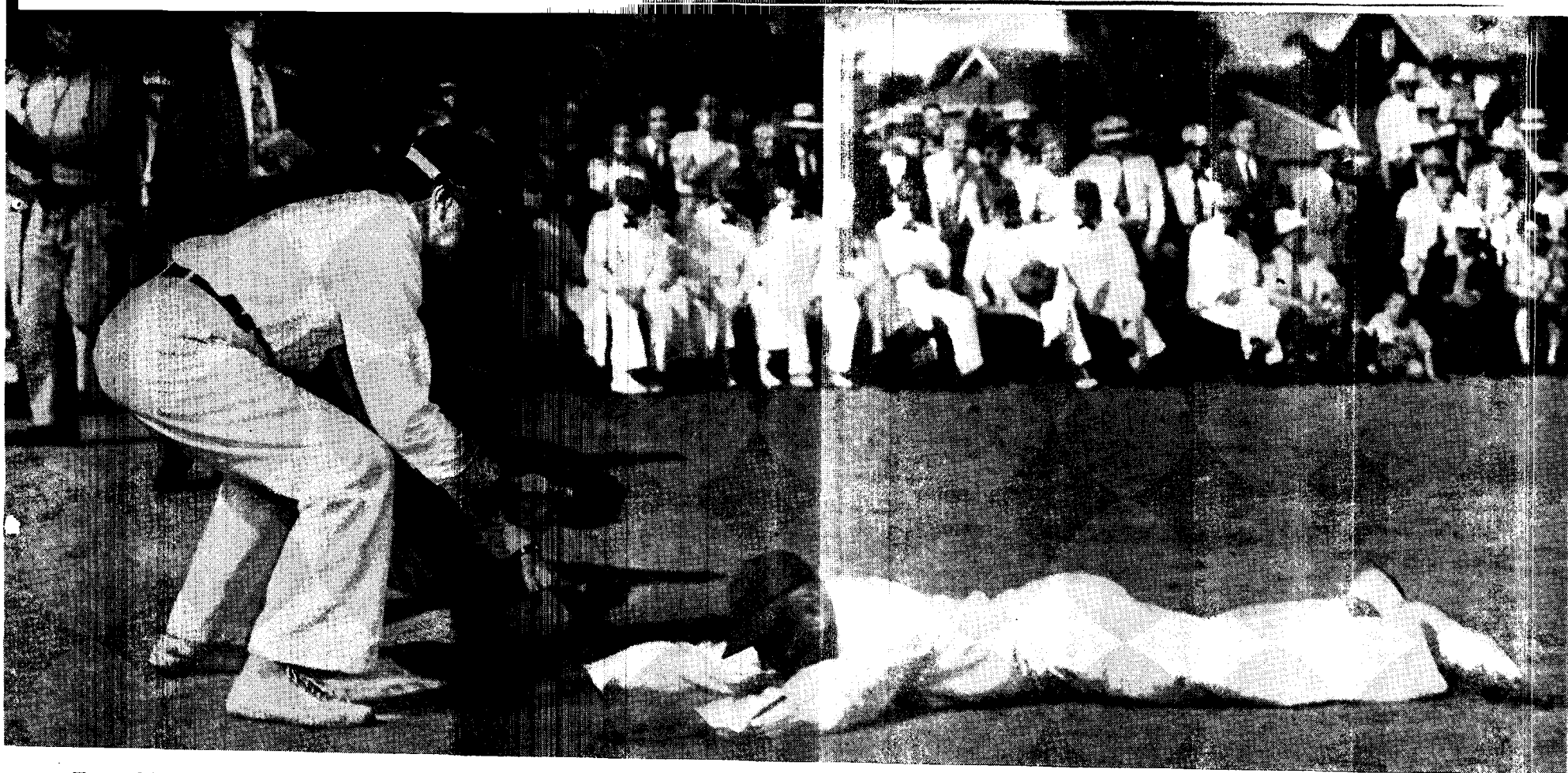
When Ancients Play Ball

The O'Briens, along with thousands of others, generally troop down to Waterfront Park on Tuesday and Saturday mornings to watch the Kids and Kubs play. This is the most remarkable thing in St. Petersburg, if not in the universe: two baseball teams made up of men over 75 years old. They belong to the Three-Quarter Century Club, and until his death last year Frank C. Peckinpaugh, aged 86, and father of Roger Peckinpaugh of the Cleveland Indians baseball club, had been an active player for 11 years. That record was even bettered by Samuel K. Swartley, aged 85, of Perkaskie Park, Pennsylvania, who had been playing for 13 years.

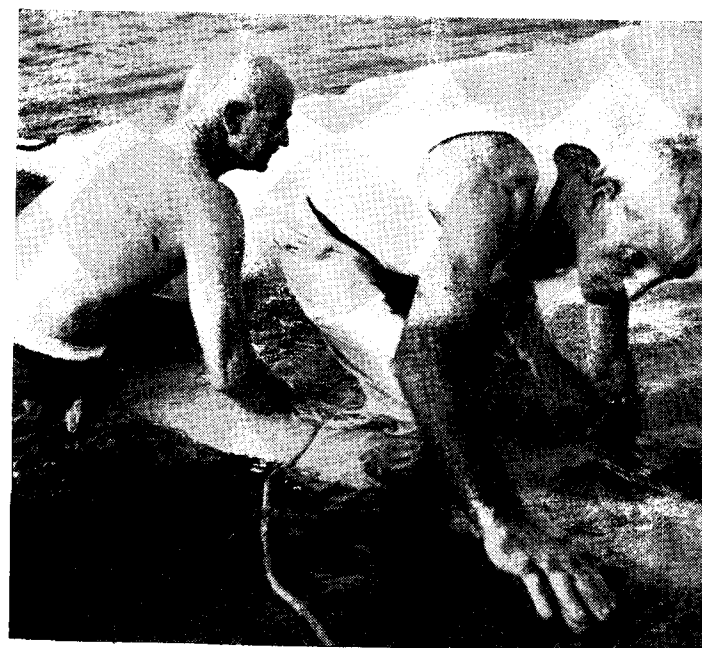
On the face of it the thing would seem to be a farce. Surely men of such age can't play real baseball. They don't, but they give an excellent imitation of it. They use a softball and their reflexes are desperately slow but they play with fervor and sometimes with effectiveness. In the game we saw, the Kubs got men on second and third in the last inning (they play only six-inning games) and couldn't score. Fred U. Doubleday, aged 78, of Kalamazoo, Michigan, bore down in the pitcher's box, and the infielders scrambled around agilely to gather in three pop flies and retire the side.

The best players we saw that day were C. H. Harrigan, aged 76, of Newport, New Hampshire, who hit the ball with real vigor and style, and Elmer G. Kugler, aged 77, of Spring City, Pennsylvania, who covered ground like a youngster at short and ran the

(Continued on page 104)

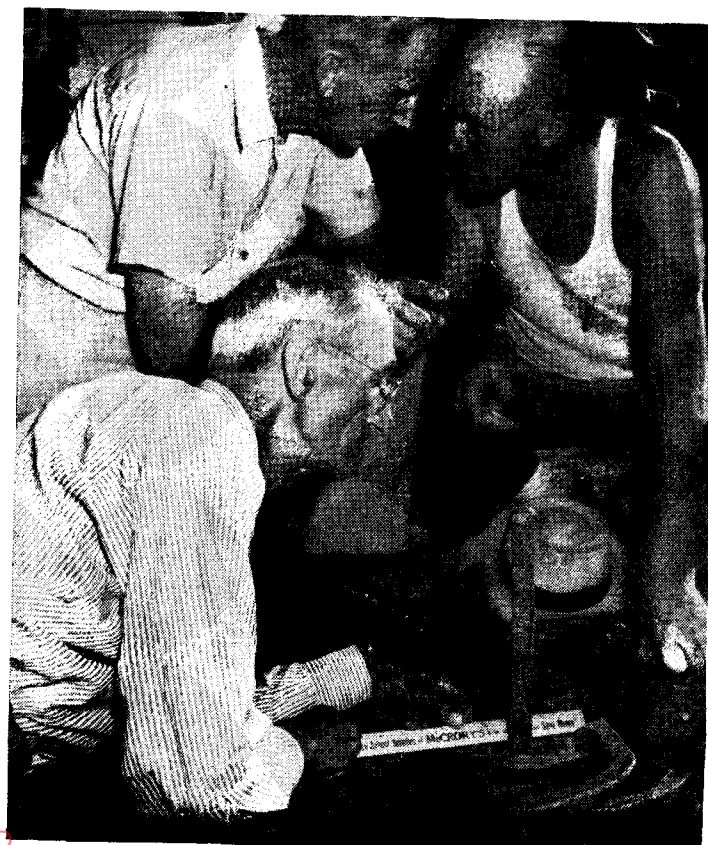


To qualify for the Kids or Kubs softball teams the players must be at least seventy-five, but they hit, run and field with all the agility of youngsters



Above, lawn bowling has a cult of its own in St. Pete, and the local club's 400 members give up their mornings to rolling the flat-sided bowl on a "lawn" of hard sand. Below, the most popular evening pastime is dancing, which has no age limit. Most oldsters stay until Good Night Ladies and seldom miss a dance

Above, a pair of overzealous sailors took to the water when their dinghy capsized. Below, calling a close decision in a horseshoe-pitching match



THE STUBBORN HEART

BY MONA WILLIAMS

It was his nature to see good in everyone. But Lucinda was very busy changing her personality and it confused him

AFTERWARD, marveling at the blind, precarious timing that had brought them together, they discovered that they had started on the same day from different points on the Atlantic seaboard for the long motor trek across the country. On separate roads, U.S. 40 and U.S. 30, they had reached this two-thirds mark where the two journeys had become one.

When Stan stopped at the hotel desk in Salt Lake City to pay an overnight bill and check out, the girl who stood there talking to the clerk meant only a delay to him. He was always impatient to start driving in the chill, fresh mornings. But naturally, he looked her over. Then something about her reached out and figuratively tapped him on the shoulder—a quality of desperation in the way she stood, her fingers tense on the desk top, her voice tight, but held down to normal. She wore a dark suit, and her hair was sun-streaked brown and gold, and she seemed to be talking about bus schedules.

"Here's the schedule," the clerk said, running his finger down a printed column, "I'm afraid you'll have to wait a while, Miss. Let's see—"

The girl took the paper away from him. Stan saw that her hand was trembling.

The clerk turned to him then, and Stan paid his bill. Stuffing change into his wallet, he said to the girl as simply as he could, "I'm driving west and I'm leaving now. If that's better than waiting, you're welcome to come along."

That first eloquent lift of the head, the gleam of her eyes, hit him as though he'd knocked his head on a low doorjamb. What's your game? the look said. What's in it for you? Then the thick, gold-flecked lashes dropped, and her voice came out, guarded.

"That's very kind. Are you alone? Because I—"

He picked up his bag. "I'm alone, and my only interest is to cover ground. I'm due in Sacramento tomorrow noon."

"Thank you. Well, then—just for a few miles, until I can pick up a bus. I hate waiting around."

"Okay—the car's outside."

Emerging into the early, slanting sunlight, he began to hum. From early mornings, fresh starts and passing strangers, it was natural for him to look for nothing but good. But opening the car door for the girl, he was aware that something was missing.

"Where's your gear? Haven't you got a bag or something?"

"No, I—I had a piece of bad luck. I lost my suitcase, left it in a tourist camp. It makes traveling very simple, having nothing to lug around."

She tried a laugh with that, and he glanced at her curiously. Why, she

"Never think of me again," she said resolutely. "When you drive out that gate I stop existing as far as you are concerned. And you stop for me"

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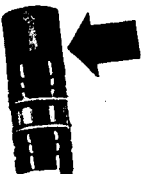
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didn't even have a handbag! A woman carries a handbag if she's going only around the block.

He said, starting the motor, "Can't you trace it? Phone back to where you stayed. Any decent place will send it right on."

"I may do that," she said vaguely.

It occurred to Stan then that she might not have stayed at the hotel, but might have walked in just to inquire about busses. Still, she must have spent the night somewhere.

He kept on humming, driving out onto the broad highway toward Salt Lake, the girl sitting straight and unrelaxed in the corner of the front seat. Five miles along, he pushed his hat back on his head and remarked, "Just in case somebody asks you. My name's Stanley Griffiths, and I'm going into the lumber business with an uncle in Sacramento. He's a fellow who lays a lot of emphasis on details, and one is I go on the pay roll tomorrow at twelve noon. What's your name?"

"Lucinda Todd."

"On your way to Reno?"

She gave him a quick, alarmed look. "Why do you say that?"

"Just a guess. Because I've got the idea you're upset about something. Something personal. You don't have to tell me about it—it's all yours. But it's a feeling that's associated in my mind with Reno."

"Well, you're wrong." Her voice was low and more contemptuous than the occasion called for. "I'm not married."

"Where you bound for, then?"

"Oakland, California. My family lives in Oakland."

"Been visiting in the East?"

She shook her head. She wasn't what you'd call chatty. What was it his mother used to say? You had to take the words out of her mouth with a fork.

Across the sand flats to the right of them loomed a deserted roller coaster and amusement pavilion. Beyond was Great Salt Lake. He waved an arm toward it. "Ever swim in that stuff?"

"No."

"Quite an experience. You can't sink. It's like floating on a cloud."

In a small, cold, distant voice she said, "I should think it would be very difficult for people who had learned to swim there to go away and try swimming in other places. When you're accustomed to floating on a cloud, it must hurt to be let down."

HE PASSED a huge truck with a little salute to the driver. "Personally, I like to put some effort into swimming. If my environment gives me a little fight I know I'm alive and kicking."

"Fight—yes—when you're expecting it. When you know what you're getting into. Not when something comes up and hits you from behind!"

He narrowed his eyes to the light-glazed highway. The long, green car was making sixty an hour, and it seemed just a steady, businesslike plod. When he said, "Go ahead and tell me about it. You'll never see me again," he didn't even turn his head.

For a full minute he thought she wasn't going to bite on that. Then she spoke, with that thread of scorn running through the words, corroding everything she said.

"I was stupid enough to accept a kindness without expecting to pay for it. A girl who worked with me—I had a job in New York—had a chance to drive her brother's car across the country. He was docking in San Francisco and he wanted her to meet him. So when Rita asked me to go along, practically to my own front door, it seemed like a wonderful chance."

"What about the job—throw it over just like that?"

She said defiantly, "I was through with the job. I was homesick."

He said, "Uh-huh," and waited.

"Well, the rest can be told in words of one syllable. Rita wanted to have fun, and I just wanted a quick lift to California. It was Rita's car, so we had fun. We picked up hitchhikers and stopped overnight at places that had bars and dancing. Usually I'd go to bed and I wouldn't know when Rita got in. Only she'd sleep in the car the next day and I'd drive. Then somewhere in Ohio we picked up a very smooth character who knew funny stories and had plenty of time on his hands. After that there were three of us."

"Didn't it work out?"

The girl turned in her seat, her hair whipping against her cheek. "I'm not a prude. I'm not narrow-minded about—about things like that! But they made me feel that way. He was so awful, and she liked him, and I couldn't understand. Then night before last, after he'd been with us for two days, Rita and I had it out. We were in a cheap hotel, and he was in the next room. I said I'd better look up trains, and she said maybe I'd better, and I couldn't believe she meant it. We were friends and we'd planned this trip. But when I woke up the next morning they were gone—the car—everything."

"That was a wallop," Stan said softly.

"Then the hotel people wouldn't let me take my luggage because I couldn't pay the bill. Rita paid for gas, and we shared on food, and I was supposed to pay for overnight. Only that evening I'd locked my handbag in the glove compartment of the car. That was crazy, but the man kept coming into our room, and he just made me feel that way, like locking things up. Rita didn't know. She wouldn't have left me without any money, not quite like that."

"So you still have a good word to say for Rita?"

"Why should I blame Rita? What she did was simple and logical. I was spoiling her fun, and she owed me nothing, so she got rid of me. In a way I admire her for it."

"That the way you look at it?"

"Yes, I do! I've done a lot of thinking about Rita since yesterday morning, about how she always gets what she goes after. People who let their consciences run them just get pushed around. It's

all right when you live a soft, protected life, as I did at home. It was like swimming in that lake. But out in the world it's only the weak ones that expect other people to look after them."

"You one of the weak ones?"

"Not any more. Yesterday I started looking out for myself. I rode all day with a nice, oldish couple who picked me up at a road stand. They were desperate for a maid, so I told them I'd take the job. I spent the night in their house in Salt Lake City, and this morning, early, I left a note saying I'd changed my mind, and left. They'll be disappointed, but I got four hundred miles free transportation and a bed to sleep in."

"You can't keep up that kind of thing," Stan said. "It may work for Rita, but not for you."

"Why not for me?"

"For a girl like you it's poison. First it eats the lining of your stomach, then it works up to your heart, causing a creeping paralysis, finally it splits you into two personalities, each of which attempts to murder the other—"

"Oh, hush! You know nothing about me." She turned toward the window.

THE sun was above them now, and they were in a dazzling world that held only two colors, blue and white. The road ran under a brilliant blue sky, and bordering it, the salt crystals reflected an unearthly blue. Beyond, stretching far out on either side, the salt flats were the color of bleached bone. Stan had taken off his coat, and now Lucinda slid out of her jacket. Her pale pink blouse looked fresh in spite of the heat.

"Wendover's the next stop," Stan said. "The Stateline Café serves a good breakfast as I recall."

"I'm not hungry."

"That's an evasion. You're afraid of getting indebted to me. Rita, being broke, would figure in her simple, logical way that here was a chance to get a good meal for free."

"I'm not sure it's for free."

"Well, in return I get the educational benefit of your company."

She gave him her doubtful sidelong glance and he met it with a grin.

"Just one little point you were vague about. How were you expecting to pay

BUTCH

by LARRY REYNOLDS



"Both Mr. an' Mrs. Blodget is sleeping. I'd rather not distoib them unless it's very important"

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your bus fare if you left your purse in the car? By exerting your sunny charm on the bus driver the way you are on me?"

It sounded cruder than he'd intended. Color came into her face and she was silent.

When she spoke, finally, her voice had a false and hurried lift to it. "I'm sorry. I realize I haven't been a very cheerful companion. Really, I don't know why I should have bothered you with my troubles. Isn't it interesting the way the light hits the road? On ahead there—like water. I suppose that's what they call a mirage."

He said gently, "Don't do that. Don't go ladylike on me. I like that little sourpuss I was riding with. She's real."

EVEN at sixty miles an hour, it's a sizable prebreakfast run from Salt Lake City to Wendover, where Utah turns into Nevada. They ate at a long counter, and Stan could see that every mouthful Lucinda ate choked her. She'd been scraped pretty raw, he thought, and now she was trying to build a callus over her feelings thick enough to keep her from being hurt again. Maybe that was a good thing. Still it made him kind of sick, that this should happen to a girl as young and soft as this one.

She had a family in Oakland—why didn't she wire them for money? And as they passed a phone booth on their way out of the restaurant, she spoke of that herself.

"Perhaps you think I ought to call my Dad to ask him for train fare. Well, I'd like to explain that, since I've explained so much already. My parents never wanted me to go East, so when I did, naturally I glamorized everything that happened to me. I had a cheap little job modeling in a wholesale house. But I kept writing home about my success, and that I was independent. So—you see—"

"I see," Stan said, "I'm very quick at getting a picture."

Still, she hadn't explained how she'd meant to pay her bus fare.

At Elko Stan parked beside a drug-store and bought cigarettes. Waiting for change beside the cosmetic-filled showcase, he had an inspiration. When he got back to the car he tossed a lipstick into her lap.

"Moon Madness, a rich, deep midnight red that drives men mad."

"I don't want any presents."

"That's no present; it's a necessity. I figure if you've got no pocketbook, you've got no lipstick. Go on, put some on. Your mouth is practically naked."

She leaned toward the windshield mirror and reddened her lips. Then she closed the cap and handed the case back to him. "Thank you for the loan of your lipstick. I'm still not accepting presents."

"Any time," Stan said, and put the lipstick in his pocket.

Perhaps she had not slept so well in her free bed last night, because around noon she fell asleep. He glanced sideways at her tilted, innocent face and saw a tremor pass over it. Even in her sleep, she was troubled and wary.

An hour later they rounded a curve. She slanted against him, and he tried to stuff his coat under her as a prop. At his touch she woke instantly, every muscle taut. "What are you doing? Oh—have I been sleeping?"

"Little while. Next stop is Lovelock. Isn't that a hell of a name for a town just this side of Reno?"

"How far are we from Reno?"

"Just over a hundred miles."

It was early afternoon. The sun was pitiless; the metal door top where she tried to rest her arm burned her. Stan handed her a limp, wax-paper package. "I bought some sandwiches back there. We can stop in Lovelock for a soda or a beer if you're thirsty."

"I don't need anything." But she began to eat a sandwich in a kind of anger, as though she hated her own hunger.

A little later they drank beer in a cool, dark cave, with a juke box moaning softly from the back room. He gave her the lipstick and she disappeared.

When she returned she said, "There was a back window in there, right on the alley where we parked. I thought of climbing out and getting into your car and just taking off. I wouldn't have to bother thinking what I was going to do tonight, and having to be grateful every hour on the hour for food and drink and seat space. Just to have four wheels under me and independence—that would be wonderful."

He poured her beer. "What deterred you from this simple, logical act?"

"Do you think I'm a fool? You'd have had the police breathing down my neck in about twenty minutes."

He was suddenly fed up. "What kind of cockeyed talk is this? You've had a raw deal and you've taken it. Now you're fascinated by the idea of yourself as a toughie, stealing cars, bumming rides under false pretenses. The truth is you're harmless as a baby." He jingled his pants pocket. "Also, there's the little item that the car key is in my pocket."

But Stan couldn't put her out on the street like a stray kitten. In spite of Lucinda's protest, he found her a room. It wasn't much, just a cabin in a tourist camp, but it was respectable, and the best he could do.

They stood in the doorway of her cabin and said goodbye. Her voice was very low, but resolute. "Never think of me again. You're well rid of me. When you drive out that gate I stop existing as far as you're concerned. And you stop for me."

Her face was moth-pale in the dusk. Stan thought of her ten-dollar bill. Perhaps she had more than that—plenty, even. Perhaps she just got a kick out of playing him for a fool, as she had the couple who had carried her to Salt Lake City.

Everything about her was unknown to him, except that he could have drawn her profile accurately on a sheet of paper, and he knew the way she drew in her breath before she spoke, and the two tiny moles on her left wrist. In her sleep a strong light bothered her. He knew how she had spent every moment of this day from dawn until nightfall. But of her yesterdays and tomorrows, what did he know?

He made his words cool and detached:



"Mr. Rodman, do we still want this thing?"

JOHN RUBE

Abruptly they left. Outside there was a breath of coolness in the air.

She said in a hurried voice, "About tonight. Unless you've had enough already, I'll ride with you as far as Reno. You can drop me there. Once I tell you this, I've told you everything. There's a ten-dollar bill pinned inside my blouse that's been there since I left New York. For this, for bus fare, for any last-ditch thing. It's not enough to get me home, but I thought—"

"You thought what?"

"You know those signs, billboards, we've been seeing along the road? There are places in Reno where I could double or triple my money. Gambling's legal in this state. If I lose, I'll swallow my pride and wire home. And if I win I'll get there under my own steam. Either way you won't be bothered with me any more."

He looked busily at the dirty windshield. "That's quite an idea. Maybe you are a toughie, at that."

Out on the highway it had still seemed like day, but in Reno evening had begun. A spangle of lights, neon advertisements, and the promise of gaiety reached out to Stan and Lucinda.

Now that she'd made her decision, Lucinda seemed anxious to be on her own.

"Goodbye, Lucinda. Lots of luck, since that's what you're counting on."

Her answer was equally cool. "Goodbye. And thanks for the lift."

A little distance out of Reno the road began to climb toward the mountains, toward California. Stan had driven over this road before, and he remembered the spectacular beauty of the passes. It wasn't a road to drive over alone, and after nightfall.

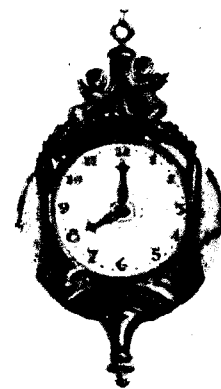
JUST east of Truckee he halted the car, and sat motionless in it for five minutes. Then he turned it around and headed back. At once he experienced a sense of relief. It was as though he had taken chains off the wheels; where before they had seemed actually to drag, now they fairly flew back over the road toward Reno.

Yes, the man said, Stan was lucky. He had one cabin left down there at the end of the row. He was looking at him curiously, and Stan knew that he remembered his bringing the girl in, earlier in the evening.

"No. 14's got no car shed. But you can put your car in by No. 6, where the young lady's staying."

The cabins were joined by open,

Collier's for March 29, 1947



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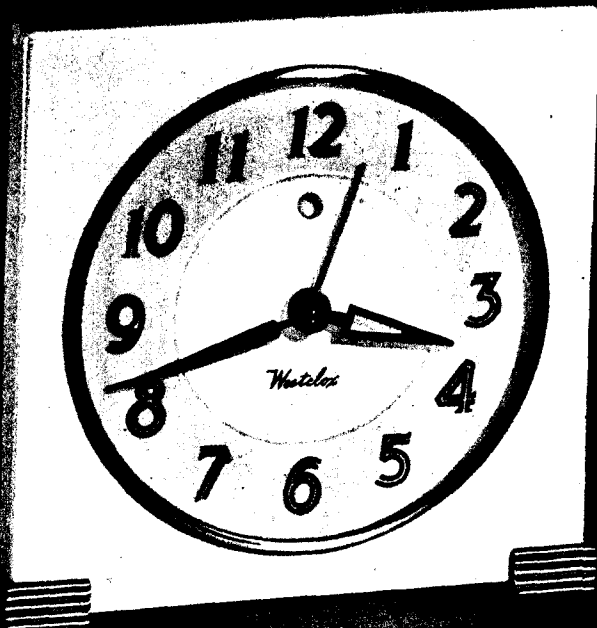
PM

IT ISN'T AN EVENING

National Distillers Products Corporation, New York
Blended Whiskey. 86 Proof. 70% Grain Neutral Spirits.



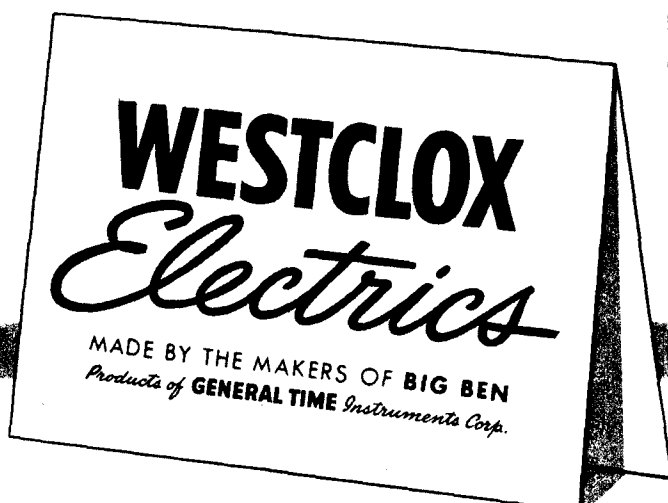
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WESTCLOX, LA SALLE-PERU, ILLINOIS



roofed sheds, and there were no other places to park inside the enclosure. Stan registered, drove his car in beside No. 6. Lucinda's window was dark. He carried his bag down to his cabin.

Stan thought of Lucinda walking into some swank gambling club, sitting down with the divorcees, the seasoned gamblers, the sensation seekers, in dead earnest, the ten dollars clutched in her hand. Would she really go through with it? And what if she lost?

What she needed was something to believe in again. Maybe that something was herself.

He walked out to the street and ate at the first place he came to. When he returned, No. 6 was still dark. He went over to his car. By the interior light he wrote on the back of an old envelope.

"I'm in No. 14, down the row, but the car stays here for the night. Now I'm going to point out a few obvious facts to you. If you should get that impulse again about four wheels and independence, here's your chance. The man in the office wouldn't stop you—he saw you arrive in this car. With an overnight start you'd be home by morning. Later you could put the car in a parking lot and mail me the key."

"All this would be damned inconvenient for me, but simple and logical for you. Rita would do it. Maybe I like to gamble, too—anyway, my money says you won't do it. See you at breakfast. Stan."

HE STUCK the envelope with one of his uncle's business cards into the windshield, left the key in the lock, and walked down the gravel path to his cabin.

Insomnia had never been more than a word to Stan, but during this night he turned and sighed every time he heard a car start up, or heard the crunch of tires on gravel. Toward morning he slept, and when he woke, there was a square of sunlight on the floor. He reached for his watch. Ten past seven. She could be close to San Francisco now.

Twenty minutes later he was striding down the path toward her cabin. At the first sight of the green car his heart gave a great bound, then settled to a steady beat. He knocked, and heard her muffled voice. "Stan? Come in."

She was fully dressed in the dark skirt and the pale pink blouse, and she looked as though she had been up and ready for hours. Her jacket was folded across the bed, and on the glass-topped bureau he noticed a comb, a little powder compact, and a toothbrush.

She said, following his glance, and laughing a little, "That represents about a dollar of my capital. Still, I think if you'll take me as far as you're going, I'll have enough to get home on. I didn't buy a lipstick. I decided that would be extravagant as long as you're so generous with yours. May I have it? Maybe I'd better just keep it from now on."

He fished in his pocket and handed it over, feeling a warmth like sun on his shoulders at this change in her. "You must have made out all right last night."

"Well—I didn't lose anything." She was leaning toward the mirror doing her mouth. "I didn't win anything, either."

"You didn't? You mean you came out even?"

She turned slowly. "I don't have to tell you, do I? I never even went inside one of those places. I walked past them and looked from the outside, and then I went into a drugstore and had a sandwich and a glass of milk, and then I walked some more, and came back here."

Hoarsely, he said, "And then you saw the car, and the key in it, and you thought about how you could be home in a few hours, and no trouble about it either, because the poor guy had fallen for you so hard he was helpless."

"Yes. I thought of that."

He put his arms around her and pulled her against him. When they parted from the kiss they looked at each other shakily.

Stan said, "But you didn't do it."

"But I might have! If you hadn't been so darned sure, so confident and trusting! I'd like to know what right you have going around building up noble ideas of people, and then making them live up to them? It's impertinent!"

"Still my little sourpuss," Stan said happily. He held up her jacket. "Come on, let's get breakfast. I didn't eat much last night either."

He began to think about the good day ahead of them, and what fun it would be to ride over the mountains with Lucinda in the bright, blue morning.

As they got into the car, he said thoughtfully, "You know, I wouldn't be surprised if I drove you all the way home. We'll stop and put in an appearance at my uncle's house, and then I'll persuade him that it's only courteous for me to escort you to your own door, and that tomorrow's soon enough for me to go to work. I'll sell him the idea that's the right thing to do."

"He hasn't a chance—your uncle," Lucinda said. "You'll even make him feel noble about it."

THE END



COLLIER'S

"What can a washing machine do that you can't do?" GUSTAV LUNDBERG

Collier's for March 29, 1947

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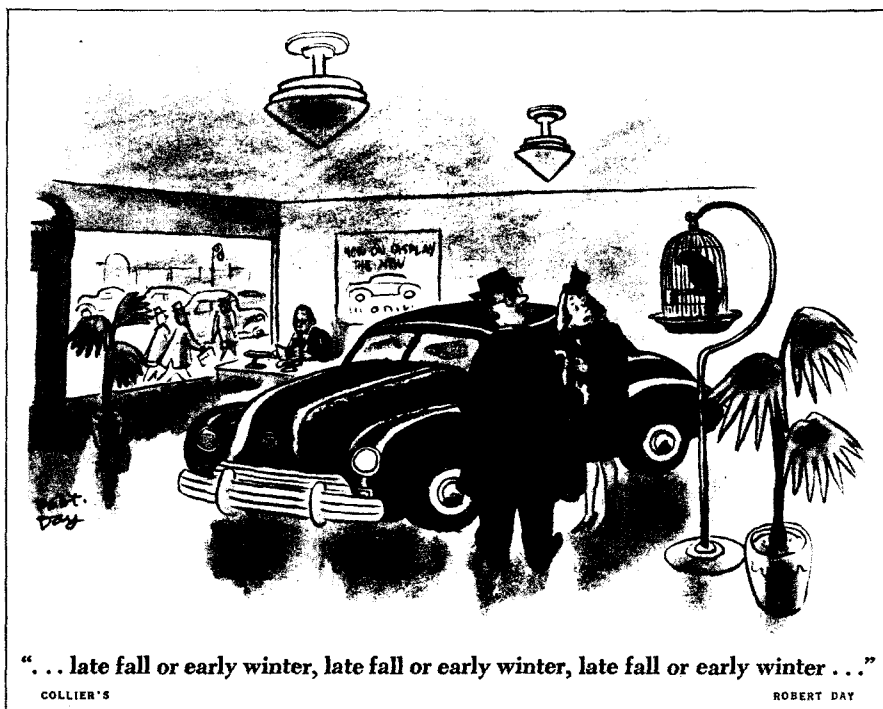
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"... late fall or early winter, late fall or early winter, late fall or early winter..."

COLLIER'S

ROBERT DAY

LET'S TALK BUSINESS

Continued from page 21

it in 1947, since it only means a level of productive employment slightly higher than in 1946?" Why not?

Why We Should Be Cautious

There are good reasons why we should be cautious. These reasons rest on unusual economic forces that were operative in 1946. Will they still be working with the same strength in 1947?

Once again let us turn to the President's Economic Report. When we look at the record of 1946, two forces are clearly of paramount importance in having kept employment up. The first of these is "business investment," the second is our balance of exports in foreign trade.

By "business investment" is meant the money that business spent in order to have the plant, facilities and inventory with which to operate—it does not include ordinary operating expenses.

The importance of business investment for the level of employment comes from the fact that when business invests for new plant or for increase of its inventory, money is being paid out to workers and to suppliers of raw materials, parts and special products, and less money is being taken in from the public for the sale of the products of business. The result is that the stream of purchasing power is being increased by these outpayments and the businesses that are increasing it are not for the moment withdrawing any consumer purchasing power by the sale of goods.

We Have Rebuilt Factories

According to the President's Economic Report, in 1946, the amount of business investment in plant, facilities and inventory reached the enormous total of \$27,000,000,000. The excess of business investment over and above undistributed profits was \$16,000,000,000.

It is difficult to comprehend the importance of these figures. Perhaps the best way is to compare them with 1939 figures and with total national production.

In 1946, excess of business investment over undistributed profits was \$16,000,000,000; in 1939 it was only \$2,000,000,000. It is obvious that the unusual level of business investment in plant and in inventory contributed substantially to keeping employment up in 1946 and that the amount of net business investment was most unusual.

A second factor that helped keep employment up was foreign trade. Here we had an excess of exports over imports of \$5,000,000,000. This \$5,000,000,000 compares with only \$1,000,000,000 in 1939.

The excess of exports was made possible by the use of cash balances which many foreign countries had on deposit with American banks, by public and private foreign loans and gifts, loans of dollars to various countries that made it possible for them to buy from us more than we could or would import from them; and gifts of dollars to UNRRA and to the many private relief agencies that had their part to do in world reconstruction. These dollars that were made available by us to meet requirements in foreign countries were promptly turned around and spent in the United States. They were used to buy the products of American industry and agriculture and in this way helped to sustain the level of employment in 1945.

Actually, People Were Thrifty

These two forces, business investment and foreign trade, were the two big unusual factors that made 1946 an unusual year. Sometimes people think that business was good because people cashed in their War Bonds, drew down their bank accounts, bought on installment and went into debt, in general went on a spree and spent more than they saved. But if we look at the figures we find the surprising fact that in 1946 the people of the United States actually saved \$15,000,000,000 more than they spent, about the same percentage of national income as before the war.

In other words, the citizens of the United States took \$15,000,000,000 more out of the stream of purchasing power than they put back. These net savings of \$15,000,000,000 compare with only \$6,000,000,000 in 1939. Although the dollar figure in 1946 is higher than that of 1939, it probably represents the ratio of saving to income that we should count on as normal.

But at this point we could be very, very badly mistaken. And the 1947 level of net savings will be determined as much, perhaps more, by political and psychological factors than by purely economic considerations.

Most people probably would say that public spending and government deficits were important forces in keeping employment up in 1946. But the figures tell a

What do you know about-



A Mata H...?

Hari. Enemy agent. Asked too many pertinent questions. Like, "Tell me, General, why do some men wearing underwear ees uncomfortable, hah?" "Because," replied the General, "such grand underwear as Allen-A is not meant for every Tom and Dick, Hari." Hah!



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Collier's for March 29, 1947

different story. There was a considerable change between the first and second half of 1946, the influence of government becoming progressively more deflationary as the year went on. If we take the whole calendar year of 1946, we find that government, federal, state and local, took in \$2,000,000,000 more than it paid out, and that even the federal government drew more than \$500,000,000 more out of the purchasing-power stream than it put back.

To sum up our present situation, we find that the high level of business activity and employment in 1946 was sustained by an abnormal level of business investment and by an abnormal level of net export trade. It is improbable that either of these forces will be as strong in 1947 as they were in 1946. Let us see why.

1947 Is Quite Different

In the first place it is unlikely that the level of business investment will continue in 1947 at the rate of 1946. Reconversion is in large measure completed; and inventories have risen to the point where not only will they not continue their rate of increase but they may actually decline.

In the second place, we cannot expect our net export balance to remain at the present high level under prevailing attitudes with respect to foreign loans and imports of foreign goods. The year 1947 is likely to be a low point in the willingness of the United States to participate in world economic reconstruction. Accordingly, one of the important factors in keeping up employment in 1946 will have been weakened, and it is unlikely that 1947 will find a substitute.

In 1946, the level of consumer saving had already dropped to its prewar percentage. It seems improbable that consumers as a whole will save less than in 1946, particularly in view of the uncertainties that lie ahead.

As for government spending as a contribution to the flow of purchasing power, in 1946 governments took in more cash than they paid out, and the expectation is for a continuance of this pattern for 1947. It is improbable that tax reduction will be sufficient to put government in the active role in the creating of consumer demand and of employment.

Pent-up Demand Is No Answer

What about "pent-up demand" and the large increase of cash, deposits and demand obligations? Some people think that "pent-up demand" will keep business going and that high levels of money supply will cause an inflation.

I have no confidence that "pent-up demand" of itself will keep business going. There is always plenty of "pent-up demand," even at the bottom of a depression. What people need to make their wants effective is purchasing power and a level of prices that makes their "pent-up demand" active as an economic force. To be sure, there are a few urgent necessities that will be purchased at any price and even on borrowed money. But they are not many, and increase of consumer debt cannot go on forever.

As for money supply as such causing an inflation, this is as much of a myth as that low interest rates can be the cause of business expansion. Plenty of currency will help an inflationary tendency, but it will not cause it; just as cheap and easy credit will aid business expansion, but it will not cause men to take risks when there are insufficient profits in sight.

One of the unpredictables in our predictions for 1947 is in the field of foreign relations. Specifically, what about Russia? If, during 1947, the outlook for U.S.-Soviet relations became clearly good for the long pull, or if they became clearly bad, the picture would be substantially changed. It is possible that the outlook might be clarified by some dramatic occa-

Collier's for March 29, 1947

sion or pronouncement, but it seems to me more likely that events unfolding gradually will make the future what it will become. And so it seems unwise to wait for clarification on the peace front before coming to some conclusions as to what may happen at home.

The conclusion for 1947 therefore writes itself. The unusual forces that were responsible for the high level of demand and of employment in 1946 have been weakened, no sufficient replacement forces are in sight, and consequently we must anticipate a growing recession of business activity.

High Production Is Still To Come

We must realize that we have not yet got our high-production economy on a going basis. The standard of living of the American people is still far below the potentials of production. We cannot reconvert and reconstruct our industrial plant indefinitely; we cannot export more than we import forever; the people will wisely continue to save a portion of their income.

Just as the war provided its abnormal high employment, so too did 1946 present us with its quota of unusual and non-recurring factors sustaining consumer demand. The high level of employment and of national income in 1946 does not represent a solution of the modern problem of employment.

Among the various possibilities that we should consider is that we might have about 52,000,000 employed and about 6,000,000 unemployed. This would be a much higher level of employment and of national income than we ever had before the war, but it would still leave us with far too many unemployed. Such a level of unemployment is too large to be justified as the necessary frictional unemployment of a free society. It would be a wasteful and demoralizing burden to the unemployed and to their families. It would be disturbing to those actually employed, creating apprehension and lack of confidence. We must not permit ourselves to become complacent, even with levels of national income and employment that will compare very favorably with prewar experience, if we still have large-scale unemployment.

The questions arise: What can be done, and what should be done now, particularly by business and government? Before trying to answer these questions, let us again recognize that depression, or even serious recession in the next eighteen months is by no means inevitable. We are not facing a predictable situation. The measures to be considered should be sound in their own right. Or they should be precautionary, so that if necessary, we will be prepared.

What Can We Do?

For business, the main job is to hold and expand markets, to get increased efficiency that will mean lower unit costs in spite of higher rates of wages, to introduce lower price lines and to reduce prices, even at a sacrifice of conventional profit margins. At the same time profits for the long pull must be kept up to the point where new investment in plant and machinery is justified and where access to new capital is neither difficult nor expensive. To do all these things is not easy, but the accomplishment is the test of success of business enterprise.

The retailer has a special interest in getting prices down. High volume is indispensable to modern retail operations, and prices must be set to produce an adequate market. To get these lower prices, retailers will intensify in this transition year their normal efforts in a buyers' market, efforts in getting manufacturers to share with them the hard work and the sacrifices that must be made to insure profitable volume.

This lowering of prices will not come



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suddenly or straight across the board, but it's on the way and the faster the better for the long-term outlook. It is no secret that the pressure of retailers on manufacturers for better goods at lower prices has already begun and is getting stronger every day. There is also evidence of initiative and co-operation on the part of manufacturers in the direction of lower prices and lower price lines.

Lower Prices Will Help

The consequence of all these pressures for lower prices and better values will be that by the end of 1947 the *real* income of people who still have their income will show a rise. But declining profits and uncertainty, together with a national standard of living still far below the potentiality of production, will make for declining employment and a declining national income.

The country badly needs more efficiency and lower costs from the great construction industry. Lower costs of construction would stimulate investment on the part of business. Today's high

pal facilities in case a home-building program of considerable dimensions should emerge. Deferred maintenance should be ready for scheduling, and all possible matters of a legal and financial character should be cleared for action. Plans should be made as to how unemployment relief will be provided after unemployment-insurance benefits run out. This problem is not likely to become serious before January 1, 1948, but it might be troublesome by October 1st, and so policy and ways of action should be pretty well in hand before that time.

As for the federal government, its powers are greater, but it will be more difficult to get them into use, at least until after the beginning of 1948. Broadly speaking we think of three types of positive action which are available to the federal government: public works, tax reduction and foreign loans. All three are likely to be unpopular in 1947.

Public works, if they are soundly planned and selected, do not involve waste. Nevertheless, sound public works cannot be improvised to meet an emergency, and the legislative process of get-

product at high employment for 1947. Let us assume that Congress cuts the budget by 10 per cent or so.

Under these conditions, and conforming to the basic tax policy which I have just stated, we should have (1) an across-the-board reduction in the individual income tax (and from an economic point of view 20 per cent is not too high); plus (2) an increase in exemptions by \$100 per dependent in the income tax; plus (3) the elimination of all excises except those on tobacco, liquor and gasoline; plus (4) a reduction of the corporation income tax from 38 per cent to 32 per cent.

I would not try for debt retirement in 1947, unless it came as a result of the larger revenues from the national product priced at more than \$200,000,000,000. I would not be apprehensive about inflationary dangers from tax reductions of the magnitude I have suggested. But I do not expect such tax reductions to be made in 1947.

Foreign Loans Won't Be Popular

The third antidepression measure which was mentioned as being available to the federal government was foreign loans. In many ways putting dollars at the disposal of foreign countries for relief, rehabilitation and reconstruction is the most satisfactory of all measures available to the federal government as a means of protection against depression.

These dollars provide work, income and profits for American workers and businesses; they provide needed goods to raise the standard of living in other lands; they give the United States a claim on future production when and as we are prepared to receive imports and they give us a claim which we already need on raw materials and minerals abroad. Some latitude is possible in timing the demand arising as a result of foreign loans. But I do not expect to see foreign loans made on a large scale by Congress in 1947.

We should be much more eager for imports and should proceed vigorously in reducing barriers to international trade. More imports coming into the United States would be the basis for financing a great increase of foreign loans, both public and private. At best, this factor will not be large in 1947.

1948 Will Be Very Political

I have still another reason for thinking that the federal government will do little to check a developing recession in 1947. That reason is that by fall, when the recession may be visible to the naked eye, Congress will probably not be in session. And there will be no crisis sufficiently dramatic to cause a Democratic President to summon a Republican Congress to pass corrective legislation. Consequently the recession will feed on itself into the early part of 1948.

If things should happen this way, the year 1948 will begin in a most interesting condition. The Board of Economic Advisers will have made its Report, the President will have made his Economic Report, containing recommendations. The Republican Congress will still be sitting and will not want to be labeled the Party of Depression. In January, 1948, there will be very little time available for either Republicans or Democrats. Both parties will want desperately to have a rising level of prosperity in 1948 prior to the election. Both will want the credit for the turnabout and for the increase of prosperity.

The only lever that both can reach for is the economic power of the federal government, and this time the lever will be pulled by both parties and in the same direction. As a result, strong measures will be adopted. Will the measures adopted in the spring of 1948 be too stimulating? Too inflationary? They could be; but I think probably not.

THE END

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4 out of 5

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costs are causing businesses to postpone or to abandon plans already made. Lower costs of construction would be a powerful factor in helping to meet our national needs for more and better housing. Slackening demand for construction may cause prices to decline somewhat from present levels, but unfortunately we can expect little progress in the way of more efficiency and lower costs from the several elements of the construction industry itself. High construction prices are a black cloud in 1947.

What should government be prepared to do? Spending for its own sake has been discredited as an antidepression measure. It demoralizes the community as well as the people it is intended to aid. It offends common sense and common standards of moral judgment. We do not want wasteful and needless public expenditures as a device to get purchasing power into the hands of the people.

Government's Part

The task for state and local government is simple, limited but very important. These local governments must be prepared to enter into many different kinds of public-work and conservation jobs in many localities. They should have plans ready for the extension of municipi-

ting them authorized is difficult and uncertain. The most that can be expected of public works is to help stabilize the construction industry for the long pull. Certainly 1947 will not be the year to draw on public works as a helpful economic instrument.

Tax Reduction Isn't Too Sure

As for tax reduction in 1947, there is little likelihood that sufficient cuts in tax rates will be made. The federal government will probably draw more net cash from the stream of purchasing power than it did in 1946. This is bad for the level of purchasing demand, and so it is a depressing factor for business activity and for employment.

After Congress has pared down President Truman's budget askings as it is likely to do, I venture the opinion that it would be possible and desirable to make deep tax cuts in many places, far deeper cuts and in many more places than are likely to be made. Let us take as our basic tax policy, that we want to set tax rates to balance the budget at high employment levels. Let us understand that we are talking about the consolidated budget on a cash basis, the budget of the President's Economic Report. Let us take \$200,000,000,000 as representing national



"Thank you," Collins said. "I'll try it again, just for fun." Nancy was standing beside him and I walked over casually and stood behind them

MY EYES ARE OPEN

BY FRANK O'ROURKE

The inevitable conclusion for Joe Hennessy was that dice and women are predictable only when bad

I GOT up and snarled at one of those golden days with a blue sky and white clouds and everybody going about his business whistling Oh, What a Beautiful Morning. I wondered if all days were this bright after you staged a knockdown, finish fight with your best girl. I fried four eggs and eight slices of bacon, toasted three pieces of bread, made a big pot of coffee, and ate in my kitchen facing the gulf. Then I remembered you were supposed to lose your appetite and toss all night and get up with a fur tongue and eye shadows and the urge to throw your-

self over the nearest cliff. So I felt wonderful, star-eyed, alert; it was a letdown the wrong way. I could see us the night before at Larry's, sparring for the opening while that guy Collins watched me with that smirk dribbling from his lobster eyes.

"So," Nancy said. "You're aching to say it. Get started."

"So-so," I said. "Let's make it clean."

"Always the gentleman," she snapped. "Don't play harp chords for my sympathy. Go on, act according to your natural impulses. Hit me. Knock me flat."

"That was last week," I said. "We're throwing nasty words this week. That gives you the advantage."

"Thanks," she said. "That does it, Joe—we're through."

I looked at her and she glared at me, her face beautiful and haughty, her blond hair falling in that frozen waterfall with the shellac finish, her body quivering under her green dress. She was a beautiful woman.

She said, "Make the wind blow, Joe."

It was the finish; she called my bluff. I thought I loved this girl, Nancy. I met her a month ago on the beach.

She was floating on a one-man rubber boat, Army surplus, and I, like a clown, swam under water and poked a hole in it and came up to watch her take the deep six stern first, ruining that wonderful hairdo. She bobbed up spitting like a wildcat, whirled and stared at me. That was the beginning. She swam over and began treading water and pushing her hair back.

She said, "Did you do that bright thing?"

"I couldn't help it," I said. "Your hair, the way you floated. I had to do it, ma'am. I'll fix your boat."

She swung at me and I knew we were

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going to be friends. I caught her wrists and we wrestled ourselves under water and I kissed her, the way they do in the movies, only this was impromptu and real, her mouth soft and salty. We came up and glared at each other, and she measured my shoulders and my ugly face and then she grinned. I took her home that afternoon. I took her home every night after that afternoon.

She was singing at Larry's every night, three shows of you name it and she sang it, and she was plenty good. I told her about my job, bouncing at Tim McCoy's club a mile down the beach from Larry's. I call it bouncing but it isn't that in the strict sense. It's called floor-walking in the business. When I left the hospital a year ago and came down to swim and get recivilized, Tim met me at the airport, looked at my right hand, one finger missing and two shortened, and knew I would never deal craps again. So he insisted that I come back to work and I couldn't say no. All I do is wear neat, inconspicuous tweed suits and wander around the club and make sure everything is going smooth.

NANCY liked my job and I liked hers, and we went for each other. I thought this was the big deal. Then Collins showed up at the hotel with his big car and fifty suits of clothes and pocketfuls of cold, green cash. He saw Nancy and began spending all his waking hours at Larry's. I paid him no mind for two weeks, but one night when I took a break at the club and drove up to Larry's to take Nancy home, she said, "Mr. Collins wants to buy me a late dinner, Joe."

"I'll buy you a late dinner," I said. "Two of them."

"Joe," she said. "This is business. You know Larry caters to tourists. Mr. Collins knows people in New York. He can help get me a break in one of those big spots this coming summer. I'm eating that dinner."

I said, "I hope you get ptomaine," and walked out.

So I let Collins move in on me because I had to work until four in the morning and he had nothing to do but work on Nancy. He shoved me out in the cold! And here I was after our last quarrel, feeling fine and wondering why I should. And then, smoking my first cigarette with my fourth cup of coffee, I understood.

I wasn't worried, because this guy Collins was just another winter visitor who would take off in March; and if I knew guys like him, it would be one of those fond farewells with the big promise to get Nancy that wonderful singing spot. And then time would pass and nothing would happen. I could wait. I lived here and Nancy lived here, and she would come around in time. I felt pretty cocky, figuring the deal, so I got into my trunks and ran out for a swim.

My cottage has a hundred-foot front on the gulf and I consider my beach private property. There is a little hump halfway to the water and I enjoy showing off each morning, taking a jump over this hump, landing on the lower beach, and making a nice clean surface dive into the surf. So I boiled down the steps and across the sand, made my broad jump over the hump, and stopped rolling only when my head dug a trench in the wet sand on the water's edge. I shook myself around, wondering when the next tremor would come, and then I saw the girl.

She was pulling herself together and feeling her head. She was a little girl and she had red hair and one of those freckled, short-nosed faces with a wide mouth and green eyes. She had been sitting just below the hump and I knew what had spoiled my entrance. She looked at me and her eyes snapped bright sparks.

"You big elephant," she said. "Do you think you could smash me if you tried it again?"

I always admired spunk in a girl. I said, "Sure, let's try it again."

She rubbed her neck and twisted her head and said, "Ouch!"

I walked up to her and put my hands on her neck and said, "Relax," and snapped it. Her neck cracked and she yelled, "Hey!" and then she wiggled her head and grinned.

"Well," she said. "First you bust 'em up, then you put 'em together."

"I'm sorry," I said. "This is my private beach. You were below skyline and I always jump over when I take my morning swim."

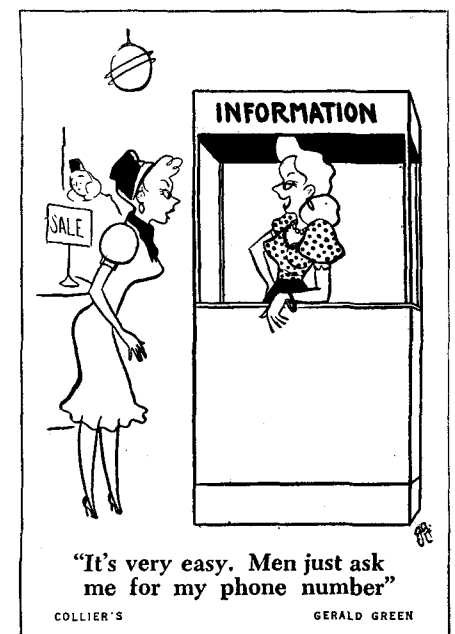
She looked around and saw the hump and looked embarrassed. She said, "Now, I'm sorry. I didn't know. I just moved in next door and this morning there was a big smelly fish on my beach, so I thought..."

I knew who she was then. Tim had told me about Bob Chapman selling his cottage to somebody named Cochrane, and I noted the fact that I had a new neighbor and forgot it. And this was my neighbor. I grinned and stuck out my hand and said, "Glad to know you, Miss Cochrane. My name's Joe Hennessy."

We shook hands and she said, "Call me Linda. I'm happy to know you, Joe."

"What are you doing down here?" I asked.

"Nothing much," she said. "Just tak-



ing it easy. I needed some fresh air and sunshine and swimming. This is the place to find them, isn't it?"

"How about night air?"

She laughed and I liked the way she wrinkled her nose. She was a good girl to know, I could see that, not beautiful like Nancy, but she had a way of looking at you that went over solid. She said, "I can stand it, Joe."

"I'd enjoy showing you around," I said. I hoped she would get me the right way. I liked her and I was being friendly. I said, "I work at Tim McCoy's down the beach."

"Oh," she said. "The big gambling boss. I've heard about him. All good."

"Swell," I said. "Will you come down tonight about eleven when things start going strong? I'll show you around and we'll grab something to eat. Is that too late for you?"

"Not at all," she said. "Will you teach me how to gamble?"

"You can watch," I said. "You can't learn how to gamble, baby. Look. That five per cent plus you must buck at roulette can't be beat, and the per cent against you at bank craps runs from one point four on the don't-pass line to over sixteen per cent on the proposition bets. You can't beat that, baby. But you can watch."

"All right," she laughed. "At eleven then, Joe."

Collier's for March 29, 1947

I drove to the club at eight for dinner with Tim and Buck Wilson, his manager. I told them how I met my new neighbor. Tim said, "She must be a nice girl, Joe."

"I invited her down tonight," I said. "She wants to see this place turn its wheels. Okay to show her around?" "Sure," Tim said. "I'd like to meet her."

Buck Wilson said, "What happened to that blonde, Joe?"

"Nothing," I said. "She's around."

"Sure," Tim said. "She's around."

We finished our coffee and I went down to the big room to see how things were going. This was just another night in the club. At nine o'clock the big room has that still, beautiful look that makes you think some nice old lady is going to walk down the spiral staircase. Tim planned his club with good taste and common sense.

Our dealers are the best. Tim depends on the percentage to make his money. You don't have to play it crooked to make a good living, and Tim never has. Any time you want to take a pair of dice home, you take them with our blessing. You can crawl under our roulette table and shake our dealers upside down any time you feel the urge. We've got nothing to hide. That's the kind of place I work in; I won't play it any other way.

The night moved along and people filled the big room and said hello and got the dice clicking and the wheel spinning. Linda came in at eleven on the dot, and she looked wonderful. Her red hair was loose and soft-looking and she was dressed in a green dress that set off her hair and eyes.

"I'm glad you're here," I said.

"Gosh," she said. "What a lovely room."

I took her over and introduced her to Tim and Buck, and they liked one another from the first handshake. Then I gave her a Cook's tour, showing her our kitchen and private poker rooms. Her eyes were big when we started, and when I took her up to Tim's private office and let her look through the one-way mirror at the big room below, she really stared. She met Jimmy Dolan, our head lookout, and Jimmy explained how he looked down on the big room and could see every person who entered the room.

Jimmy said, "Hey, Joe. Look who came in."

I LOOKED down and saw Nancy and Collins crossing the room to the crap table. Nancy made all the women in the room look like hags, and Collins had that satisfied smirk on his face. I said, "So the guy is human. I didn't know he had a vice."

"Do you know her?" Linda asked.

Jimmy looked at me and chuckled. He said, "Sort of, Miss Cochrane."

I gave Jimmy a nasty stare but Linda got the drift. She said, "A very pretty girl, Joe. Who's the little man with her?" "Somebody named Collins," I said. "If you look close, you'll see the thousand-dollar bills sticking out of his ears."

"Oh," she said. "Well, let's go downstairs and watch them gamble, Joe."

"Let's," I said. "We'll see how Collins handles a pair of dice."

Collins didn't know much about craps but he bought five thousand dollars' worth of chips and began shooting them five hundred a crack on each new come-out. Nancy saw me and looked at Linda, and got pink and wanted to glare. I grinned and nodded politely, keeping Linda across the table from them and telling her all about shooting dice while this guy Collins dropped his five thousand in about fifteen minutes. Our stickman, following Tim's custom, gave him the dice as a souvenir when he quit. Nancy shot one nasty look at me when they left.

"She likes you, doesn't she?" Linda said. "What does she do?"

"Sings," I said. "At Larry's."

"I'll bet she's good," Linda said. "I'd like to hear her."

"She sings about one o'clock," I said. "We can drive up for a sandwich. You like barbecued beef?"

"Love it," Linda said.

"Larry has the best in the world," I said. "And you're right. She's good."

We visited Larry's that night and Nancy sang twice as good, showing me that she didn't give two hoots if I came in with Miss America on one arm and the runner-up on the other. Not much. I took Linda home at one-thirty and went back to the club for the last shift. I felt pretty good. Linda was a four-square sport. She saw how it was between me and Nancy right off the bat, and she knew I needed someone like her to make Nancy boil. It was the oldest game in the world and most women would howl their heads off if they had to play the extra wheel, but Linda didn't get mad at all. I got to thinking about her attitude that night and realized that she felt that way because she liked me and no more. That made me feel a little miffed.

We got along fine the next day and the day after that. The garbage collector hauled the dead fish away but we still swam together from my beach. On the third night I invited her down to watch the play and have late lunch with me, and at midnight Nancy and Collins came in and gave me one of those "I-know-you-you-smalltimer" smiles and began shooting crap.

COLLINS bought five thousand dollars' worth of chips again and played them in his simple-minded fashion. He lost two thousand and then he got a lucky streak, really hot, and before he missed out he had twenty thousand of Tim's money. I was burning up. Here was this guy with all the money in the world winning the other one per cent; it was rubbing salt on raw flesh. He looked at Nancy and smirked and said, "Shall we quit for tonight, dear?"

Nancy said, "Quit while you're ahead, Henry."

She was calling him Henry now, I noticed. Making me squirm.

Collins went over to Tim and shook hands and said, "Thank you for a pleasant evening, Mr. McCoy. I'll come again and let you get even."

"Glad you enjoyed yourself," Tim said calmly. "Glad to have you any time."

They went out and Tim walked over and said softly, "What a stinker. I'd rather lose fifty grand to Hitler."

I said, "The taste in my mouth is lousy, Tim. I'm taking Linda out for a sandwich."

We drove south instead of north toward Larry's. I pulled up at the drive-in where the beach road turned east across the causeway to town, and ordered hamburgers and malts.

"Joe," Linda said, "I don't know much about your business. Did losing all that money hurt you?"

"No," I said truthfully. "We have a five-hundred-dollar limit game at the bank crap table, but we let the sky be the limit with special customers like Collins. We make good money. Some guy does that to us every week but we get it back. It's just that guy Collins winning that burns me."

Linda rubbed her nose and said, "Joe, he is a funny-looking little man. Somehow, he just doesn't look right in those expensive evening clothes."

"He doesn't have to," I said, "with all that dough bulging his pockets."

"I don't mean that," Linda said. "I mean, well, just the way he wears them."

"Maybe you're smarter than all of us," I said. "Honey, I could kiss you for something."

She looked at me quickly and bit her lower lip. She said, "A friendly kiss, Joe?"

She was thinking about Nancy, and she



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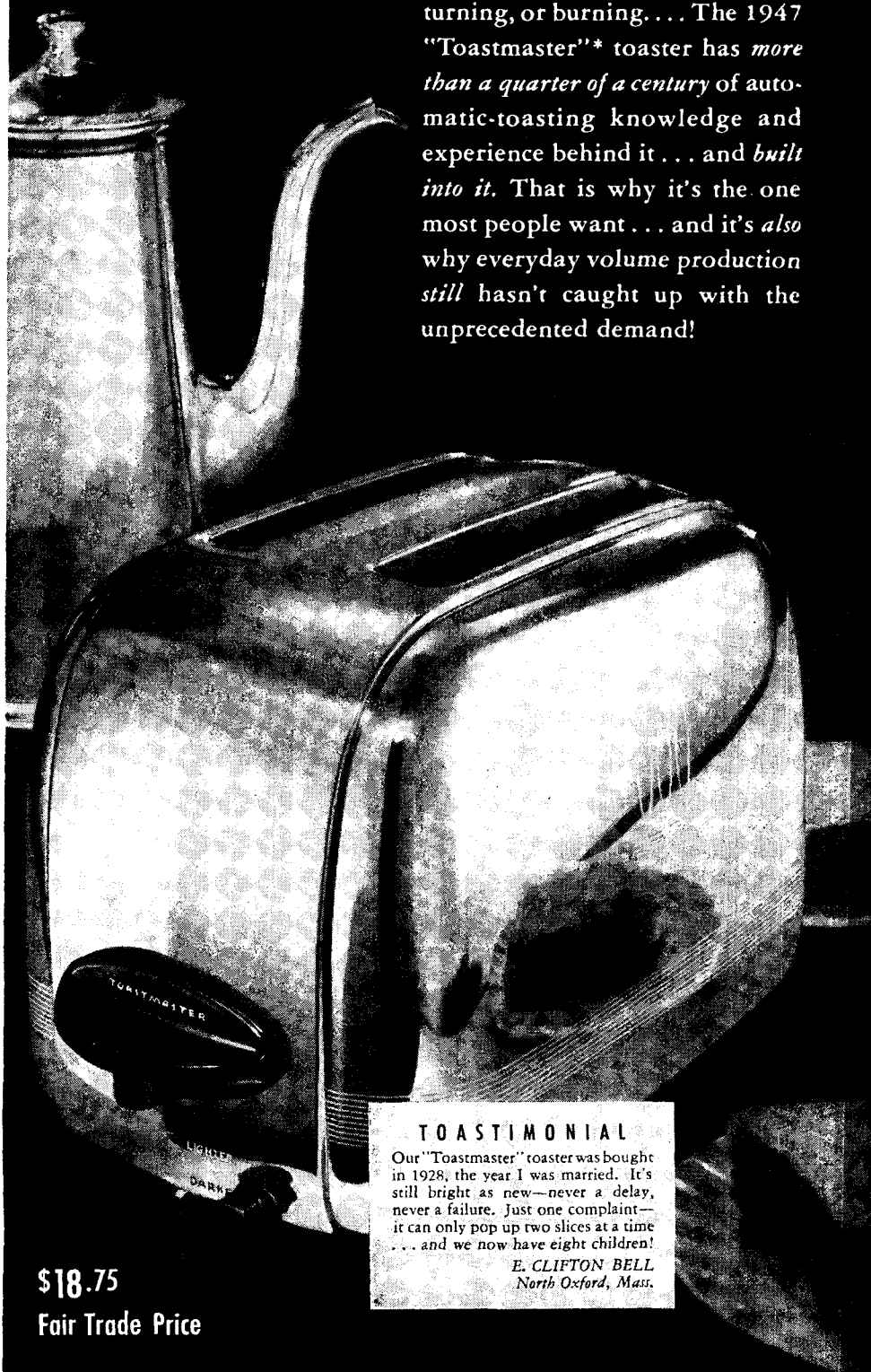
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was right. A friendly kiss, yes, but no more. I respected her for that.

"Sure," I said. "I didn't mean it that way. It's just something you told me."

"What?" she said. She was puzzled.

I pinched her cheek and said, "I'll tell you later on. Maybe I'm nuts, too."

On the way home, she said, "Joe, why do you work in Tim's club?"

"Money," I said. So I told her about my plans and what I had done before. I said, "I used to deal for Tim before the war, Linda. My hand is no good for that now. I bought my cottage then, when I had a little dough. Now I'm saving my money to buy a boat, maybe two or three. There's good money in charter fishing. If you were thinking I wanted to spend all my life walking around the club, you're wrong. I like to fish, I know fish, and I'll make it in another year. Does that suit your fancy?"

She smiled. "I commend that highly."

"Okay," I said. "Now what did you do before you came down here?"

She said, "I was a secretary, Joe, to one of those big high-powered advertising men. He drove me down here. I saved enough money to take it easy for a year. Then I'll find a job in town and earn my daily bread. Does that suit your fancy?"

I said, "I thought you were smarter than a guy named Hennessy. Now I know it."

I GOT up early the next morning, about ten, and drove straight to the hotel and parked on the trade entrance side. I went through the kitchen to William's office. William was the chef and my old buddy. I said, "Willy, let me use your phone."

"Help yourself, Joe," Willy grinned.

"Up kinda early, aren't you?"

"You know it," I said. "Hello, get me Fogarty, will you?"

Fogarty was the house detective. The phone girl caught him in the front lobby. I said, "Mike, this is Joe Hennessy. Can you come down to Willy's office?"

"Sure," he said. "Be right there, Joe."

When Fogarty came in, Willy excused himself and shut the door on us. Fogarty said, "What's up, Joe?"

"You know this guy Collins," I said.

"Is he on the level?"

"I think so," Fogarty said. He gave me a funny look.

"Forget that angle, Mike," I said. "It's not the girl. This is business. Could you give me twenty minutes in his suite?"

"Hey," Fogarty said softly. "That's a big order, Joe. What's the deal?"

"Sit tight for me, will you," I said.

"Maybe I'm nuts. I want a look at his stuff. I won't bother a thing."

Fogarty frowned. He said, "You just want a look?"

"That's all," I said. "If I don't find what I'm looking for, we'll forget it. If I do, you'll get a good break."

"All right," Fogarty said. "This could mean my job—but for you, okay."

"If you get the ax," I said, "you've got a better job with Tim. That's a promise."

"Give me five minutes," Fogarty said. "I'll call you."

I read the morning paper for five minutes and then Fogarty called. He said, "Collins took a certain girl shopping in town. His suite is number 504. Take the service elevator to six and walk down. I'll meet you in the hall."

"Okay," I said.

I met Fogarty on five. He caught my arm and propelled me down the hall, took a quick gander both ways, and pushed me into 504.

"Twenty minutes," he said. "I'll be downstairs. I'll call if they come back. Three short rings."

He closed the door and I looked around Collins' suite. It was one of those four-room, hundred-dollar-a-day jobs. I knew what I wanted. I opened his closet, touched the right pocket of his evening coat and felt two hard bumps—

the dice we gave him that first night. I got them out in the light in my fingers. I turned them over in my hands, felt the edges, placed one against the other to see if they were square. I went into the bathroom and filled a glass of water and dropped them in several times. I emptied the glass and dried it. I went back to the bedroom and slipped them into the right coat pocket and smoothed the coat.

That took me five minutes. Five minutes to discover that the dice—the ones we had given him with the club markings—had been loaded by an expert.

I took a look into his suitcase and found a box filled with crooked dice: shapes, loads, cut-edges and tops and bottoms—and a special set of dicemaker's tools.

"Thanks, Linda baby," I said, and took off.

I thanked Fogarty and then called Tim.

"Look," I said. "Collins is a cheater. I had a hunch and checked his room. I found a pair of loads in his pocket. Last night he made his switch, made a few passes, took us, made the shift back, and bowed out."

Tim swore softly. "You sure, Joe?"

"I just came from his room," I said. "They're the strongest pair of loaded dice I have ever seen."

"Did you put them back?"

"Sure," I said. "Are you thinking what I'm thinking, Tim?"

Tim said, "Joe, I'm thinking exactly that. Get over here, and fast."

I got over to the club fast. Tim was upstairs in the office with Buck and Sammy Johnson and Jimmy Dolan.

"I just told them," Tim said. He was mad. He said, "I've never run a pair of crooked dice in this place, and I never thought I would, but by God—!"

He had the same idea I got when I found those dice in Collins' pocket. He said, "Boys, this guy is a sharpie. He's plenty careful. He played it perfect. Joe, you're the only one gave him a tumble. Good for you."

"I'd like to take that credit," I said, "but it wasn't me. I was fooled, too. It was Linda, Tim. She didn't see him make the shift but she said he didn't look right in evening clothes. When I thought about it, I knew what she meant. I got a hunch and it turned out to be right."

"All right," Tim said. "He got a pair of the white dice, didn't he? Sammy, get another pair."

SAMMY went to the safe, twirled and opened it, and rolled a new pair of white dice on Tim's desk. Tim said, "Were they scratched any, Joe?"

"None," I said. "Almost new."

"Sammy," Tim said, "fix these dice. Fix them exactly like the pair Mr. Collins has."

"You mean load them to win?"

"Yes, but also insert steel slugs on the two, three, four, and five sides. Also," Tim said, "I will put the electro-magnet under the spot on the table where Mr. Collins will throw his dice. His dice come deuces, twelves and sevens; therefore it will be impossible for him to make his point and we will break him on his first shot."

"It'll be a pleasure," Sammy said.

Tim looked at me and said, "Fogarty help you out?"

"Yes," I said. "He took a chance."

"He can take another," Tim said.

"When Sammy gets these dice fixed up, it's on you, Joe. You'll have to make the shift in his coat. Can you do it?"

"Give me a little time," I said. "Maybe not today."

"That's all right," Tim said. "He's smart. He won't come back tonight. He'll play it like a rube. He'll come back tomorrow night."

"I wonder where he's from?" I said. "New York, most likely."

"Where is Nancy from, Joe?" Tim asked suddenly.

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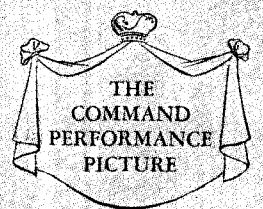
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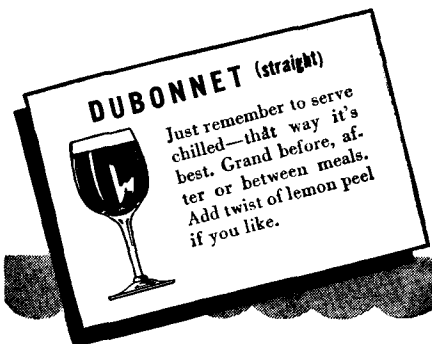
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"Los Angeles," I said without thinking. Then I looked at Tim. I said, "Now wait a minute, Tim! She's no shill."

"Calm down," Tim said. "She came here two months ago, didn't she? Collins got here a month ago. He met her and moved you out, didn't he? So what does that paint, Joe?"

I said, "Anybody but you, Tim, and I'd—"

"Sure," Tim said. "But think it over."

I guess I still loved that girl Nancy, or thought I did. I was mad. I said, "Let's stick to Collins, Tim. When will the dice be ready?"

"Go home and cool off," Tim said. "I'll call you."

I WENT home. I was sore. I was sore at Collins. I wanted to be sore at Tim and couldn't. I was even mad at myself. I was sitting on my kitchen table, glaring out at the gulf when Linda came in.

"Golly," she said. "Who stuck a knife in you?"

I said, "Come here, baby," I felt mean. I wanted to hurt somebody.

She came over and I pulled her up close and kissed her, a long and hard kiss. Her mouth was warm and firm and about halfway through I got over being mad and tried to show her. She jerked back and slapped me hard. She said, "That's a lousy thing to do, Joe."

I knew it was then. I said, "I wanted to pay you for telling me something, Linda. I didn't mean to do it that way. I'm sorry."

It didn't do any good to talk. She turned around and ran out. I yelled, "Hey, wait a minute," but she was gone, and I heard her cottage door slam with a vicious bang. I had really queered myself this time, I thought. . . .

Sammy got the dice loaded for the job and the next morning Fogarty gave me the all clear and I sneaked up to 504 and shifted the dice in the coat pocket. I told Fogarty about Collins and he headed for a phone to make some long-distance calls to New York and other points. Tim had our own boys working on that, too.

I tried to sleep through the late afternoon but all I could do was toss and pitch. I cleaned up and changed clothes at eight and drove to the club. Tim and all the boys were in the office when I opened the door, and Tim said, "All set, Joe?"

"All set," I said. "How do we play it?" "Buck, you get behind the stick. Jimmy, you operate the juice from the outside. I'll deal the game," Tim said. "He'll probably shoot a grand, throw a point number, and then take ten grand's worth of odds on the point, the same as he did before. He'll try to quit but he's not quitting. We'll make him shoot until we get every cent of our own money back. Then you throw him out, Joe. Will you like that?"

"Just say when," I said. "Do you want a new door or shall I use the one we've got?"

Tim grinned. He said, "You're the boss there, Joe. Buck, you remember if anybody else rides with him. When we throw him out, I'll stop the games and we'll return their money and tell them why. That should square everything."

"What did you get on him?" I asked.

Tim knew why I asked that. I wasn't thinking about Collins. I was thinking about Nancy. Tim said, "He's from Los Angeles, Joe. But you'll have to figure the other by yourself."

They walked in at exactly midnight. Nancy had that shining look that would stop any man in his tracks. She was beautiful. She looked at me and then

looked away. I couldn't believe she was in on it. I had one of those hunches. She couldn't be that way.

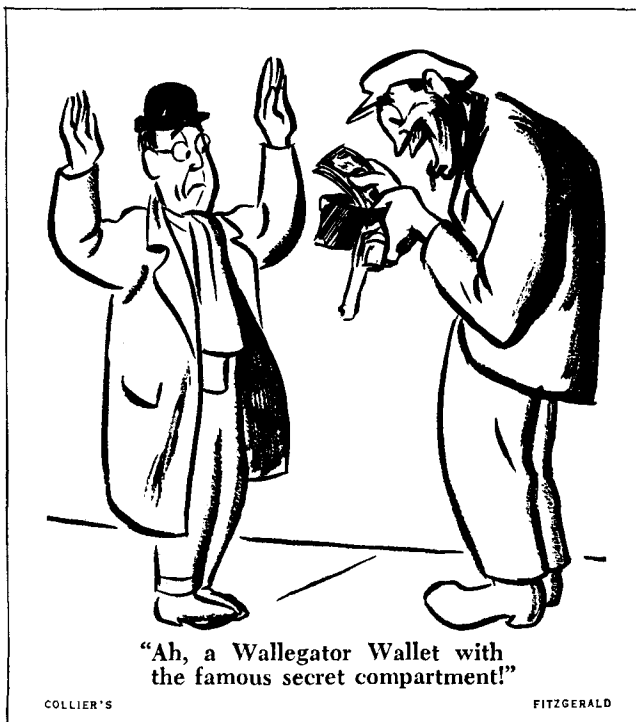
Collins shook hands with Tim, said hello here and there and took Nancy's arm and wandered over toward the table. Buck was calling, "The point is eight," when Collins came up. Buck said, "Good evening, Mr. Collins. Ready for another whirl?"

"Thank you," Collins said. "I'll try it again, just for fun."

Just for fun, I thought. Brother, will we have fun!

Nancy was standing beside him and I walked over casually and stood behind them. Tim was talking with some people on the left, smoking and laughing softly. Nothing wrong with this scene, I thought, watching Collins buy five thousand and wait for the dice.

Collins was a smart boy. He lost four thousand and didn't bat an eye. He was shooting with eight other people, talking with Nancy and acting just like a millionaire should act who had all the money in the world and wanted you to understand that he did this because it gave him that big, nasty thrill.



"Ah, a Wallegator Wallet with the famous secret compartment!"

COLLIER'S

FITZGERALD

The dice went around and Buck said, "Out on seven, too bad," and tossed them across the felt with his stick. Collins reached down and picked them up, and this time I saw him make the switch. He was good, don't think he wasn't. It was the finest switch I'd ever watched, and if I didn't know it was coming—well, I barely saw it. Buck saw it, Tim saw it, and I knew Jimmy saw it as he was standing by the table to put the juice on.

Collins turned to Nancy and said, "Well, shall we try to get it back, dear?" Nancy said, "Go ahead, Henry. You might get lucky."

Collins held those dice out nice and plain, and said, "All right, one thousand on the line."

"Place your bets," Buck said. "One thousand on the front line. Coming out."

Two of them got down with him, a man for fifty and a woman for a hundred. Collins said, "I hope my luck changes, Nancy," and tossed the dice out with that awkward little motion, like he was just learning to roll them.

They hit the board and came up two deuces.

"Four's the number," Buck said.

Collins pushed \$5,000 worth of chips toward Tim and said, "I'm taking ten thousand on the point." He threw Tim \$250 in Vigorish, the five per cent house charge for taking the five grand bet.

Tim pushed the two and a half back to Collins, saying, "This is a free bet, Mr. Collins."

Collins looked at Tim, and I had to give him credit—even though he realized his goose was cooked he didn't bat a wink.

Buck was ready to throw the dice to Collins when Tim said, real polite and soft:

"You took us for twenty thousand the other night, Mr. Collins. You are betting fifteen thousand more on your point."

Collins swallowed. "All right," he said finally.

Buck said, "Coming out," and threw the dice to Collins.

Jimmy leaned against the button on the side of the table. Collins looked at the dice and I knew he was wishing he could shoot all of us. He threw them and they bounced and came up and stopped.

"Six-ace," Buck said quietly. "The gentleman loses. Place your bets."

Collins said, "That's enough. Come on, Nancy."

Nancy turned and looked at me, and her eyes were hard and her mouth was thin and her hair looked different. She said, "Hello, Joe," and begged me with those eyes to say something.

"Joe," Tim said loudly, "throw this cheap crook out."

He didn't weigh over a hundred and thirty. I caught his neck and seat and swung him up over the table and shook him like the rat he was. I held him like this and walked to the front door, and Johnny pulled it open and I stood him on his feet, gave him a thorough going over for a gun or a knife, and threw him fifteen feet on his nose in the gravel. He skidded and stopped and sat up. Nancy ran past me and turned, and I saw her face as she said, "You—" and the rest wasn't nice.

TIM came to the door and said, "Collins, get out of this country. Not tomorrow, not an hour from now. Right now. Get me?"

Collins got up and held a handkerchief to his face; it was bleeding nicely. He said, "All right, McCoy, all right."

Nancy took his arm and they walked toward his big car, and I thought I would

be sick. Tim closed the front door and went through the foyer to the big room and stopped the games and told everybody exactly what had happened. They all listened, and then they clapped and cheered, and Tim called, "All games are open again, ladies and gentlemen."

I said, "Tim, I'm going home."

He put one hand on my shoulder and said, "Sure, Joe, boy. Get a good night's sleep. And don't worry about Collins or that girl. They won't be back."

I went home and took a drink and got into bed.

I woke at noon and wondered why the days after had to be so nice. I got into my trunks and ran out the kitchen door and took the jump over the hump.

When I stopped rolling I was licking the wet sand. She sat up and looked at me. I looked at her. She said, "You big elephant, do you think you could smash me if you tried it again?"

Then the day was bright. I said, "Sure, let's try in again."

She rubbed her neck and twisted her head and said, "Ouch!"

I walked up beside her and put my hands on her neck and said, "Relax." She looked up and said, "It's not the neck, Joe."

When we stopped flying high, I let her breathe a little, and she said, "First you bust 'em up, then you put 'em together."

I grinned. I said, "Let's have some coffee, baby."

THE END

Collier's for March 29, 1947

Give a Man some room to Roam in!



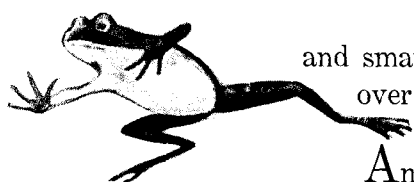
It took an "explosion" to get Bill Jr. out into the wide open spaces of the suburbs—not a literal explosion but one that shows up on the maps of our cities.

A few decades ago, our cities and towns were largely concentrated clots in which kids like Bill, and their families, huddled close to factories or business districts.

But men of General Motors and other companies thought they had something in the automobile. They wanted to produce more and sell more.

By dipping deeply into earnings for regular improvements, they succeeded. And as cars grew better and more useful, cities and towns changed.

They "exploded" into the countryside, spreading real estate developments, suburbs



and smart new neighborhoods all over the local map.

And so Bill Jr. is gaily growing up where boys can be boys and the breathing's good — where he has a better chance at health and happiness.

Maybe his dad works for GM. There were more than 3½ times as many General Motors employes in 1946 as in 1925—and they shared a pay roll more than 6 times as great.

Or maybe Bill Sr. works with one of the thousands of concerns who supply GM with parts and materials. These have benefited greatly as General Motors has grown.

So have dealers. And gas stations. And countless other businesses that maintain local pay rolls, pay local taxes, support local prosperity in every corner of these United States. All these, as well as kids like Bill, are better off because General Motors has done well.

In fact, the history of General Motors demonstrates that *all the people* profit when a business prospers.

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GENERAL MOTORS

THE PEOPLE PROFIT
WHEN A BUSINESS PROSPERS

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CAN LOCAL GOVERNMENT SURVIVE?

A small-town newspaper editor points out the follies of home-grown politicians, who think more of their jobs than they do of the public good. They're persistently signing their own death warrants by inviting federal interference

AS a small-town newspaper editor, I am genuinely alarmed at the way home-town, back-yard government is doing its best to strangle itself.

I have, in the usual course of a newsman's career, run the gamut from the home-town paper to the big city and back to my first love. I have stood in the wings and watched the burlesque of politics unfold, from the petty city-hall clique to the state-wide, boss-ridden machine. After 20 years of backstage observing, I am impelled to step to the footlights and speak my piece.

I was still a printer's devil, learning the rudiments of my trade in Ypsilanti, Michigan, when I saw local government, controlled by local industry and the best people, try to keep Henry Ford from buying the city-owned water-power site that in after years grew into Willow Run. That opened my eyes.

After college I covered everything from the police beat to the state legislature in Denver, San Jose, California; Monroe and Pontiac, Michigan. In these towns and cities I watched the entrenched politicians—with a finger in the gravy and a don't-give-a-damn attitude toward the people—mess up local government and invite supergovernment to take over.

I have begun to fear for local government's survival unless we take a hitch in our belts and outfit these home-grown Hitlers whoglom onto local political power, who say, "To hell with good government; what's in it for us?" and who fatten on petty graft and the prestige we endow them with. For each time they fumble the ball, a higher echelon of government steps in and grabs a little more power from the people. Take a look from where I sit at the way the me-firsters and the sit-tighters are snafuing back-yard government.

When I took my job in Monroe, a town of about 20,000, I found the streets filthy, the water tasting as though it had been filtered through old inner tubes, the city hall shabby, the fire trucks dingy and the cops apathetic. The budget was "balanced" by shifting unspent funds from the few departments that lived within their income to those that went hog-wild. No one made any plans to improve the water, replace the crank-up fire trucks or extend sewers to the Chic Sale subdivisions.

Nor could anyone tell me exactly why. Everybody knew the commissioners; they were all fine fellows, went to church and belonged to the right lodges. Under them nothing could go wrong. Nothing except "innocent" graft and the blundering of any self-perpetuating political clique, which the people never question.

Eventually I got to know these typical home-town experts in municipal incompetence. They meant well. One was an ex-streetcar conductor, one a retired farmer, two were carpenters, now glorified by political prestige into "contractors." One was a grocer, another a shop foreman.

Till recently they held forth daily in a favorite saloon, cigar stand or poolroom, conducting the city "business"—dispensing street jobs, election-board appointments or petit jury service, trading small favors for votes. Saturday nights they kept an ear to the ground and a foot on the rail, making regular rounds of the bistros and barbershops, glad-handing the taxpayers. They heard the voice of the people, all right, but only of the people of their own stratum, satisfied with things as they were.

The blunders of the clique weren't big ones but little ones—like buying a shiny new fire truck (after two disastrous fires) that didn't fit into a single

downtown alley. The graft wasn't sensational but petty—like giving city building jobs to the ex-carpenters, buying welfare provisions from the grocer and putting commissioners' kith and kin in all the soft city jobs. Few citizens were even aware of what was going on. And if someone beefed about kickbacks to the commissioners on all city purchases, what the hell? The taxpayers got *their* money's worth, didn't they? Did they expect a commissioner to live on his city salary, which hardly paid for campaign beer?

Each of these fellows represented, and was elected by, a ward. Shrewd gerrymandering kept these wards political entities—one for the German vote, one the Catholic vote, one the Italian vote, another the silk-stocking vote, and so on. There was nothing to it. By pandering to its constituents the clique might have lived the life of Riley till its particular iceman cometh if it hadn't made one glaring mistake. This big blunder was its undoing.

It hired an outsider as city engineer, a young man who was a Grade-A engineer and had a civic con-

worked during the depression. Here the city government was in the hands of the best people—a majority of the commissioners dwelt on Highfalutin Boulevard. They hired a city manager to run things and everything was on the up and up. Then came the financial floppo and this one-industry city was hard hit. One day a cantankerous, wizened little citizen, whom we'll call Albert Marshall, stomped into the city hall and demanded to see the mayor.

Oh, the mayor was at work—he was an executive at the plant. The city manager was busy. Finally Albert Marshall got to see the assessor, already crusty from citizen complaints. To him, and later to me, Albert Marshall told his story. He'd saved his earnings as a mechanic at the plant and made a down payment on an apartment house, hoping to live off the income. Then he got bad news from the bank, and quick figuring told him he couldn't meet both his mortgage and his tax bill, with half his apartments empty. So he exercised his privilege as a taxpayer to find out what could be done.

Nothing, said the assessor. Nothing, echoed the city commission, when Albert Marshall stormed into its meeting with his woes. You can't cut taxes when the relief load's going up. But Albert Marshall was stubborn; he didn't believe even the best people.

"How's the city going to collect any taxes if the people lose their homes?" he asked. The political upper crust, not yet in danger of losing *their* homes, shrugged.

So Albert Marshall found other homeowners with the foreclosure wolf parked on their doorsteps, and soon the City Taxpayers' League, rambunctious and radical, was battling for a recall. It lost, as the best people rallied behind their "good" government.

But the battle shook the commonfolk out of their lethargy, and next election they skimmed off the cream and chose a representative commission. It cleaned house, but good, fired the manager and assessor, slashed taxes—too deep, of course, because any revolt goes to extremes—and adopted a moratorium for homeowners. In a few years the League, concerned only with taxes, dissolved. And when the best people showed up with beefs, the new city government was as unresponsive to them as its predecessors had been to Albert Marshall and his ilk.

These are typical examples of how doorstep government gets off the beam if left to its own devices, and of how the people have to get up on their hind legs and kick it back on. There's always a way to outsmart these entrenched local jobholders. Sometimes it takes a slam-bang revolt such as Albert Marshall engineered. Sometimes it takes some smart maneuvering such as the city engineer of Monroe cooked up. But so long as the people sit back and take it, the local politicians are bound to dish it out and endanger the survival of local government.

How? By forcing bigger government into the picture. When the doorstep geniuses gum up the works completely, the people have to act. That's why I'm looking forward to the next skirmish in Frenchtown Township, a rural area near Monroe. The battle there is over school consolidation. In this township of some 5,000 people, the parents decided they couldn't expect Atomic-Age education from 15 teachers in 15 one-room country schools, all getting different salaries and working for different boards with different ideas of education. So they banded together and asked their boards if the tax resources of their prosperous township couldn't be rolled into one ball of wax to finance one adequate school for 500 kids.

(Continued on page 46)

BY KARL F. ZEISLER

Karl F. Zeisler is associate editor of the Monroe (Mich.) Evening News, but his opinions on "doorstep government" are strictly his own. He has been a newspaperman for twenty years and is now engaged in writing a book of small-town editorial reminiscence. In spite of his dire warnings about the encroachment of federal or "supergovernment," he remains mildly optimistic. "Supergovernment," he says, "is like strychnine. A big dose is fatal, but a tiny dose is stimulating. The only way to lift local government out of the peanut politicians' reach is to enlarge its electorate, which I admit is moving in the direction of supergovernment, but not far enough to hurt anything and just far enough to amputate the small fry from their jobs."

science, to boot. By easing the lazy commissioners out of making the tough decisions and by assuming responsibility for the politically unpopular policies, he won their confidence. And before they had time to think, he got their support, however halfhearted, for two simple charter amendments. One gave the engineer power to hire, fire and buy. The other required the commissioners, while still living in and representing the wards, to stand for election by the city at large.

Simple? Sure, but it outfoxed the political jobbers. The very arguments for the amendments opened the people's eyes. Why give one man control over hiring and firing? To get the commissioners' cousins off their backsides and put competent men in city jobs. Why centralize purchasing? To get rid of the kickbacks. So the people okayed the amendments. Next election they booted out the ward politicians to a man. The city-wide election called for citizens with city-wide reputations, representing more than the ward constituencies. And the ward boys can't get back in, because they can't carry the city as a whole.

Now let's take a look at a larger, industrial city—Pontiac, Michigan, population 65,000—where I

IN CHERRY BLOSSOM TIME ...



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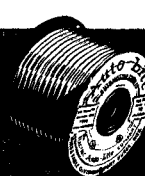
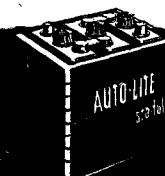
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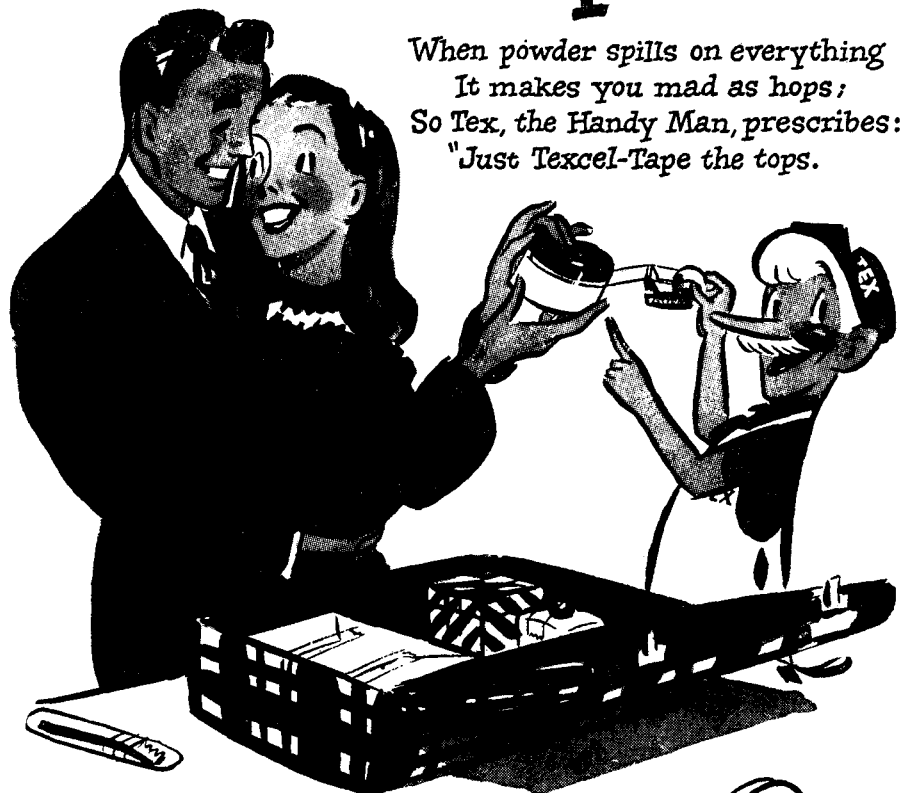
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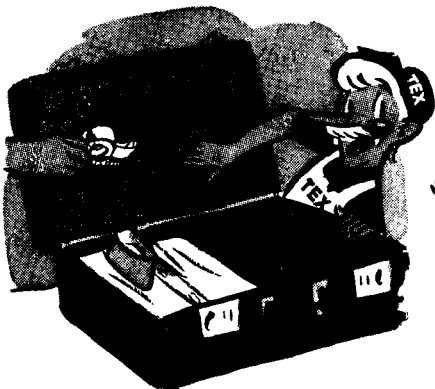
BATTERIES • IGNITION SYSTEMS • WIRE & CABLE

Pointers for packers



When powder spills on everything
It makes you mad as hops;
So Tex, the Handy Man, prescribes:
"Just Texcel-Tape the tops."

"You like neat labels on your grips
Each time you go away?
Well, stick 'em on with Texcel Tape
And they are there to stay."



"Your suitcase lining has a rip?
Then mend it in a flash—
For Texcel Tape will do the job
So you can't see the gash."

25¢ size shown. Also comes in 10¢ and 15¢ sizes.

"That Texcel 'stickum' can't dry out
Won't slip, transfer, or run;
For Texcel's special process makes
The tape and stickum' one."



"So buy the roll marked 'Texcel Tape'—
And keep it right on hand,
For Texcel Tape is so improved
You cannot beat the brand!"



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CELLOPHANE TAPE — STICKS WITH A TOUCH

Industrial Tape Corporation • New Brunswick, N. J.

To this reasonable request the 15 three-man boards responded with alacrity. They, too, banded together, hired the smartest lawyer in town and fought tooth and nail any step to abolish their jobs, their power to levy taxes, hire teachers, buy books and spend state and local public funds. Oh, no, said these penny-ante moguls; you can't do this to us. They rallied their friends and relatives and beat down the upstart parents. Consolidation lost, and the parents lost faith in their doorstep government's ability to meet the challenge of the times. Perhaps next election, things will turn out differently.

But this inability of the entrenched jobholder to see beyond his own nose, and his constant batting down of all efforts to improve local government so it can meet the challenge, make me skeptical of its survival. It can't survive by constantly kicking itself in the teeth.

Too often the cemented-in local officeholder doesn't even try to win the trust of the people. They'd only ask embarrassing questions. I've watched this attitude develop in a small-town school board—again one made up of the best people—here in Monroe.

Trade-School Deal Looked Bad

It met in private, like a board of directors, to which it proudly compared itself. In one of its star chamber sessions it suddenly yielded to strong public demand for a trade school. Although it had stubbornly insisted this was a luxury beyond its means, it plunked down 50,000 smackers for a vacant building owned by another of the best people. And it never understood why taxpayers looked on the whole deal with a fishy eye and voted a thundering no next time it asked more taxes for new schools.

A wise mayor, and a businessman, once confided to me that the first lesson he learned in public office was that you can't run a city as you'd run your business. "It's the people's money," he said, "and you can't spend it without their say-so." I often thought of that in connection with the school board, whose members obviously hadn't learned the lesson. It not only spent the people's money behind closed doors but had a neat trick of self-perpetuation. When a member wearied of being a servant of the people he'd resign after election. The survivors then picked a pal for the place and by next election no ordinary citizen dared run against the incumbent.

No wonder the people stay away from school elections in droves, even when new schools are at stake. And I submit local government is throttling itself when its officeholders sneak into closed sessions to do the people's business and become a closed corporation to avoid stirring up the animals.

Whether it's cities or schools, the gravy-train riders hang onto their seats and let the first responsibility of doorstep government go hang. That responsibility, as I see it from the editorial desk, is response to what the people plainly say they want. By standing between the people and their government these political buzzards are picking the bones of home rule's skeleton.

Now step with me into a supposedly higher bracket of back-yard government, the county.

One of my predecessors, in fact the pioneer editor in Monroe, wormed into Michigan's first state constitution back in 1835 a remarkably smart idea. All the penal fines collected by local courts go to support public libraries. By default, these funds came into the hands of those three-man rural school boards I mentioned previously. Talk about gravy! In prohibition days, with bootleg liquor from Canada pouring through the main pipe line to the midland, a million bucks in fines were collected from the unwary gentry in Monroe County alone.

But no one knows what became of the

\$1,000,000. Certainly if all the 150-odd "libraries" run by the rural school boards were lumped together they wouldn't be worth that much if all their books were rare first editions. As school taxes were suspiciously low, it is surmised that the boards diverted some of the library money illegally to pay school expenses. Acting on this surmise, the people persuaded the legislature to turn the penal fines over to a county library board.

As a result, they got libraries in every village and bookmobile service to every rural school. School boards ganged up with the rural supervisors to get their fingers back in that gravy. The supervisors hired a legal light who combed the commas till he found a flaw in the library law. And with the gravy-starved school boards egging it on, the county initiated a test suit to invalidate the law, won, and gleefully banged shut the library doors.

Well, the people took care of that, after the county government had pruned its nose to spite its own face. They flooded the county board with petitions, forcing it to appropriate emergency funds, and hammered away at the school boards, forcing four fifths of them to keep the libraries intact. But puny prerogatives in the hands of petty officeholders come pretty high, in my estimation, when they can cost an entire county its model library service.

I don't need to remind suburbanites and country dwellers that county government is constantly tripping over itself. Maybe they can tie this one: The state, to improve rural school standards, passed a law requiring county superintendents to have a master's degree and gave each county \$1,000 to add to the salary. This is an old story: Supergovernment steps in when local government tries to get by with inadequately qualified schoolmen. But our county decided to save the taxpayers' money, so it slipped the \$1,000 gravy into its general fund and refused to up the superintendent's salary.

A Pay Boost That Came Too Late

He'd just got his degree by working nights, and he'd just done an unbelievable job of consolidating schools in three townships, so this was too much. Refused the raise he was entitled to, he doubled his pay by taking another job. For months the county couldn't find an M.A. who'd look at the job, so while the schools went leaderless it finally boosted the pay (which was all it needed to do in the first place to keep a good man) and put in a successor with no experience on the job. Smart business for the taxpayer!

One more on counties and I have to stop. Years ago my fellow citizens asked for a county health department. Doctors, scared silly by the socialized-medicine bugaboo, lobbied it into defeat. A year or so later we had the worst typhoid epidemic in the recent history of the state. Even a rudimentary public-health program could have prevented it. Because of this resistance to progress a well-heeled private agency pulled its free dental clinic out of our schools and moved it to a more hospitable neighborhood. The taxpayers lost on this deal, too.

Parents, suburbanites, small-town and rural residents see this sort of thing going on day after day, but what they may not see is that the me-first, reform-last, garden-variety politicians and officeholders, glued to the gravy, are kicking the back door wide open to invasion by supergovernment. Not always, of course. I make no blanket indictment, for as I have mentioned, where the people are fed up and get up on their hind legs, local government gets back on the beam. But each time it fumbles the ball, state or federal fullbacks are ready to pounce.

This invasion of supergovernment began snowballing back in depression days when local government couldn't provide jobs or emergency rations for its hungry

Collier's for March 29, 1947

people. The responsibility was forced on Washington. And Washington eagerly snapped on the subsidy chain. We pay, said the pundits on the Potomac, but you do the job thus and so. The chain has grown and grown, forged by small-time political incompetence.

When my fellow citizens next demanded a health department, they got it. But now it is all bound round with subsidy chains. The people have about as much say as to how it's run as they have about the U.S. Embassy in Afghanistan.

Next candidate for sticking its wrists in the federal bracelets is public education. Niff-naffing by back-yard politicians has brought the degradation of the public schools to a nation-wide state of scandal. The answer, of course, is for the people to take more interest in their schools and vote more taxes. But I can't blame the people if they shy away from giving either more taxes or more power to small-fry politicians.

So with the educational standards of the nation in grave danger, as Selective Service abundantly proved, and local government hog-tied by its own stupidity, nothing is left but federal subsidies. The my-job-matters-first boys have brought it on themselves, and on all of us. Even President Conant of Harvard is reconciled; the schoolmen who have fought federalization for years now concede it has to come. And when it does, out goes another big chunk of local autonomy.

Forgive me if I raise my voice. I've got two kids in high school, and as an editor I can guess what's ahead of them in the world. And I know teachers who live in trailers and war-housing slums because local government has bumbled to the point where the people justifiably won't trust it with funds to do the job.

We can't have ineptitude and power, too. We can't have federal cash and keep local control. We can't leave peewee politicians to fatten on prestige and gravy and expect them to meet the jet-propelled challenge of a touch-and-go world. We can't expect the federal government to let Americans starve or to leave their health in jeopardy or their schools in penury. What alarms me is that in the teeth of this tide and trend, local government, in the hands of pea-

nut politicians, stumbles along the downhill path to supergovernment, waving triumphantly overhead its two-bit jobs and nitwit prerogatives.

Of course it is a tough job to win the people's trust for a public job well done, and to hike local taxes to the point where they meet local needs. The local politician, in simple fear of losing his job, will always battle against these vital obligations. He'll sell out to the first offer of supergovernment subsidies.

Hints for the Local Citizenry

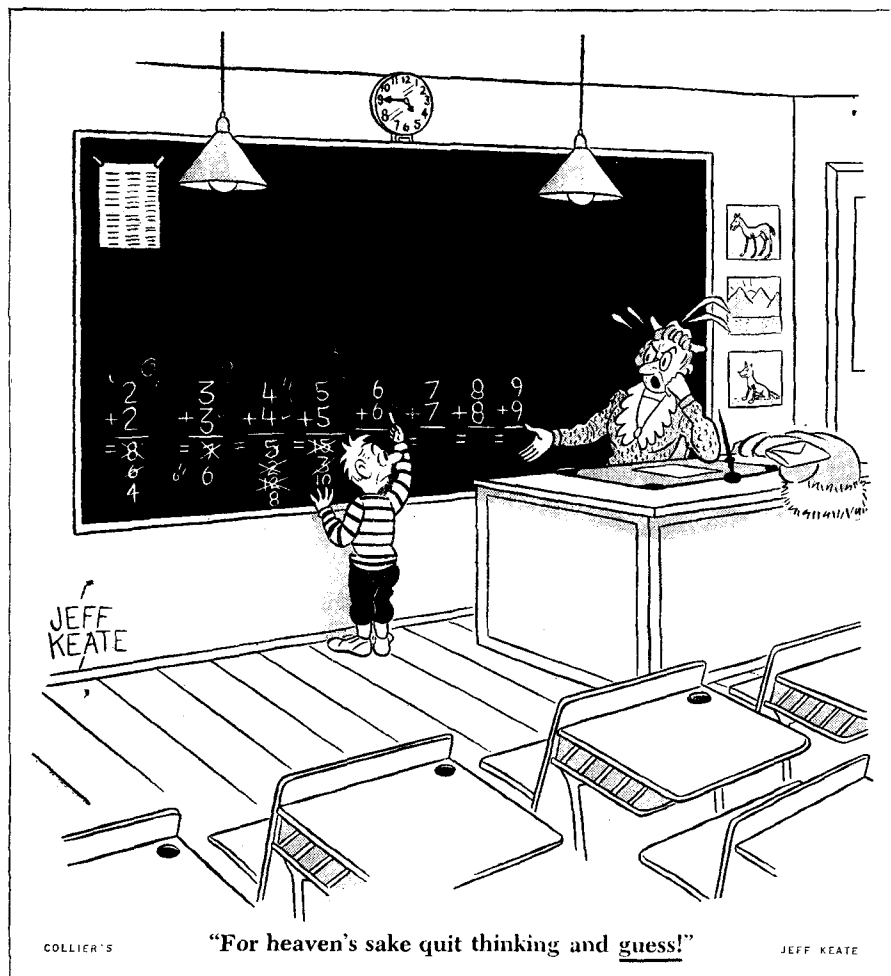
Well, then, what can we do about it? Plenty. Instead of just squawking about taxes and incompetence, the people can take a leaf from Albert Marshall's book and organize. Parents can join parent-teacher associations to keep the thumb of public pressure down tight on unresponsive school boards. Rural citizens may find it harder to organize, but they can sign petitions as the angry Monroe County library patrons did. And delegations of determined citizens can wield a powerful influence over reluctant local jobholders by storming into meetings to ask embarrassing questions.

From long years of attending such meetings I can vouch for this method; it never fails to get some kind of reaction, if only fright.

Finally, the people can give the pitch to petty-grafting, narrow-minded, progress-blocking Locofocos by outwitting them. The simplest way, as Monroe proved, is to enlarge their bailiwick. City-wide election of commissioners and consolidation of school districts can put the bite on political Tom Thumbs and induce able, competent citizens to stand for public office. This may take some doing, I admit, but it works.

And I'm persuaded, after watching the local political burlesque in half a dozen towns, that it's due to be shoved off stage by the big-time road show from Washington unless the people get busy and raise hell. Otherwise I fear doorstep democracy is doomed. One man can't raise his voice high enough to be heard in the White House, but one citizen's voice can make a mighty din in the city hall.

THE END



Collier's for March 29, 1947



Top; Solid Point Xpert 22 L. R.—Bottom; Hollow Point Super-X 22 L. R.... Both shown larger than actual size.

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"Naturally," I grin, "but is that all you can say for my reline job?"

"No," he adds quickly, "through all these months I've found that just easy pressure on my brake pedal brings smooth, quick stops. Ann mentions that a lot."

"That," I emphasize, "is what we call a 'soft' pedal—it's a major feature of Grizzly Brake Lining!"



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"You're right," he agrees. "The wife and I will back you up on that!"

"The President of the United States directs that General George C. Marshall, during the period between Friday, October 11th, and Monday, October 14th, shall visit the city of Charlotte, N. C., for the purpose of making a report upon the comparative skill and valor of the football teams of Davidson and VMI. During said period he shall be under the exclusive control and direction of Mrs. Marshall..." He was, too.



GRIZZLY

WHEREVER BRAKES ARE SERVICED

MR. SECRETARY MARSHALL

Continued from page 13

has become the foreign policy spokesman of the predominant party, and other Congressional leaders.

"... A Dedicated Man"

Before he died, Field Marshal Dill paid General Marshall a compliment that touched on the quality which, above all others, has earned the general his great reputation. "All the British authorities who come in contact with him," said Sir John, "are convinced that whatever opinion he gives and whatever action he recommends have no object other than to advance the common cause." Nobody has ever been able to find personal motives in any big thing he has done.

In his very young days, his officer-companions considered him ambitious, but they also thought he was a little bit strange: he seemed to be ambitious for an idea as much as for himself. General Peyton, his VMI roommate, says, "He had a very high code, and he always lived up to it. He was a dedicated man."

On General Marshall's 63d birthday, on the last day of the year 1944, General Arnold rigged a surprise party for him. At this party Secretary of War Stimson, another close friend, made this toast: "As a result of my experience during a somewhat long life, I have become accustomed to placing the various holders of public office with whom I came into contact in one or the other of two categories—first, those who are thinking primarily of what they can do for the job which they hold, and second, those who are thinking primarily of what the job can do for them. I think that General Marshall stands at the very top of the list of those whom I would place in the first category... I feel, General Marshall, that you are one of the most selfless public officials I have ever known."

Secretary Marshall's integrity will stand him in useful stead in his negotiations, but there have been times when his selflessness has made things difficult for him. This has been especially true when his personal friends have been guilty of incompetencies of one kind or another; General Marshall has dealt with them as coldly as if they were automations, not men, and this could not have been easy for him. It has also meant that he has driven himself unmercifully. It once became necessary for Mrs. Marshall to arrange for him to be ordered out of Washington for a week end. At her urging, Secretary Stimson addressed the following message to the general:

"The President of the United States directs that General George C. Marshall, during the period between Friday, October 11th, and Monday, October 14th, shall visit the city of Charlotte, N. C., for the purpose of making a report upon the comparative skill and valor of the football teams of Davidson and VMI. During said period he shall be under the exclusive control and direction of Mrs. Marshall..." He was, too.

Unlike many public figures, who wrestle with each other for footage of newsprint, General Marshall fights shy of publicity. Practically everything he said to newspapermen when he was Chief of Staff was off the record. One reporter, who followed him all over China for a period of nearly half a year, wound up with exactly three words authorized for quotation—the situation is "serious and critical." As Secretary of State, the general is obliged to say more for the press, but in his conferences he chooses his subjects very carefully, and sticks to them. He once summed up his feeling about newspapers by saying, "No publicity will

do me no harm, but some publicity will do me no good."

This is not to say that the general puts a low estimate on his own merits. He talks about himself unself-consciously and with a normal amount of relish. "No," Mrs. Marshall says, "I do not think I would call my husband retiring or overly modest. I think he is well aware of his powers, but I also think this knowledge is tempered by a sense of humility..."

The general literally wears this last quality. While he was Chief of Staff he dressed neatly and with enough spit-and-polish to pass muster among his more conservative colleagues. "He is a very tall man with a kind voice," a girl to whom the general gave a lift on his way to the Pentagon Building one morning, reported to her home-town paper, "and I've never seen such shiny shoes."

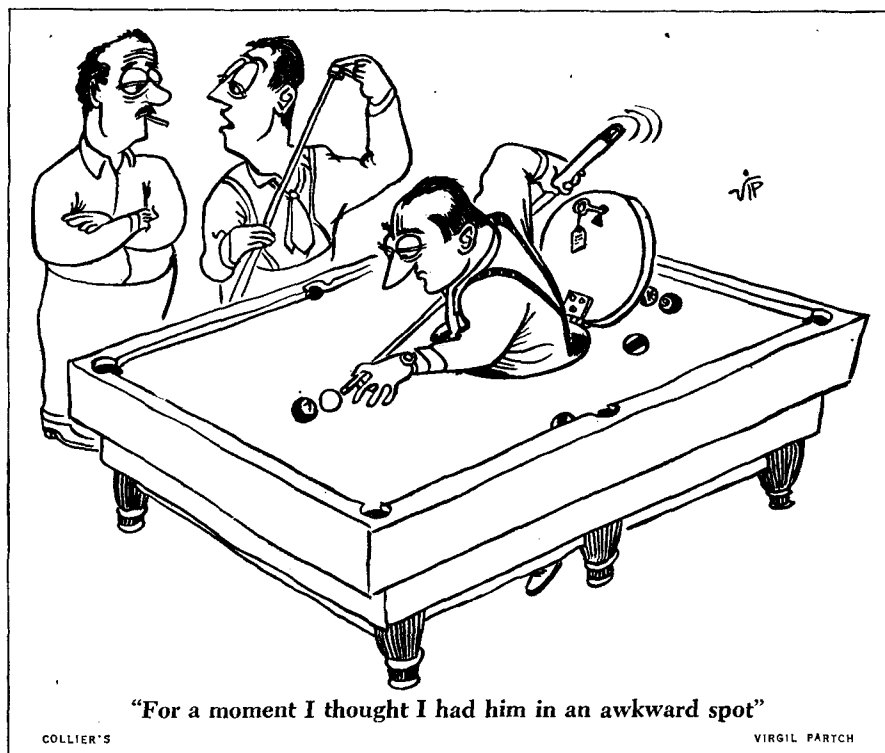
But he has never been a sartorial spectacle; he had his uniforms cut from orthodox materials; he wore a minimum of honorary ribandry. He never paraded himself in the slightly Goeringesque uniform designed for the Chief of Staff by

leave for the Argentina conference, having received a note offering assistance from eight-year-old Joey Stettinius, son of Edward Stettinius, he took time to write back as follows:

"Orders for Joey Stettinius:

Button up your coat. Put your hat on straight. Wipe the smile off your face. Draw rations of beans instead of jam. After you have done all this I will tell you what next to do. (Signed) G. C. Marshall, Chief of Staff."

This quality of consideration General Marshall extends to his subordinates in great measure—exactly so long as they do a good job. He cannot abide mediocrity, and some high-ranking officers feel that there have been a few occasions when he has too hastily allowed his intolerance of error to ruin careers. (The same officers just as hastily add that this intolerance has been a sharp spur to themselves in their own careers.) One of the general's methods of showing consideration to his subordinates in the Army was getting them to do things by his own example. Mrs. Marshall de-



his able predecessor, Malin Craig. Now, very conscious that he is a civil official (and aware, of course, that he would be criticized for not being conscious of it) he wears civilian clothes, mostly dark blues and grays.

General Marshall has a reputation for being considerate of others. Whenever he returned from an inspection tour of a front, he telephoned literally scores of Army wives to report (favorably, in most cases) on their husbands. He often gave lifts in his plane to G.I.s due for furloughs or leaves. These amenities go far beyond mere How-to-Win-Friends politicking, in point of time, if nothing else. He still corresponds, occasionally, with the family in Gondrecourt, France, with whom he was billeted when serving in the first World War.

Charles H. Franklin, who as a warrant officer was Marshall's secretary after the first war, and who is now an accomplished historian in the War Department, a lieutenant colonel, and author of an astounding (and unpublished) manuscript entitled Sherman—Friend to the South, receives each year a cordial long-hand Christmas greeting from his old boss. The general is never too busy for this sort of traffic. Mrs. Marshall tells how, in the midst of his preparations to

scribes how, arriving as commander at Fort Moultrie, in 1932, and finding the post rather sloppy, all he (and she) did was to tidy up their own garden; one by one the plots down the row became neat. As Chief of Staff, he never had to order his officers to get to work early—he simply showed up at his desk at 7:30 each morning himself.

Patience and Firmness

The attitude toward the Russians of James F. Byrnes, when he was Secretary of State, was often characterized by one of "patience and firmness." The new Secretary stacks up even more heavily than his predecessor in these qualities.

His position of absolute command in the Army gave a kind of finality to a firmness that he possessed to begin with. He exercised this firmness, not only in pushing things through his own War Department, but also in winning his point on various higher-level issues. It took great tenacity to persuade Winston Churchill, himself something of a bulldog, that a cross-Channel invasion would be preferable, militarily, to a Balkan operation—a persuasion whose political consequences George Marshall may now have to deal firmly with in

Collier's for March 29, 1947

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another capacity. Having persuaded Churchill, he turned around and, just as stubbornly, persuaded Molotov, during the Soviet Foreign Minister's special mission to Washington in 1942, that invasion across the Channel would be impossible that year.

General Marshall's most phenomenal shows of patience were during his various appearances before Congressional committees, where he replied courteously, clearly, endlessly—and firmly—to the cross-examinations of all comers. He suffered trying times in many of those hearings. The following short drama, enacted between the isolationist Senator Burton K. Wheeler, of Montana, and the general during a hearing of the Senate Military Affairs Committee on the exemption of pre-Pearl Harbor fathers from the draft, on September 20, 1943, demonstrates not only the general's patience, but also the techniques of close-in argument that he is doubtless using at the conference in Moscow—the quick shifting mood, the jabbing in of facts, use of irony, candor, humility, outrage:

WHEELER: "... During the noon recess, a man called me up. I want to call this to your attention because you have talked about the businesslike way in which the Army was conducted."

MARSHALL (deprecatingly): "I might say, Senator, we do not consider ourselves perfect by any manner of means, but we are fairly good."

WHEELER: "This gentleman was in the Quartermaster Corps. He called to say that his division is loaded with young officers under 35. Many civilians, not fathers. He had begged his superiors for assignments as he didn't have anything to do."

MARSHALL (anxious to help): "Send me his name and I will provide the job."

WHEELER (dramatically): "He didn't give his name. He wasn't free from fear."

MARSHALL (in his cool, factual manner): "The youngest we have here in Washington is 28, unless there is a special exception by the Secretary of War."

WHEELER: "In addition, that man called attention to the fact that in the War Department itself, down in the Pentagon Building, you have young men down there, some of them young officers, some who were civilians and had been put in and given a commission in order to have them remain there. I think the War Department ought to go through its own list."

MARSHALL (setting a trap): "We have done that, Senator. We have some young men. I have one, for example, who had his hand shot off at Hawaii."

WHEELER: "But these are not men with their hands shot off; these are young men in the departments."

MARSHALL (shifting his ground): "If you give me something a man doesn't put his name to, it is difficult for me to deal with it."

WHEELER: "I can understand why men won't give their names."

MARSHALL (indignantly): "We don't run any Gestapo."

WHEELER (backing down): "No, you don't run a Gestapo, but it does seem to me that it is the duty of the War Department to check up."

MARSHALL (politely): "I agree with you, but we are doing that every day..."

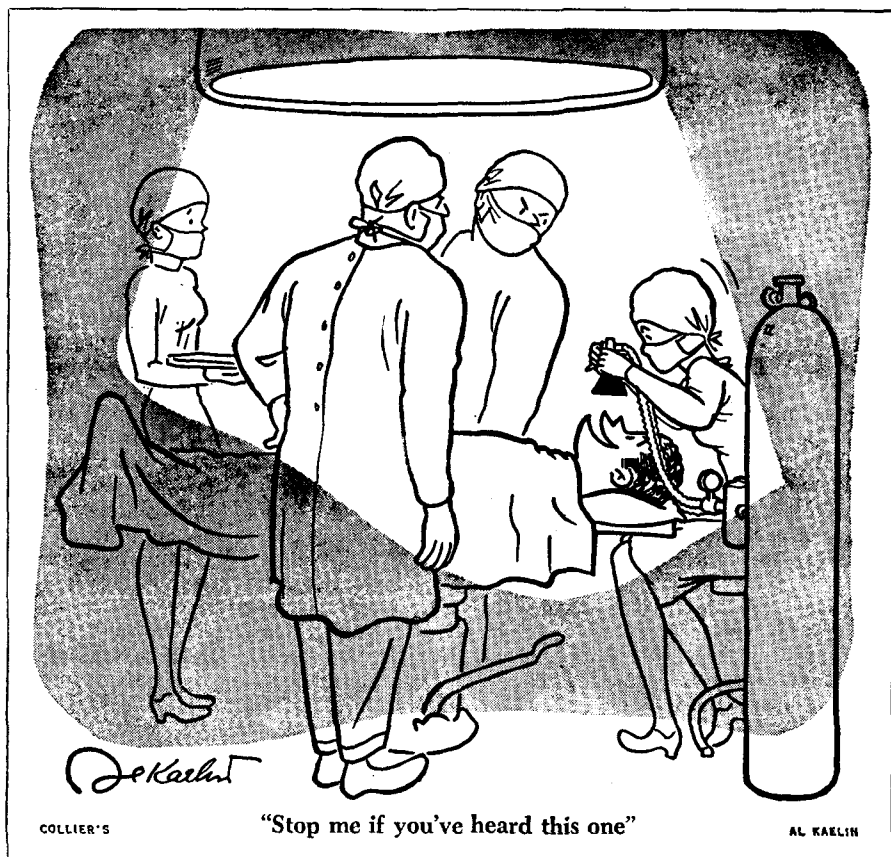
His Anger Is Calculated

General Marshall has a temper—a scathing, scornful, powerful instrument—but he husbands it, and he uses it with calculation, for definite purpose. During the eight grueling days in December, 1945, when, with his airplane waiting at Washington's National Airport to carry him on his mission to China, he was detained for interminable questioning by the Joint Congressional Committee on the Investigation of the Pearl Harbor Attack, he lost his temper only once—and that was on a point of loyalty to his Army colleagues, a point over which he had for several days been telling his legal briefing officer that he might flare up.

Even when he is angriest, the general chooses his words carefully, and does not swear. "Gol-darn" is about as far as he will go. It can be assumed that the hardest going in Moscow will not seem to ruffle the general—unless, for some reason, he wants it to.

Integrity, selflessness, and humaneness will all help General Marshall, but they are not, in themselves, sufficient tools for a Secretary of State these days. He needs as well a clear, placid mind and a very strong body (which attributes, in General Marshall, will be discussed in this magazine next week), and he needs a proper political orientation and a diplomatic machinery with which he can work (the present Secretary's position on these will be examined the week after).

This is the first of three articles by John Hersey.



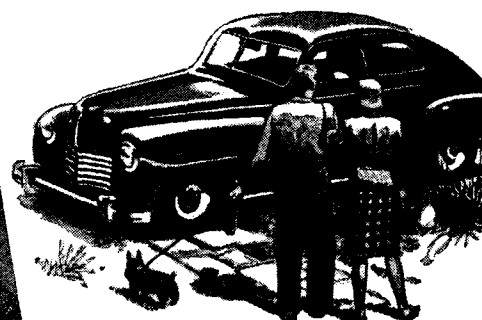
"Stop me if you've heard this one"

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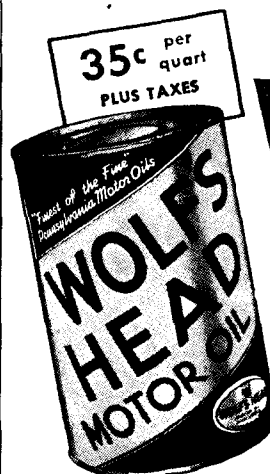
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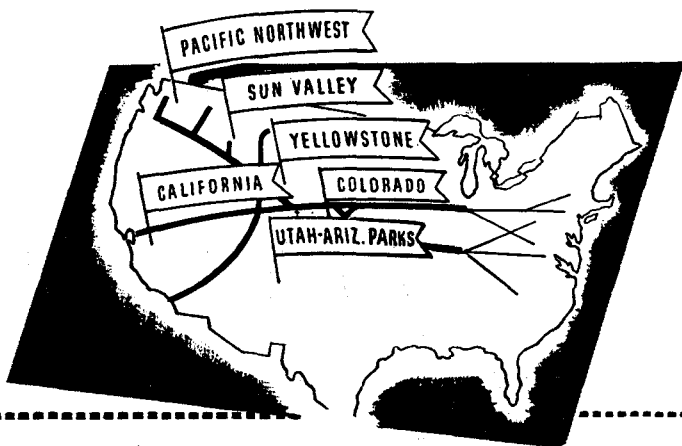
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FIGHT NO. 25

Continued from page 20

in the cage until the cat spring on him and laid open his side until you could see a whole panel of his ribs!"

"But that didn't kill 'im?" I said.

"Nope but the old cat spat 'im with the other paw," Eddie said. "That finished the best dog I ever had! Had to give a man five dollars to take Scout out behind the house and shoot 'im to put 'im outten his misery. Guns barked all the time I was there. Had to take the dogs that fit the cat out behind the house and polish 'em off."

"I'd fight that wildcat myself," I said, as I thought about the poor dogs the cat had mangled. "I'll go in the cage with it!"

"Somebody'd haf to polish you off too," Eddie said. "Now don't get riled. Don't get worked up and lose your head. If I'd 'a' knowed it would've upset you like this I wouldn't have told you!"

I STOOD a minute looking down at the toe of my shoe. I thought about the October night when Old Buck put the cat up a tree and the way he ran it, full speed like he's after a fox. That was the way Buck had put many a coon up a tree. And just as soon as he treed, I hurried to the tree thinking he'd treed a coon. But when I reached the place where he was treed up a big saw-timber-sized oak with branches big enough for crossties sprang out from its bushy top, I knew it wasn't any coon. I hardly had to use my lamp, for the big wagon wheel of an October moon was as bright as day and flooded the fields and woods with light. And the wind had whipped enough of the rich wine-colored leaves from the tree so that I could about see over every limb. I walked around the tree looking up and I spied the old cat, stretched out, his belly against a big flat limb. He didn't look worried to me. He looked like a cat that was full of confidence. He was a pretty thing a layin' up there on the limb with his head a stickin' over and his eyes shining like wind-whipped embers on a pitch-black night.

"Buck, you won't fight 'im," I said to myself. "I'll take care of him, myself." So, I went up the tree with my lasso rope. The old cat didn't mind my climbing up there. He laid perfectly still. He was a takin' himself a good rest. Buck had crowded 'im pretty hard in the chase. He didn't let him get to the Artner rock cliffs. That was where the wildcats denned. I climbed up at about the right distance and hung my lamp on a twig. I looked for the right opening to throw my rope so I wouldn't hit a limb and scare the cat and make him jump from the tree. I didn't want Buck to fight this cat, I wanted to take 'im alive. I found the right opening. I steadied myself and I threw my lasso.

Guess I was lucky. It went around his neck and I jerked the slack as the cat jumped. But I had him. The more he jumped the tighter the rope drew around his neck. And when his long red tongue popped outten his mouth, I drew him up to me, some weight at the end of the rope. I took him from the tree, released the lasso enough to give him enough breath to keep him alive. I tied his feet with the cords, good and tight. I kept the lasso tight enough not to give him too much wind. I put the wildcat under my arm and carried him to Blakesburg.

Old Buck wasn't satisfied because he didn't get to fight the cat and he trailed along at my heels a little disappointed. But I knew this was a good catch for one night. It was more than a coffee sack full of dead possums, coons, polecats, minks, weasels and foxes. If you hunt in these woods, fifty dollars for one night is not to be sneezed at. And it made me the most respected hunter in Blake

County, for I was the only man that had ever gone up a tree and took a wildcat with my hands and carried him home in my arms. People knew that I did it, for I'd done it many times before. Older hunters than I was had seen me do it. I took the wildcat home, put him in a cage, and when people passed along the street, they'd come to look at him. And it pleased me when they walked over to see what kind of a looking man I was, just a little slender bean-pole-sized man with a scraggly beard, that could go up a tree and catch a wildcat. . . .

"Eddie, I'm a tellin' you not to fight old Buck against that cat," Hade said. "If you'd see that thing cut a dog all to pieces once, you'd never go up in the tree and take him down any more. You'd lose your nerve. The way my poor old Scout run to the side of the cage, looked at me, and cried like a baby," Eddie's voice changed until I thought he was crying. "I'll never be able to forget."

I couldn't stand to see that, I thought. I love dogs too well. But I didn't say another word to Hade. Thoughts were running through my mind. I walked into the express office and left Hade standing.

"Remember, Eddie, that my dog was the nineteenth dog that cat had kilt," Hade warned me. "Remember Radnor'll take your money and—"

I didn't hear the rest of his words. I knew what I was going to do. I knew Buck or I one would fight the cat. I didn't want it a killin' any more dogs. And I knew that I'd like to fight Jason Radnor to even up an old score. I didn't care if he did weigh two hundred and ninety. I hardly knew what I was doin' when I expressed my batch of hides. After I expressed my hides, I went to the First and Peoples Bank and drew out every dollar I'd ever saved. When I got home, I went over to the corner of the house where I had old Buck tied.

"Buck, one of us has to kill a wildcat tonight," I said. "Do you think you can do it?"

OLD Buck looked up at me with his big soft brown eyes. Then I un-snapped his chain and started across the yard. I was on my way.

"You're not a goin' a huntin' this early," Mollie said when she saw me leading Buck across the yard.

"Yep, I am," I said. "There's a wildcat that's a killin' a lot of dogs and we want to get 'im."

"Do be careful, Eddie," Mollie warned me. "If it's that dangerous and old Buck trees it, don't you go up and take it from the tree."

"I'll promise you I won't take it from a tree," I said.

I wonder if old Jason will remember me, I thought, as I walked toward Auckland, a distance of twelve miles.

When I reached the shack down the hill from the slaughterhouse there was a man ahead of me with a big English bull.

"There's the dog that'll kill that damned wildcat," a beardy-faced man said, pointing to the big broad bulldog.

The beardy-faced man looked at old Buck, then he looked at me. Buck wasn't a big dog. And he looked pinched in two, for I hadn't fed him anything. I didn't want to feed 'im anything before a fight. Buck smelled blood and trouble. He held his tail down as if he were about to spring at something. Then I heard a pistol go off behind the house and I knew another dog was finished. Buck was on his mettle for he didn't know exactly what was taking place. I pulled my hat down low and got my six-hundred-odd dollars ready.

Soon as the big red-faced man ahead

Collier's for March 29, 1947



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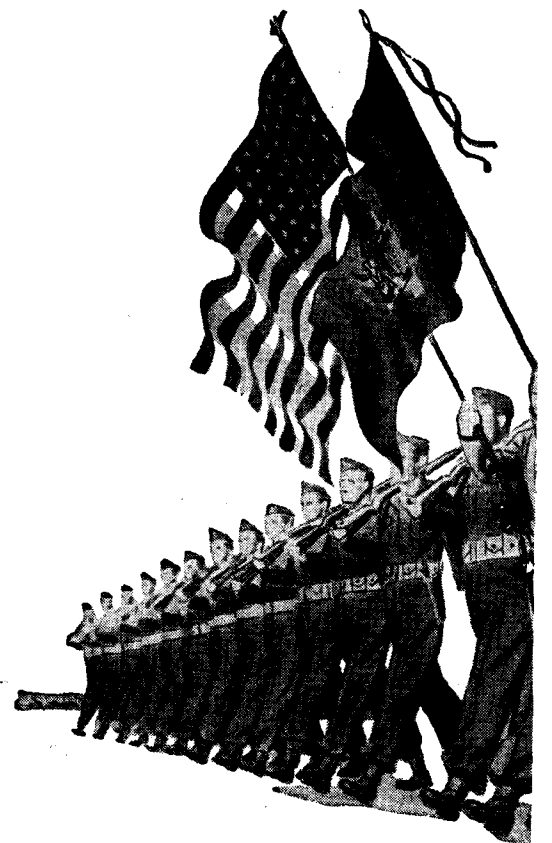
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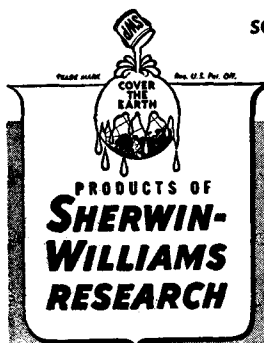


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of me had paid the five dollars to fight his bulldog, I stepped up to the entrance. "Say, feller," said the tall, hatchet-faced man at the door, "you don't aim to fight that old dog against this wildcat, do you? He's not as big as the wildcat!"

"I want to fight the dog or fight the wildcat myself," I said, and then I gave a wild laugh.

The man looked at me with his black, beady eyes like he thought I was crazy. But he let me inside the shack.

IT WAS a big room filled with men and a few dogs. Over at the far end of the room was a big wire cage. And inside the cage lay the same old wildcat that I had taken from the oak tree on Seaton Ridge. He was a layin' there as peaceful-like, just like any cat, with his head across his paws, as if he wanted to sleep and the men and dogs wouldn't let him. He looked just as mean as he did the night I carried him back to Blakesburg. His big tusches hung out over his lips. And his whiskers looked like old Davey Burton's handle-bar mustache. Beady-faced men, with mean-looking eyes, stood back and looked at the cat. I led Buck up to the cage where he could get a whiff of the cat. I looked down to see what Buck thought. All he did was jerk his tail. He never even growled.

When the big, clean-shaven, well-dressed man led his bulldog up to the cage, the bull tried to break through to the cat. He trembled all over, growled and scratched the floor. When he barked, the slobbers flew from his big mouth.

"I'm a puttin' up a hundred dollars on that dog," a man said. "What odds you givin'?"

And then the bets started. I looked over against the wall and there sat big Jason Radnor behind a table counting out money to cover the bet. Since the cat belonged to Jason, no one but him was allowed to bet on the cat. Jason covered all the money that was bet on the dog, giving 3-2 odds. It was a funny way to bet and we'd never bet that way at rooster fighting. And I guess that's why everybody wanted to see the cat killed. Jason was raking in the money. But I wanted to see the cat killed because it was a killin' the dogs.

"Jason's got a gold mine with that cat," said a tall lantern-jawed man who was standing beside me.

And while the greenbacks were shelled out on top of the table, for the bulldog was a good bet, Jason pulled money from a drawer and covered each bet. I watched Jason to see if he was looking at me and if he recognized me. But he was too busy betting and making money to recognize anybody. He was sitting there with all that money around him and I knew this kind of betting was better than playing poker on Sundays or spitting at cracks. Jason was in the money.

"Say, mister, what have you been a feedin' that bulldog," asked a short dark-complexioned man.

"Beef blood and beef bones," the owner said. "I've been a feedin' 'im that and getting 'im ready for this fight ever since Radnor first brought the cat here!"

"I'll bet a hundred then," the man said. Jason covered his hundred while the bulldog charged at the chain.

"All bets in?" Jason asked.

There wasn't any answer.

"Let 'im in the gate, Little Man," Jason said.

A little man with scattered heavy beard on his weather-beaten face unlocked the cage door. And the big man patted his dog on the back.

He's a good-lookin' bull to be slaughtered by that cat, I thought.

"Take 'im, Buck, and good luck!" the man spoke with a trembling voice as he unsnapped the collar and the bulldog charged full force toward the cat. As the bulldog charged at its throat, the cat leaped high in the air, and when it came

down on the dog's back, it raked a paw around his slats, its big claws, longer than a tack hammer sinking deeper and deeper as the bulldog groaned.

"There goes my money," a man shouted.

"There goes all our money," the tall man said. "Damn, I wish we'd get a dog that could kill that hellcat. I've lost over a thousand dollars in this dang hole."

I didn't listen to all the men said. I looked down at my Buck. He was moving his tail like a cat does when it sees a mouse and gets ready for the crouch. When the poor bulldog got the cat's claws from his ribs, he came over to the wire and cried like a baby. I never heard more pitiful crying. It hurt me through and through to hear it.

"He's through," a man said. "When they do that, they've had enough. Take him from the cage."

He didn't look like he was clawed up too badly until he came from the cage.

"Mister, you'll have to have Sherman to polish 'im off," Little Man said. "He's through. If you don't have him finished, he'll die by degrees."



COLLIER'S

"But, Alice, the boy has to start shaving sometime"

SAM COBEAU

When the well-dressed man led his bulldog out behind the house to have Sherman polish him off, another tall lanky man from Culp Creek came up with a big mountain cur. He was a long dog with a mean black eye.

You might not get to fight the cat, Buck, I thought. If I were betting I'd bet on this dog.

"What have you been a feedin' this dog, mister?" a little stoop-shouldered man asked.

"Corndodger," the cur's owner said. "Just what you feed a good dog."

"I was raised on it, mister," another man said. "I'm betting fifty on your dog!"

"Looks like a good bet to me," a tall lanky man with fuzzy chin whiskers said. "I like his build. Listen to his growlin' at that cat! Sounds like low thunder!"

But the bets didn't go as high as they did on the English bull. I looked over at Jason's table and I didn't see the stacks of greenbacks like I'd seen there a few minutes before. And just as the last money was in and Jason was covering it, we heard a pistol fire twice. The

English bull had been polished off. And the big mountain cur, with his bristles raised on his back like jugged rocks along the top of a winter-bleak mountain, charged against the chain to get to the cat.

"Ready to go, Little Man," Jason said. "Turn 'im in."

The beard-scant, weathered-looking little man who tended to the cage unlocked the door and the tall man let the big cur inside and unsnapped the collar. When the cat saw this big black mountain cur, he never rose to his feet but laid flat on his back as the dog charged, and just as the dog started over for the cat's throat, he ripped into him from beneath with both hind feet. The cur whined, fell over, got up again, and whined as pitifully as a small baby crying. He walked slowly to a corner of the cage—I couldn't bear to look at him. I wanted to get into that cage so bad I could hardly stand it.

"It's a shame," one of the men said, "to fight good dogs against that murdering wildcat. You can feed 'em beef, beef's blood, corndodger and anything you want to feed 'em but that doesn't

make any difference when it comes to a fight. Not one dog has stayed with that cat three minutes!"

"Lost again," another man said, not paying any attention to the poor cur that had lost his life. "Lost another fifty bucks."

Sighs went up from among the mean-eyed men when Little Man pulled the cur through the door. He was awful to look at and to think of him now makes me mad. Old Buck looked at the poor cut-to-pieces cur disgustedly.

"Get 'im to Sherman quick," Little Man said. "Let 'im polish 'im off soon as he can, to put 'im outten his misery."

WE SAW two more fights. We saw the cat lay on his back and cut a pretty shepherd to pieces. Sherman had to polish him off. There wasn't much betting on this fight, although the shepherd came the nearest getting to the cat's throat of any of the dogs. And then there was a big brindle bulldog that the cat seemed to hate more than any dog that had been turned in. That bull never even got close to the wildcat. He had

Collier's for March 29, 1947

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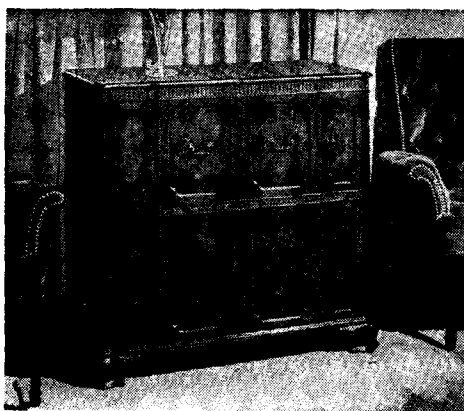
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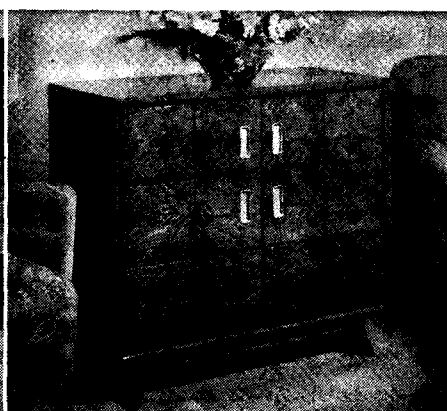
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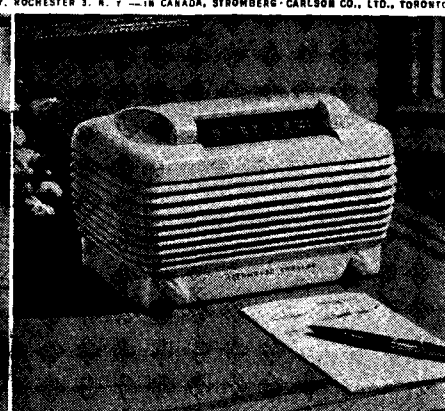
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THE SMART "NEW WORLD"...



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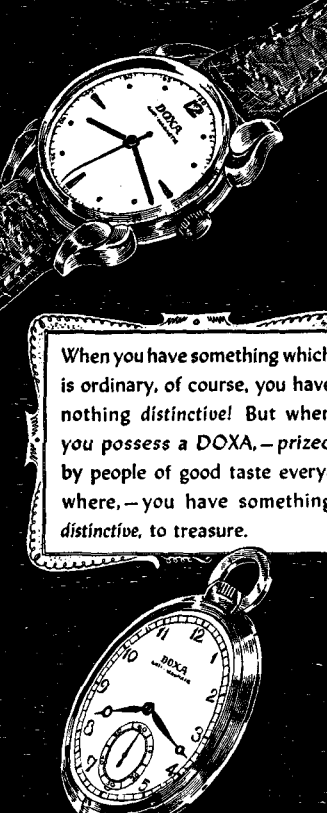


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him cut to pieces before he got halfway across the cage. And he was led outside by his master, a well-dressed city man from Auckland, to be polished off by Sherman.

"I'm glad it's over," said a big fat man with a handle-bar mustache. "I'd rather see cockfighting, a boxing bout or a wrestling match any old time as to see these good-looking dogs go in there and get ripped up."

"Yep, I'd rather go with my wife to the movies as to slip out here to this unlawful place and see this," said the tall man who had bet heavily on every fight against the cat.

"It's a wonder this place ain't raided by the law!"

"But it's not over yet," I said loud enough so the men could hear me.

They were mixing around and intermingling in the crowded room, getting ready to leave. And I couldn't blame them for that. I'd smelled enough and I'd seen enough for one evening. The smell in the shack was awful. The crowd was awful too.

I couldn't understand how anybody could enjoy seeing dogs cut to pieces by a wildcat.

"But that dog can't do anything," one man said. "That cat'd kill 'im before Little Man got 'im inside."

"Little Man ain't a puttin' this dog in," I said. "I'm goin' in the cage with 'im myself."

"What's that I hear?" Jason said from over in the corner, as he stacked his money away.

"I'm going to take old Buck in myself," I said.

"Are you crazy, feller?" Jason said. "Don't you know if a man gets ripped up here, we can't have Sherman to polish 'im off and this place will be raided shore enough."

"I wouldn't be afraid to fight that cat," I said. "Give me a piece of rope fourteen feet long and I'll fight 'im."

"Don't be foolish," Jason said. "You don't seem to know much about the power of a wildcat!"

Then I heard a lot of whispers in the crowd. I heard men saying that I was off in the head.

"How much are you willing to bet that my wildcat won't kill your dog?" Jason said. "You'll be the only one to bet on your dog. No one else will!"

"I think I got about six hundred and fifty-three dollars," I said. "It's my life savings and I don't want to bet it all."

"Well, I've got ten times that," Jason said. "I'll put my pile against yours!"

THEN the men who'd been moving toward the door stopped. They were surprised at the money I had. And they were surprised when Jason said he'd put up all he had against what I had. They knew he had a pile, for he had taken their money on twenty-four fights. My dog was Number Twenty-five for the cat to fight. And I knew all the men except Sherman, Little Man, Jason, and the fellow who took our money at the door would be for me. They'd want to see my dog win.

"Mister Radnor, I hate to bet all my money," I said. "If I lose, I won't have a dollar in the world left and my dog will be gone."

"Well, that's what you come here for was to fight that old mongrel, wasn't it?" Jason said gruffly as he put the last roll of bills back in the table drawer. "And I'd as soon have your money as anybody else's."

"Yes, but I didn't know you had sich a big wildcat," I said. "And I can't stand to see it a killin' all these fine-looking dogs."

"Come on or get out," Jason said. "After all, we bet here. This isn't a playhouse. It's a fightin' house."

"Will you let me take my dog inside? If you will, I'll put my pile up against yours!"

"I'm afraid of it," Jason said.

"Let 'im learn," one of the men shouted. "We've seen about everything now. Let's see something new!"

"I'm willin' to run the risk," Jason said thoughtfully, as he arose from the table and looked me over.

Then I went over to the table and counted out my money. Jason brought his from the drawer and I made him let me look inside to see that the drawer was clean.

"You watch the money, men," I said to the fellows gathered around me. "I want this to be square and honest."

"We'll see to that," said the fellow that had lost the big English bull.

"Sure we will," said the one that had lost the cur.

"Then open the door, Little Man," I said.

Old Buck didn't growl and he didn't charge against the chain. He just looked at the cat and jerked his tail.

"He's a funny dog," said one of the men behind me.

But I didn't look back to see who had said it. I had my eye on the cat. Buck had his eye on the cat. Then I reached down and rubbed his back. I patted his head as I reached midway of the cage.

The cat laid perfectly still. He planned to work on Buck like he did the big mountain cur. Then I unsnapped Buck's chain. Buck crouched halfway. But he didn't take his eye off the cat. And he never growled but he crept slowly toward the cat as I stepped to one side. Men rushed up and stood on their toes around the cage, like something was going to happen.

Buck went close. But he wouldn't go farther.

"Watch 'im, Buck," I said. "Let 'im make the first move."

Buck held like an Irish setter—he didn't go a step. The cat looked at him with his shiny green eyes, and Buck looked back at the cat. Then all at once the cat began to crouch. Buck held his position. Then the cat made a flying charge and Buck flattened on the cage floor. As the cat went over, Buck whirled and sprang from behind like April lightning. He caught the cat across the skull and the sound went *plunk*. It was a light crash but the cat sprawled senseless on the floor, its legs quivering and drawing up to its body then

out again, each time a little weaker. "What did that dog do?" a man asked me.

"What about that?" another man said. "Leave that money or there'll be another death," I heard a voice growl.

"That dog knows how to tree wildcats," I said. "And he knows how to kill them. It's been suicide on the dogs to put them in here, dogs that never fought a wildcat. Buck knows that a wildcat's skull is as easy to crush as a rabbit's. It's a little bit easier, a wildcat's skull is thinner."

"Good boy, Buck," I patted his head.

I SNAPPED the chain into his collar and we left the cage. The wildcat had breathed his last.

"There's your cat, Jason Radnor," I said. "He'll never kill another dog. And the money you made by clawin' dogs to pieces won't do you any good."

"Who are you anyway?" Jason said, his voice trembling. He was shaking all over.

"Jason, I'm the man that caught that wildcat," I said. "My dog treed it and I went up in the tree and brought it down with my hands. I'm Eddie Battlestrife. You remember my dad, don't you—remember you tried to kill him? Shot 'im not four feet away between the eyes but you didn't kill him. The bullet parted his hair. He was taking a few quarters from you in a poker game that Sunday afternoon. Now don't shake, Jason, I'm not a goin' to hurt you. I just want all that money. It's good money and I like money and I like to see old Buck kill a wildcat that's kilt twenty-four dogs."

"Easy, Radnor," said the tall man that owned the cur. "Don't move. Keep your hands up! He took your money and he took it fair."

"Fairer than the way you got it from us," the bulldog's owner said.

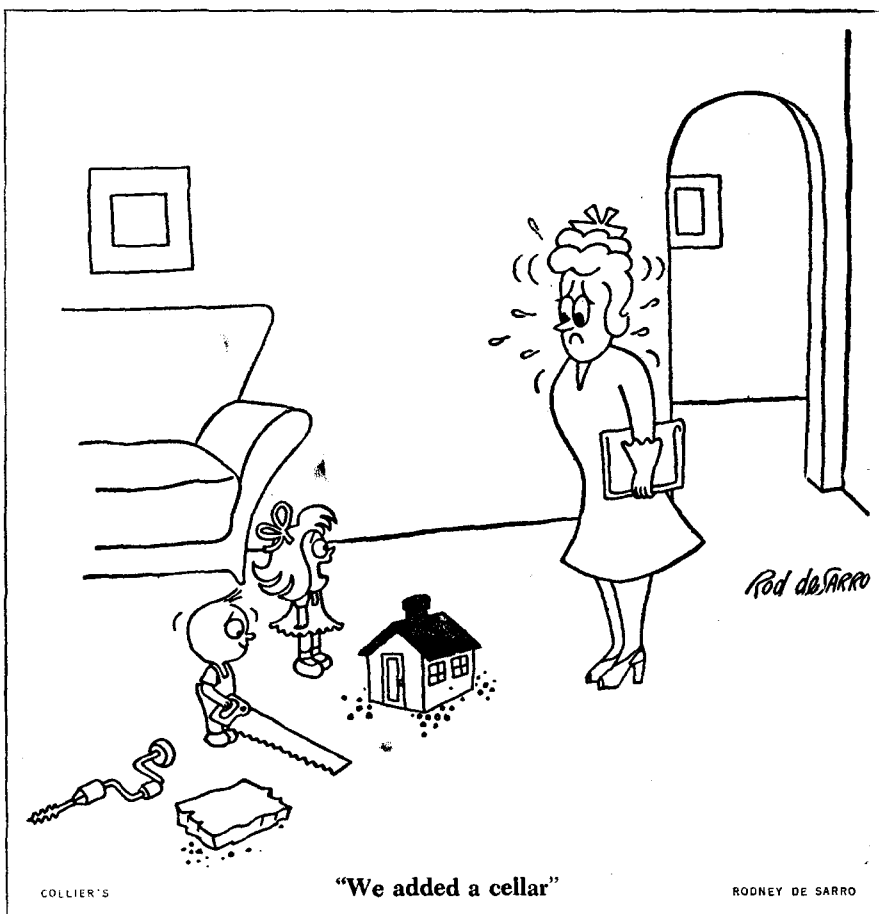
"Nice bank account now," I said as I picked up the rolls of greenbacks and put them back in my hunting coat.

"It's a fraud," Jason wept. "It's a stick-up!"

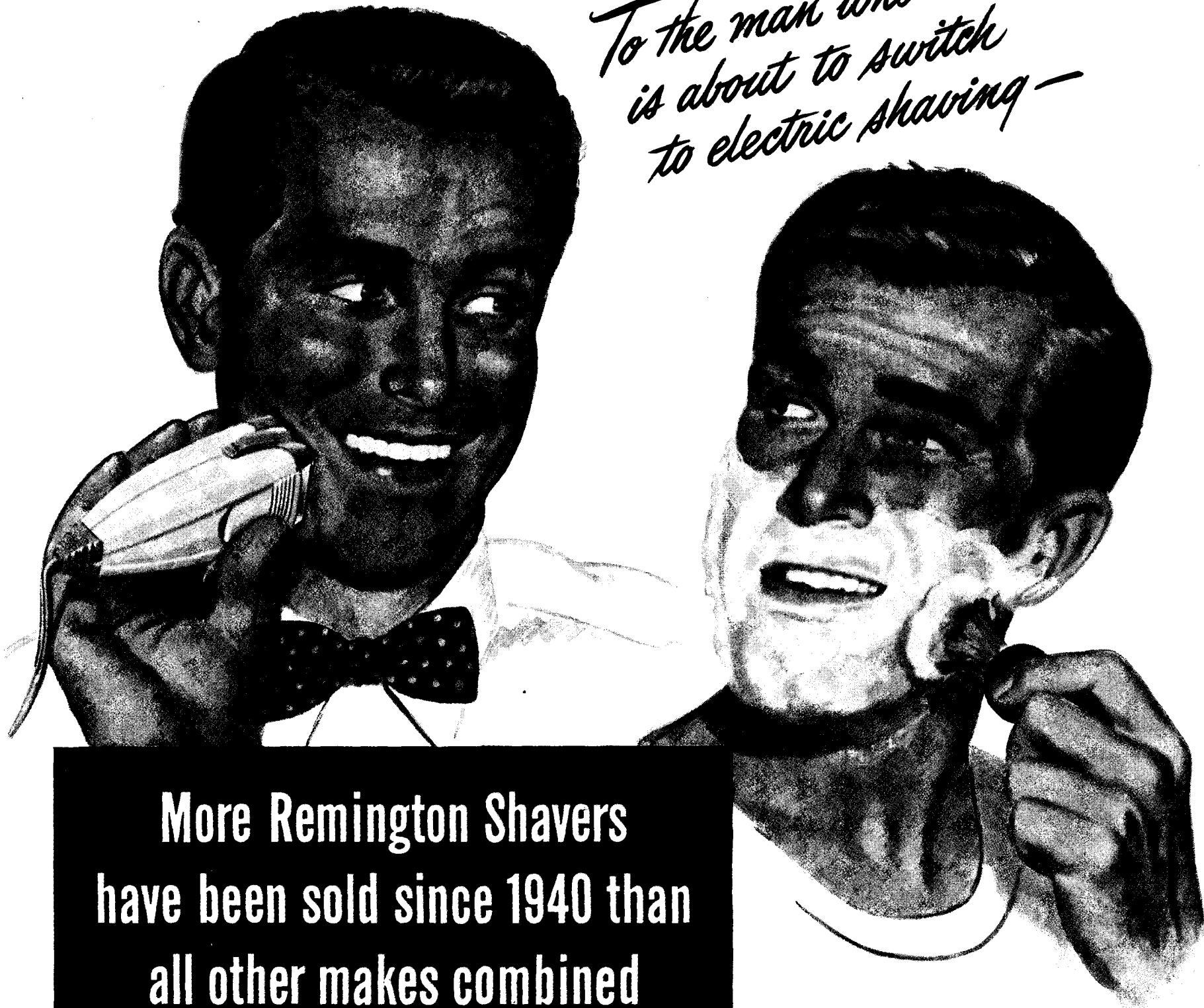
"Easy, Mr. Radnor," the tall man said, as I walked from the shack with old Buck. "Keep your hands up!"

"You won't have to polish this dog off, Sherman," I said as I went through the door. "You can bury your cat."

THE END



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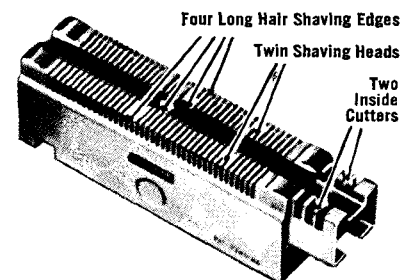
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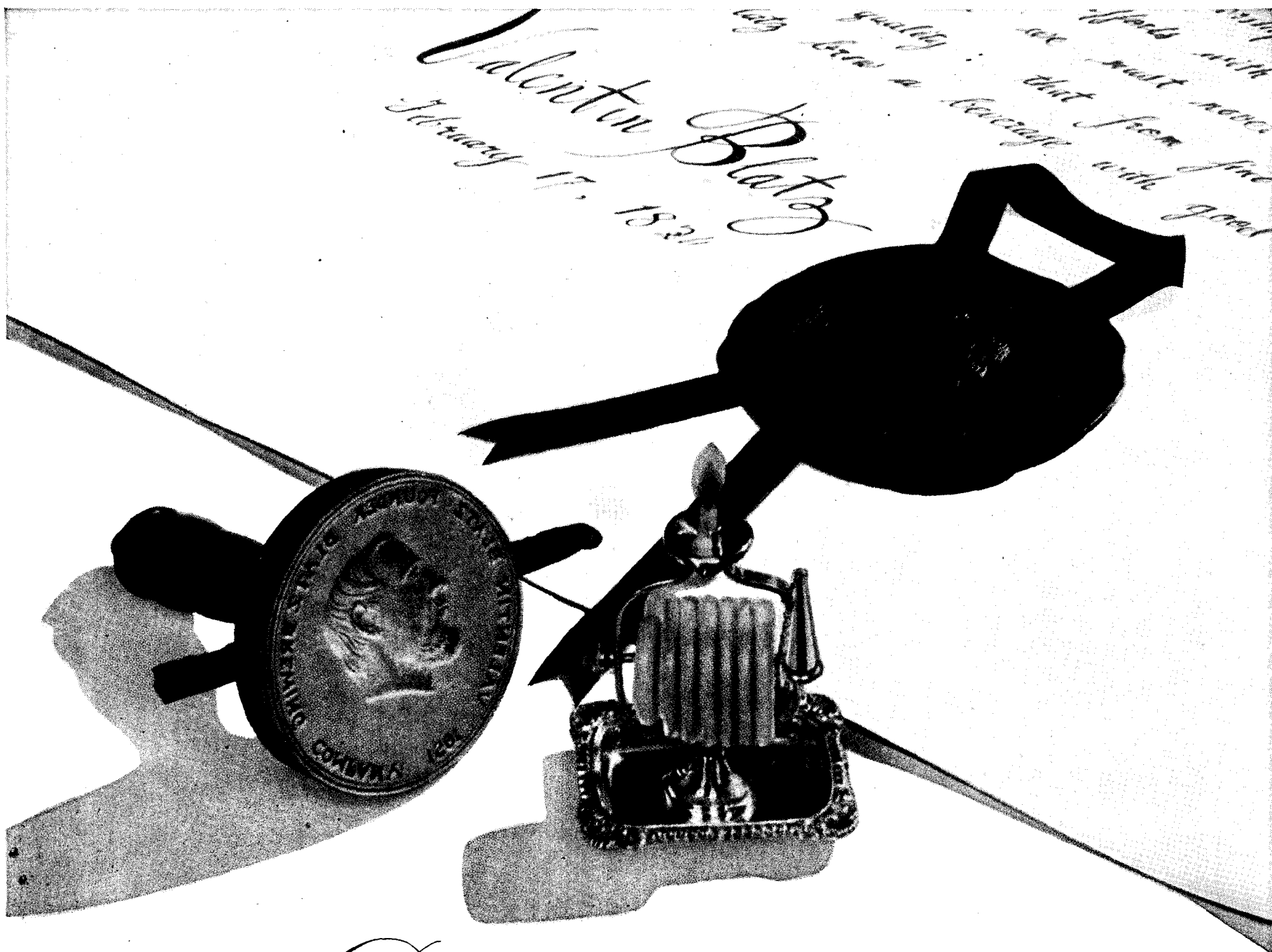


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For Synopsis See Page 62

IV

THE white-coated medical man—he said that he was associate psychiatrist at the Phipps Clinic—beckoned me to follow him into a side room. He waved me to be seated and closed the door.

"You see, Mr. Tompkins," he told me, "everybody's crazy."

There is no point in recounting the stages which had converted my panic flight from the State Department into this interview with one of Johns Hopkins' psychiatric staff, except that I had been amazed by the neatness and dispatch with which he had drawn me aside shortly after I had sat down in the waiting room.

"Of course I realize, Doctor," I replied, "that everyone must be abnormal since that is how you establish an average normality. My case is so peculiar, though, that I'd like to have you check me."

"We're understaffed and overcrowded as it is," he said. "Why don't you go to your family physician? We could only put you on the waiting list."

I murmured something vague about war conditions and neurotics, but he raised his hand and interrupted me.

"The war, at least so far as active service is concerned, has taken a load off us, Mr. Tompkins," he informed me. "You see, in normal times people live under any number of pressures which force them to restrain their natural impulses. War gives them outlets—including sex, a sense of gang solidarity, and permission to commit acts of violence and homicide—which would result in jail sentences for them at other times. Of course, there are a good many psychos coming out of actual combat but the government takes care of them. No, the bulk of our current cases are essential civilians, generals, administrators, politicians, business executives—who find that the war simply redoubles the pressures on them. Some of them are really psychopaths but their positions are so high that we dare not insist on their hospitalization. Instead, we have a simple prescription which most of them find no difficulty in taking. Perhaps it would help in your case."

"What's that?" I asked.

"Oh, just go out and get drunk now and then. Have fun. Find an outlet for your natural impulses. That's what I tell all the generals, admirals, senators and other world-shakers who come to me. Half the mental trouble in this country is due to people trying to be something they are not, and the other half is due to people trying not to be something that they naturally are. Primitive people are rarely troubled with neuroses."

"But you said that everybody's crazy, Doctor," I objected. "How does that fit into the picture?"

"Mr. Tompkins," the psychiatrist remarked, "you must have noticed that the only sane people today are the alleged lunatics, who do what makes them happy. Take the man who thinks he is Napoleon. He *is* Napoleon and is much happier than those who try to tell him that he isn't. The real maniacs are now in control of the asylum. There's a theory among the psychiatrists that certain forms of paranoia are contagious. Every now and then a doctor or a nurse here and at other mental clinics goes what they call crazy and has to join the patients. My theory is that it is sanity which is contagious and that the only sane people are those who have sense enough to be crazy. They

Collier's for March 29, 1947

THE RAT RACE

BY JAY FRANKLIN

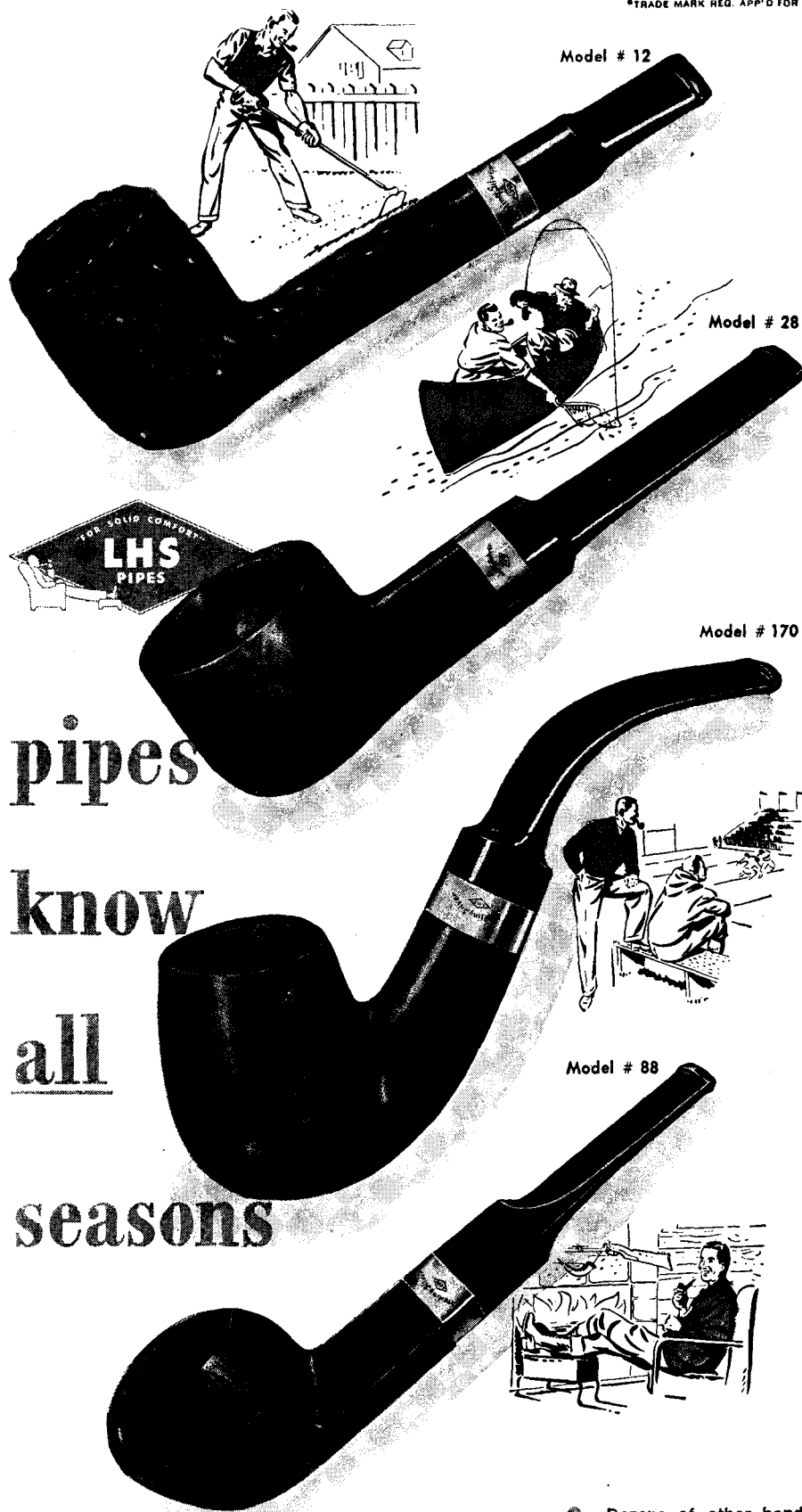
ILLUSTRATED BY ELMORE BROWN

"I'm so glad you're happy," the maid said and burst into tears. "Why do you say that?" Germaine asked. . . . "You can see it in your face; and Mr. Tompkins—he was looking at the sporting page and talking about the stock market"



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The Story:

Unknown to the public, the U.S.S. Alaska steams across the Pacific on a secret mission early in April, 1945, carrying a PROFESSOR CHALMIS and the mysterious thorium bomb which he has developed. Unaccountably, Chalmis explodes the bomb in the ship's hold, disintegrating the ship and its entire crew, among whom is LIEUTENANT COMMANDER FRANK JACKLIN.

Jacklin comes to in New York, finding to his horror that his soul now inhabits the body of WINNIE TOMPKINS, playboy stockbroker. His questions about the Alaska are answered with blank stares. Seeing nothing for it but to attempt to live out the tangled skeins of Winnie's misspent life, the new Tompkins soon encounters Winnie's lovely but neglected wife, GERMAINE ("JIMMIE"); his affectionate secretary, ARTHURJEAN BRIGGS; his gold-digging mistress, VIRGINIA RUTHERFORD; Virginia's husband, DR. JERRY RUTHERFORD; and Winnie's great Dane, PONTO, who is distinctly unfriendly toward this impostor.

The next day F.B.I. Agent A. J. HARCOURT questions "Tompkins" regarding the mysterious comments he had made about the highly secret Alaska mission. AXEL ROSCOMMON, a professed Nazi agent, also believing that Tompkins had something to do with the Alaska sinking, tips him off that President Roosevelt is about to die and urges him to "sell the war short" to make a nest egg for the nearly beaten Axis.

On April 12th the news comes that the

President is dead, and Tompkins is hustled down to Washington. The F.B.I. and Naval Intelligence are interested in his connection with the Alaska, his whereabouts during the five days that had preceded the explosion and his apparent foreknowledge that the President was going to die.

In his desperate efforts to clear himself, Tompkins invents a mythical, top-echelon Intelligence organization, "Z-2." Claiming to be a Z-2 agent, he is granted interviews with the jealous, squabbling chiefs of all the Intelligence services—who claim to have heard great things about Z-2. Tompkins' hoax even effects an interview with President Truman, who on hearing him out—from Alaska to Z-2—recommends that he take a long, long rest.

He learns from the head of Army Counterintelligence that Tompkins is believed to have some connection with Kurt von Bieberstein, an elusive Nazi agent. He also encounters Dorothy Jacklin, the "late" Jacklin's ex-wife, who, of course, fails to recognize him.

The White House puts out a special order abolishing "Z-2" and awards Tompkins a medal for his "activities" in that organization. Staggering out of the rat race of political intrigue, Tompkins is about to leave the capital when the Secret Service picks him up and threatens to throw him into a mental institution. Tompkins decides to forestall this fate by going to Johns Hopkins Hospital for a psychiatric checkup. He hails a taxi.

are locked up at once for fear that others will go sane, too. Now, take me, I'm—"

At that moment two husky young men came in and led him away. After a short interval one of them returned.

"I'm sorry this happened, sir," he apologized. "Dr. Murdoch is a tragic case. He was formerly employed here and every now and then he still manages to escape to one of our consultation rooms. He's quite harmless. What was he telling you?"

"That the only sane people in the world were the lunatics," I said.

The young man nodded. "Yes, that's his usual line. That's what got him committed in the first place. For my money, he's right but he oughtn't to go around saying it. And what can we do for you?"

I told him that Dr. Murdoch had prescribed a dose of wine, women and song as a method of restoring my mental balance. I was troubled by serious loss of memory, I explained, and needed treatment.

He nodded again. "Boy, when I finish my internship and start private practice, am I going to clean up in the upper brackets with that one! Murdoch's crazy to waste that on these people in Phipps. They can't follow his advice. This one is strictly for Park Avenue."

I left the clinic, phoned the hotel in Washington from a booth in a corner drugstore, and told Germaine to join me at Pook's Hill. I said that I had just had a consultation at Johns Hopkins and had decided to take medical treatment.

"I know one thing you don't need treatment for—your nerve!" she replied and hung up on me.

WHEN I reached the house in Bedford Hills, I was welcomed by Mary-Myrtle at the front door and by the loud barking of Ponto from my bedroom. Germaine had not yet returned.

"How's Ponto?" I asked the maid.

"Oh, he's fine," she told me.

I went upstairs and held my bedroom door ajar. I wanted to be ready in case the dog made another lunge for me.

"Hullo, Ponto, old boy," I said in the curious tone one uses toward dogs, children and public men. "Here I am back from Washington."

He lay on my bed, with ears pricked up, gazing at me intently.

"Yes, Ponto," I continued. "I got the Order of Merit from President Truman himself and met all the big shots, so if you take a bite at me now it will be sabotage, to say the least."

Ponto put his ears back and let his tongue dangle from the side of his mouth, while his tail made a haze as it thumped delightedly on the pillow. If he hadn't been an animal, I would have said that he was laughing.

"There, old fellow," I soothed him.

He jumped to the floor, panting and drooling with canine pleasure.

"Thank God, you're well again, Ponto," I told him. "We can't have two loony people in this house. Now it's my turn to go to the vet's and be treated."

Ponto's answer was to lick my hand convulsively and wag his tail and otherwise give a splendid impersonation of an affectionate "Friend of Man" whose beloved master has returned. So I took him downstairs with me and turned him out for a run on the lawn while I went into my den to marshal my thoughts.

What worried me most was Virginia Rutherford's sudden change in manner. From having been definitely the woman scorned—angry, hurt and hell-bent for revenge—she had adopted an air of friendly complicity the moment I had left the White House. This made no sense to me. Germaine was unchanged but that was because she was a simple woman who was in the obvious process of falling in love with her own husband. Whatever I did would be all right with her, which was a great comfort but not much help. Then, too, I was beginning to get uneasy at the increasing glibness and complexity of the lies I was telling. It was almost as though I were playing a part for which at some time I had once rehearsed. As Tyler had told me in the State Department, it would be interesting

Collier's for March 29, 1947

to know how I happened to invent the legendary Z-2.

There was the crunch of gravel as an automobile slowed to a stop outside, the click of a key in the lock and then Germaine was in the den and in my arms.

"Winnie!" she exclaimed. "You are the most unexpected person. You worried me. What were you doing at Hopkins? Was it . . . your amnesia?" she suggested delicately. "I couldn't bear it if—"

I laughed and gave her a good hug. "I'm all right," I told her. "They didn't have time to examine me but I think I'll let Jerry Rutherford handle my case. I was told that I ought to have more likker and wimmen in my life. It seems I'm getting in a rut."

"Winnie!"

"Yeah, they recommend it for curing highly inhibited cases like mine. I'm repressed or something."

"It must be something," Germaine observed fifteen minutes later. "Oh, dear, I didn't even think whether the door was locked. I'm a sight. You don't act repressed to me."

She turned her face toward me, her eyes laughing.

"In any case, I'll have to see a doctor," I said, "and it might as well be Rutherford. He knows so much about me that I won't have to do a lot of explaining. I've got to get my memory straightened out. You and I—well, we're all right now. But I can't seem to remember a thing before the second of April and I did so much lying in Washington, trying to cover up, that I may get into real trouble. The Secret Service was trying to arrange that little detail—threatening to have me sent to the booby hatch. I just thought I'd beat them to it."

My wife pouted. "Don't these treatments take a long time?" she asked. "I remember when they sent Cousin Frederick to the asylum after that time when he put tear gas in the air conditioners in the Stock Exchange, it was three years before they let him out."

"They can't keep me there a day longer than you or I want. It isn't as though I were being committed to an asylum. It's just that there's a bad crack in my memory. They'll try to find out what's wrong and patch it up. Perhaps I won't have to stay after all."

"Do they let wives come and visit their husbands?" she asked dreamily.

"I've never heard that the medical profession encouraged that kind of therapy," I told her. "Besides, I've got to keep my complexes and repressions on tap so as to make a good impression on the doctors. Otherwise, they might doubt that I'm crazy."

"Pooh! Of course, you're crazy. But then, so am I."

"Speaking of insanity," I continued, "Ponto, you will be glad to know, is back to normal."

"I'm glad," she said. "I still think we ought to take him back to the kennels. Perhaps he needs a mate. I don't like the way he's been acting."

She yawned.

"And now, sir," she added, "will you please let me go to my room? I'm dirty from my trip and I ought to get a few things unpacked. Gee, it's nice to be home."

"GOOD of you to squeeze me in, Jerry," I remarked to Rutherford the next morning. "Fact is I need your professional opinion."

Rutherford stroked his little dab of a mustache. "I've sent in my application to the Army Medical Corps," he told me. "I hoped you'd come to straighten out the money end."

"That will be taken care of any time you need it," I assured him. "Miss Briggs at my office will have full details. I'll phone her and my lawyer to fix it up as soon as I get back to the house."

Rutherford trained a professional gaze

on me and exuded that faint whiff of antiseptic which seems to be the medical habit when faced with patients.

"Well, what seems to be wrong with you, old man?" he inquired. "War getting too much for you? Got a hang-over? Need vitamins? Bowels regular? I must say you've got a better color and have lost weight since I last saw you."

"It's nothing wrong with my body, and I have lost weight," I explained. "It's my mind. I've had a complete loss of memory as to what happened before April second. In Washington I was lucky to avoid the booby hatch. They couldn't handle me at Hopkins, so they told me to consult my family physician."

"Family physician is good," Rutherford remarked with a rather unprofessional grin. "But hell! I'm no psychiatrist. Of course, in practice around here I bump into a few psychopathic cases but you've never struck me as the type."

I assured him that I was in dead earnest about this matter, that I must somehow get myself certified as sane or I might be in trouble with the government.

"Rot, my dear fellow!" Rutherford assured me. "You've had some kind of psychic trauma or shock that's resulted in temporary amnesia. That could happen to anybody. You're as sane as I am."

I ASKED him whether he'd be willing to sign a medical certificate to that effect.

"Well," he replied slowly, "that's another story. I'm not a specialist along psychiatric lines. My name on a certificate wouldn't mean much in sanity proceedings. I'd rather have you run over to Colebridge and see Dr. Folsom at the Retreat. He has the staff and the equipment for the standard tests."

"That's okay by me, Jerry," I agreed, "but I'd still like you to put me through a few paces so that your records will show that this is on the level. If some bright boy in Washington decides to throw me in the asylum for making nasty faces at the Big Brass, I want to have a clean medical record for use in a countersuit for false arrest."

Rutherford stood up and looked out the window. "I'm a poor choice for a man to look into your private life, after this business with Germaine and Virginia," he observed.

"That's why I want to keep it all in the family," I told him. "Listen, Jerry, until she came out to Pook's Hill the other day I have no recollection of ever setting eyes on Virginia. I faked as well as I could but the plain fact is that I have no memory of her, of you, of Jimmie or anybody around here before April 2d. Now that's hardly normal."

"You know, Winnie," the doctor remarked professionally, "I think that your quote loss of memory unquote is nothing but a defense mechanism. I know a bit about your affairs and they seem to have got so complicated—with three or four women on a string, business problems, liquor and so forth—that you simply decided subconsciously not to remember anything about them. Your mind's a blank as to everything you want to forget."

I shook my head. "The trouble is, Jerry, that my mind's not blank at all. I remember a hell of a lot but it's all about another man."

"How's that again?"

So I told him the whole story, from beginning to end, skipping only the bits about the thorium bomb and Z-2 for reasons of security, and omitting the name of the carrier. He took notes and studied them for a while.

"This beats anything in Freud," he observed. "I still stick to my off-the-cuff diagnosis that you had something that gave you a shock and then you developed this loss of memory as a defense mechanism. And this transfer of personalities with Jacklin—metempsychosis is the

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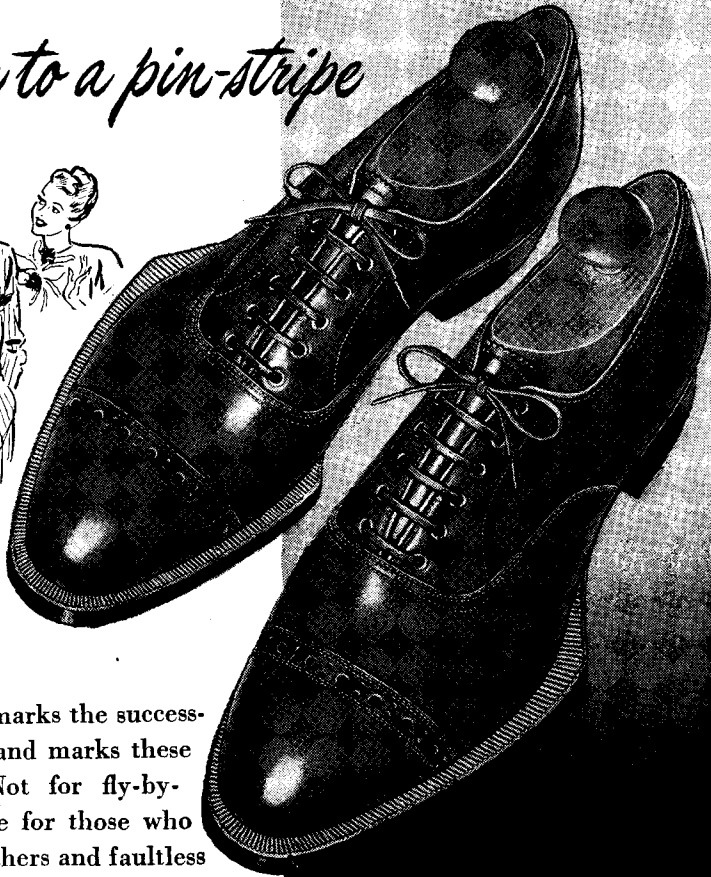
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fancy word for it—is not the usual type of schizophrenia, but it falls into a pattern of wish-fulfillment.

"You probably don't remember it but ever since I've known you, you've been grousing about this fellow Jacklin, whom none of us has ever met. It's been close to an obsession with you. I gather that you had some kind of schoolboy crush on him, which he ignored, and your feelings turned to hatred. You seem to have kept close track of him and his doings all these years. Subconsciously you must have identified yourself with him. I'm just guessing now—Folsom could make a scientific check—but I should say that you may have developed a split personality, based on envy and jealousy for this chap. He was serving his country, while you were enriching yourself. He had separated from his wife while you were tangled up with a lot of women..."

"But how did I know that Mrs. Jacklin had a mole on her left hip?" I asked.

"Nine women out of ten have at least one and often more moles on both their hips," he said, "as you should know. In any case, I take it that you didn't verify the statement. No, Winnie, at the Retreat they can deal with this sort of thing scientifically and tell you how to make the readjustment."

"My wife doesn't want me to readjust too much," I told him. "She'd rather have me crazy and stick around with her than sane but off chasing a bunch of skirts."

Rutherford's face paled and his fist clenched slightly. "Can't say that I blame her, old man," he agreed, controlling himself with a visible effort.

"Quite!" I told him, "and let me say that you've been a fine sport about this mess. Believe me, Jerry, I'm not trying to alibi myself so far as Virginia is involved, but I don't remember anything about her. It's—it's almost as though I had been born again, given a chance to relive my life. If that's what trauma does for you, we need more of it."

"Listen, Winnie," the doctor remarked. "This is between us, of course, but the sanest thing you ever did was to get shed of Virginia. She's fun and all that, but after a few weeks it's boring to live with a one-track mind with red hair. Germaine is worth a dozen of her. Perhaps when I get back from the Army, Virginia will have settled down enough to be a doctor's wife. You'll see that she gets the money, won't you?"

"Sure," I agreed, "and I'll give you a tip I learned at Hopkins. The short cut

to medical riches. A loony psychiatrist there says he always advises middle-aged men to do a little heavy drinking and woman chasing, in order to get rid of their inhibitions. There ought to be a fortune in that kind of medical treatment, especially in Westchester."

Jerry Rutherford laughed. "Westchester's discovered the prescription all by itself," he said, "and they're just beginning to learn that when a middle-aged American sheds his inhibitions, there's damn' little of him left. Now, you'd better run along and get packed for a stay in Colebridge. I'll phone Folsom and tell him you're driving over this afternoon."

"Swell!" I thanked him. "I'll phone my office and get that money fixed up."

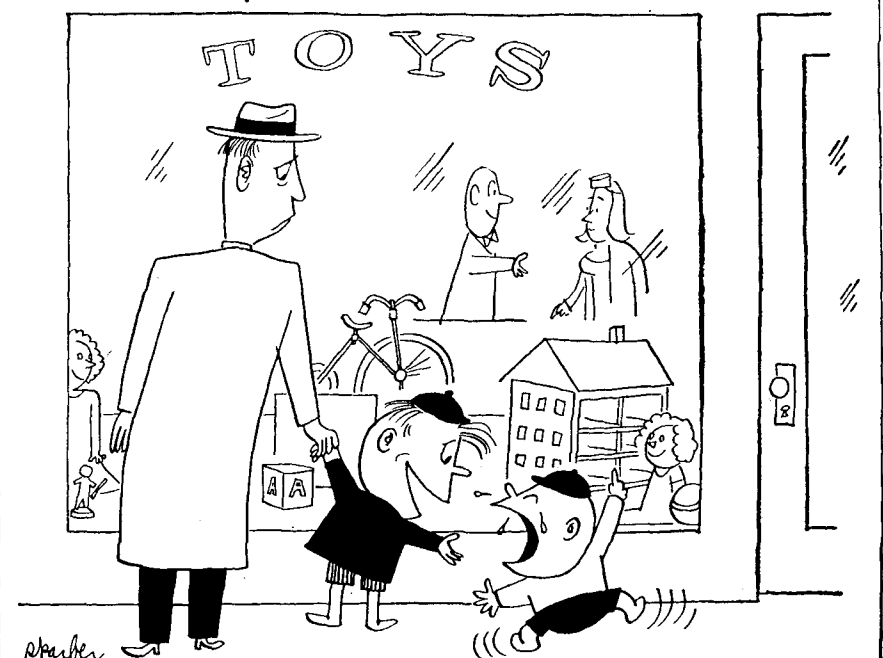
When I got back to Pook's Hill, I called the office and told Arthurjean that I was leaving for a rest cure at the Colebridge Retreat and to tell my partners that I didn't want to be disturbed by business affairs until further notice. I asked her to get hold of Merriwether Vail and meet me at the Retreat as soon as they could make it. They were to bring the necessary papers so that I could deed over \$15,000 to Dr. Jeremiah Rutherford of Bedford Hills, to be paid in monthly installments of \$1,000 to his wife. I added that there was nothing seriously wrong with me but that the best advice I could get recommended a rest cure to head off a possible nervous breakdown. Then I said goodbye to Germaine, gave Ponto a farewell pat on the head and piled into my car for the drive to Colebridge.

THE Retreat proved to be a large, pleasant brick building in the better-groomed suburbs of Colebridge, with a fine view of the Connecticut River. The ample grounds were surrounded by a high spiked iron fence and the gates to the driveway were closed, until I had identified myself to the guard on duty. At the front door, a uniformed attendant took charge of my bags and gave directions to have my car sent to the garage. Then I was ushered into one of those funereal hospital waiting rooms that defy all interior-decorating efforts to give them a respectful, homelike touch.

A few moments later, a pretty nurse in a white starched uniform directed me to follow her. We went through a door, which she was careful to lock behind her, along a corridor and up one flight of stairs to a pleasantly furnished bedroom, where my bags were already wait-

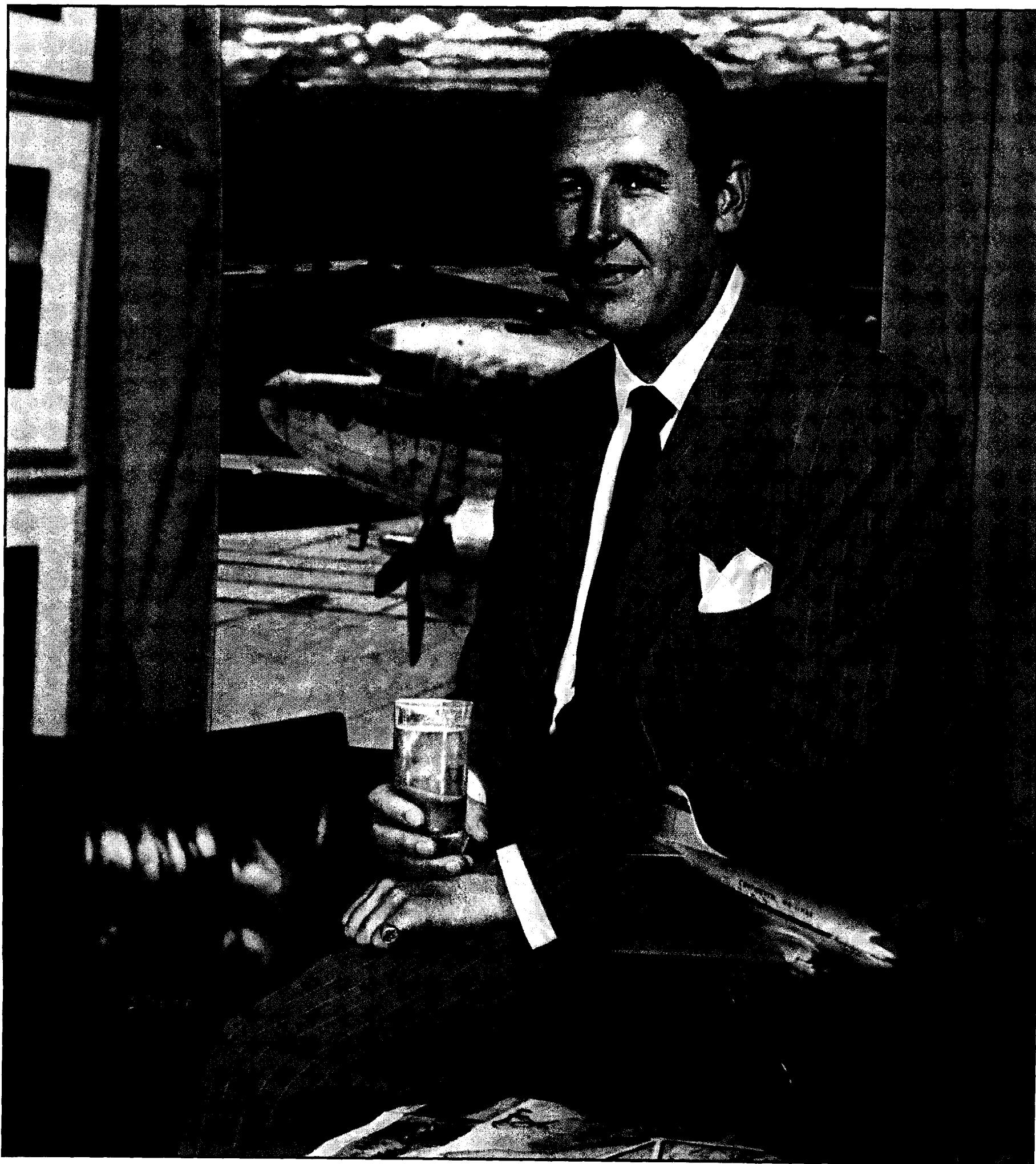
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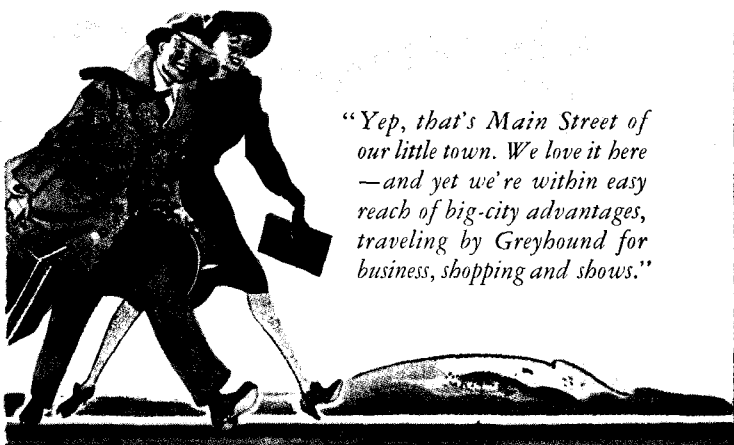
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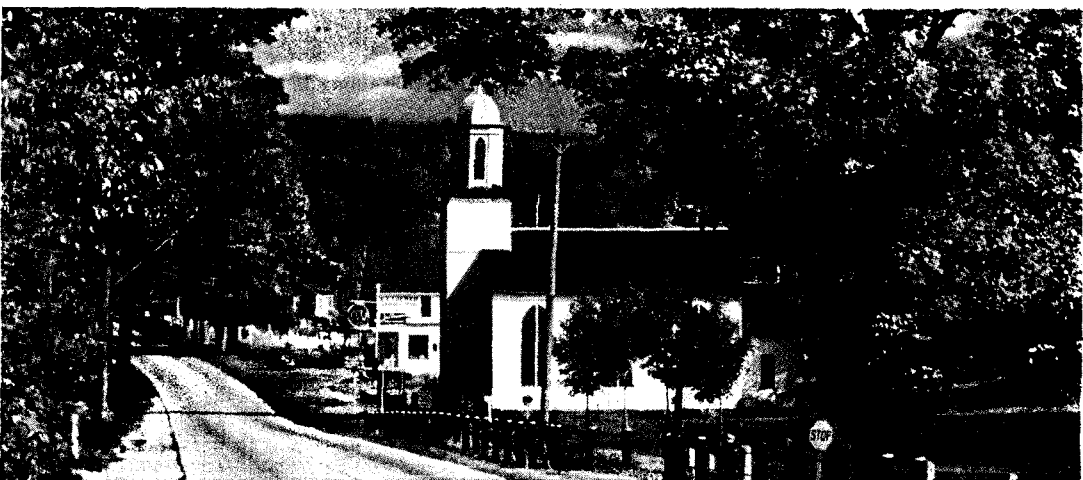
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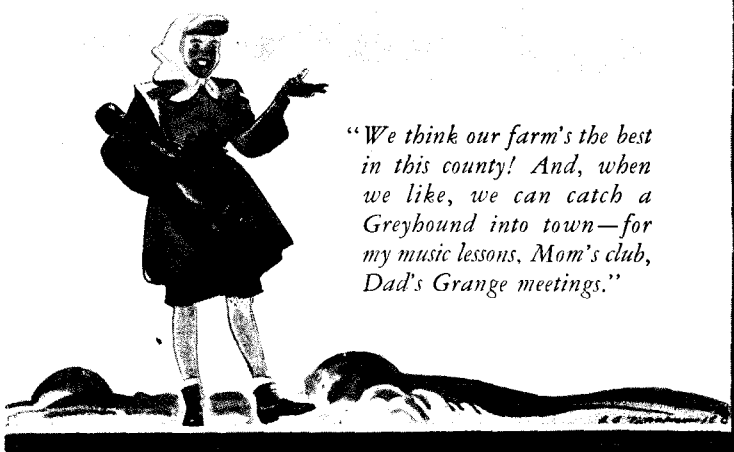
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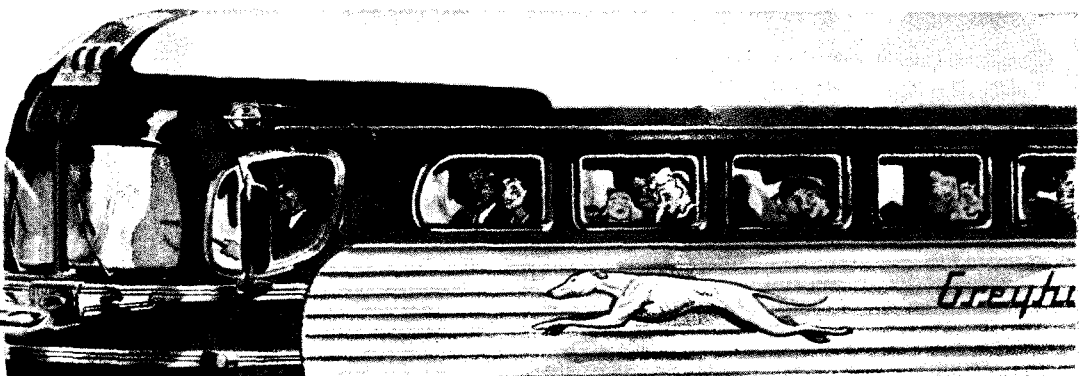
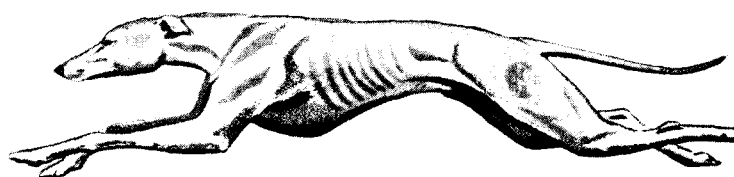
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ing for me. She told me to get undressed and go to bed, which I did, after she had carefully unpacked my belongings, removing my razor and my nail file. Then she returned and inserted a clinical thermometer in my mouth.

"Dr. Folsom will be by to see you in a few minutes, Mr. Tompkins," she informed me. "Just ring if you want anything."

After she left, I felt good and mad. How in blazes did they expect to minister to a mind diseased, if they began by the old routine of getting the patient stripped and bedded? Then I realized that this was just a simple matter of establishing the institution's moral superiority, at the very outset, and my anger evaporated. I lay back and dozed for a few minutes until the door opened and a burly man, with a glittering eye and strangler's hands, entered my room.

"I'm Dr. Folsom, Mr. Tompkins," he informed me. "Dr. Rutherford phoned that you were coming over for a check-up. Before we get down to business, there are a few routine questions..."

They were routine: name, age, address, next of kin, annual income, banking connections, name of recommending physician, and whether patient had previously received mental treatment in an accredited psychiatric institution.

"Here is the bill for the first week," he said. "We generally ask our patients to pay in advance."

FOLSOM handed me a folded piece of fine bonded paper. On it, tastefully inscribed, was the information that I owed the Retreat, Colebridge, Connecticut, \$250.00 for room, board and attendance for the period of April 20-25, inclusive. There was a space for my signature and the doctor thrust a fountain pen into my hand. "Just sign there and we'll send it to your bank for collection," he said.

"What's all this fine print?" I demanded. "Oh, that's just a matter of form," he explained.

I studied it out. "The above signature," it read, "constitutes an agreement not to leave or attempt to leave The Retreat without the prior approval of the management."

I looked at Dr. Folsom. "If you don't mind, Doctor," I told him, "I'd prefer to sign one of my own checks and have it cleared in the usual way. Why should I sign away my liberty like that?"

Folsom smiled disarmingly. "That's one of the ways we judge whether a patient is really sane. Only a crazy man would sign it," he explained. "More seriously, Mr. Tompkins, you must remember that a private asylum has quite a problem in controlling its patients. They are not generally committed to our care by court orders and usually come here only at the request of their families with their own reluctant consent. Without a signed agreement of that kind, we might be exposed to legal annoyances, suit for damages or even a kidnaping charge, if a patient changed his mind and decided to act nasty."

"I see your point, Doctor," I told him. "I've asked my attorney and my private secretary to meet me here a little later today. I have some business I must clean up before I can settle down for treatment. I'll consult him about the kind of agreement to sign with the Retreat. I want to get a simple sanity test and see if you can recommend any course of treatment for dealing with a serious loss of memory."

Dr. Folsom appeared slightly annoyed. "I'm not sure that it is the management's policy to accept a patient under such unusual conditions," he said. "I'll have to consult my associates."

"See here, Doctor," I replied. "All I want now is to have one of the psychiatrists give me the works, tell me whether I'm sane or crazy, and then I'll pull out. I don't want to stay here under false pretenses and I don't intend to stay here a minute longer than I want to. I'll pay any fee you charge, within reason, but I'm damned if I'll sign my own freedom away, with Wall Street getting set to shoot the works."

Dr. Folsom laughed. "I can't say that I blame you, Mr. Tompkins. And you don't sound unbalanced to me."

"But I want a document signed to that effect," I declared. "You see, some of my business associates have been trying to have me adjudged incompetent so as to get control of my money. It's about three million dollars at present quotations. So I'm out to build up my defenses in advance of the showdown. Now do you understand?"

"Oh!" The director of the Sanctuary was enormously relieved. "That's no trouble at all. I'll send up our business psychiatrist, Dr. Pendergast Potter—he studied under Jung in Vienna, you know—and he'll give you our standard busi-

nessman's sanity test. We have quite a few cases like yours, you know. It's surprising how many business partners seize on insanity as a key to robbing their associates. It's done every day. And our fee for this service will be five thousand dollars."

"Five thousand dollars it is!" I agreed. "Good!" Dr. Folsom beamed. "I'll send Potter over right away."

DR. PENDERGAST POTTER proved to be a short, square-built man, with a red spade beard and soft but shifty brown eyes—like an Airedale's.

"Dr. Folsom tells me, Mr. Tompkins," said Potter in a sort of heel-clicking, stiff-bow-from-the-waist manner which was meant, I suppose, to reveal his Viennese training, "that you have reason to believe that your business partners are plotting against you, conspiring to throw you in the asylum. This sense of special persecution, sir, have you had it long? Perhaps when you were a child you hated your father? It began then—"

I got out of bed and advanced on the psychiatrist.

"Dr. Potter," I informed him, "you are here for only one reason, to certify that I am sane in the legal sense. For this service I am paying the Retreat a fee of five thousand dollars. To which, of course, I will add a personal fee of one thousand dollars to you, Dr. Potter, assuming that you can sign a certificate of sanity with a clear scientific conscience."

Potter subsided in the armchair and cackled gleefully. "Boy, oh boy!" he exclaimed, "for one thousand smackers I'd certify that Hitler is the Messiah. Damn Folsom for sending me in blind! He didn't tell me it was one of those."

"Besides," I added, "I have a really serious loss of memory, which is worth your attention, though I haven't time to go into it now. So get ahead with your tests, please, and let's clean up this one."

"Cross your knees, either leg!" he ordered and gave me a few brisk taps just below the kneecap with the edge of his flattened palm. My knee jerks were all that could be desired.

"Good!" remarked Potter. "That's still the only physical test for sanity that's worth a damn. What seems to be the trouble, Mr. Tompkins? Partners closing in on your assets or has your wife made book with your lawyer?"

"My only trouble," I informed him, "is that I'm damned if I can remember



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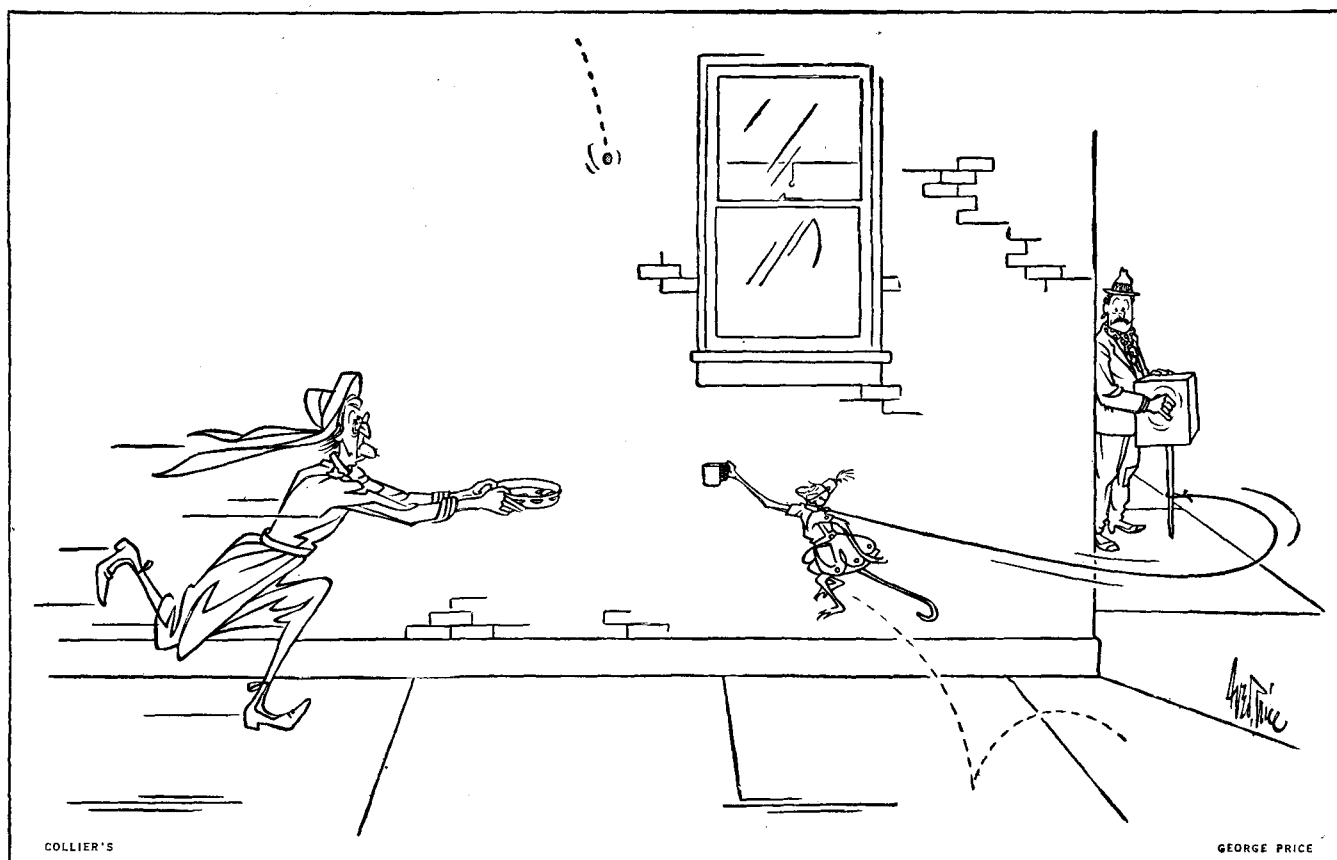
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anything that happened before April 2d of this year. I'd like to clear it up. I remember all sorts of things before then, but it's about another man."

"H'm!" Potter suddenly looked formidably medical. "That's what I call schizophrenia with a pretzel twist. We could keep you here and give you sedatives and baths and exercises and analyses, but it would be just the same if we left you alone. You've had some kind of shock, causing a temporary occlusion of personality, and the best thing you can do is wait. Sooner or later there will be another shock and everything will come straight again. What do you think you remember from the blank period?"

"Damned if I know," I replied. "I think I sank a battleship or killed a President, or something."

POTTER laughed. "That's a variation of the good old Napoleon complex—which is just an inferiority complex gone wild. You ought to take up a hobby, like repairing watches. That would give you a sense of power and you wouldn't feel the need for sinking ships. Ten to one you can't even shoot a decent game of golf."

"I'm pretty good at poker," I defended myself.

"That's not power, Mr. Tompkins, that's just shrewdness. You have a profound sense of physical inadequacy. You're married. Any children?"

I shook my head. "None to speak of."

"That's it," Potter declared. "What you ought to do, Mr. Tompkins, is to father a child and then you will forget all this nonsense about battleships and Presidents. Not so?"

I grinned at him knowingly. "There's much in what you say, Dr. Potter," I complimented him, "but what the hell can I do about it bottled up here? Just give me a clean mental bill of health—in case any of my partners try to pull a fast one—and I'll go home to my wife and give earnest consideration to your suggestion. After all, if that fails, I can always take up wood carving. Or try another girl."

"There are one or two around here—" he began, then checked himself. "Well," he continued, "I can't say that I see anything really abnormal about you. Sitting here, talking with you, I would have noticed any psychopathic tendencies."

There was a brisk knock on the door and the nurse appeared.

"Sorry to disturb you, Doctor," she said, "but there's a man named Vail downstairs with a writ of habeas corpus for Mr. Tompkins."

Potter looked at me accusingly.

"Merry Vail," I agreed. "Yes, he's my lawyer. I told him to come here but never dreamed—just send him up, Nurse, and we'll see what gives. In the meanwhile, Doctor, if you could get that certificate ready—"

Potter again gave the effect of heel clicking, and withdrew.

Three minutes later Merriwether Vail and Arthurjean Briggs came bursting into my room.

"Glory be you're still safe, old man," my lawyer announced. "When Miss Briggs phoned me your curious message, we put two and two together."

"And made it twenty-two?" I suggested.

"No, we made it four. We weren't going to stand for any nonsense from the F.B.I. and I owe them something for pulling me in for questioning. And when you spoke of fifteen thousand dollars and a doctor, I had a brain storm. So I flew up here and swore out a writ from the federal court."

"Mr. Vail was all set that the doctors had hijacked you and were holding you for ransom," remarked Arthurjean.

"Uh-uh!" I indicated strong disagreement. "I came here under my own power and am about to leave under the same and in my right mind."

"Whoever said you weren't?" Vail demanded. "God! We'll sue them for libel."

I shook my head. "It was the Secret Service and only God can sue them," I said. "They took a notion to have me thrown in the Washington asylum because they were sore at me on general principles. So I decided to beat them to the draw and produce a certificate of sanity."

Vail looked at me with amusement. "Worst thing you could possibly do, old man," he informed me. "If you start going around showing people proof that you're not crazy, first thing you know you'll be in Matteawan."

"I'll see you downstairs," I said, ushering them out of the room.

As the door closed behind them, I rang for the nurse and asked to have my bags packed.

"Goodness, Mr. Tompkins," she exclaimed. "Don't you like it here? We understood that you wanted a rest cure."

She stood just a fraction of an inch too close to me and I was aware of pretty brown hair under her starched nurse's cap, a whiff of something that smelled far more expensive than antiseptic, and a pleasingly rounded effect underneath the prim blouse of her uniform.

"Do you have a name, Nurse?" I asked her. "And when do you get off duty?"

"Emily Post," she answered, "so help me, but don't let that stop you, and nine o'clock tonight."

"Good," I told her. "Will you join us for dinner and a drink at—what's a good hotel here?"

"The Governor Sheldon," she replied.

"Meet us at the Sheldon, then, as soon as you can get away. I'd like you to meet my friends socially."

She nodded brightly and hurried from the room.

A moment later Dr. Folsom came lounging in, his strangler's hands dangling at his side.

"Sorry you feel you must leave, Mr. Tompkins," he told me. "Here's that certificate. It will stand up in any court east of the Mississippi if you have to use it. That will be five thousand, as agreed."

"I'm sorry about that writ," I told him. "That was my lawyer's mistake."

He nodded. "I know," he observed. "He told me downstairs after he'd seen you."

I SAT at the little desk and laboriously made out three checks: one for five thousand to the order of the Retreat, one for one thousand to the order of Pendergast Potter, and another for one thousand to the order of—

"Any initials, Dr. Folsom?" I asked.

"A. J.," he replied, "but just make it to the Retreat."

"A. J. Folsom," I wrote on the final check and endorsed it "W. S. Tompkins," as well as I could with my still bandaged fingers.

Folsom's face was positively transfigured with gratitude and a devotion that would not have been out of place in a stained-glass window.

"By George!" he insisted. "You are a white man. I'd be proud to go before the Supreme Court of the United States and testify—" He stopped abruptly. "Are these checks good?" he inquired.

"Oh, come, Doctor, who's loony now?" I demanded. "Why would I expose myself to a bad check charge just to keep out of a private asylum with my lawyer fully equipped with a writ?"

"That's so, that's so!" He beamed, reassured. "Well, sir, it's been fine having you here and any time—day or night—if you want refuge from the stormy blast, just come out to the Retreat. We'll always be honored to put you up and give you the best we have for as long as you care to stay. Believe me, Mr. Tompkins, it may seem odd but you'll never find warmer hospitality or a more sincere welcome than right here in this little old asylum."

The grill in the Governor Sheldon was not crowded and we had no trouble getting a pleasant table in the corner. While waiting for Emily Post to appear, Arthurjean was very subordinate, calling me Mr. Tompkins and acting quite as the boss' secretary should act when out for dinner with the boss. Merry Vail was in high spirits and when the nurse from the Retreat showed up in a slick silk dress that seemed to be painted on her torso Vail took one look at her and his face lighted up like Broadway.

"Spring is in the air," he remarked to the world at large. "Will you dance, Miss Post?"

She flashed a big smile and said, "You bet!" I turned back to my secretary.

"What gives, angel?" I asked.

She beamed at me. "Winnie," she observed, "you're it. Perhaps the most famous man in Wall Street, in a quiet way. You caught the market just right. Mr. Wasson and Mr. Cone pulled out just right, before the big operators decided they must be patriotic and support quotations before you made too much money. We've cleaned up nearly three million dollars and Mr. Cone's so happy about it he's got him a brand-new girl and gave his secretary a five-dollar raise."

"How about Wasson?" I asked. "Has success gone to his head?"

"Oh, he's just the same as ever. He didn't bat an eyelash except to say that you were one wise so-and-so to figure the break."

"And how about yourself, Arthurjean?"

She grinned at me. "I guess a girl can tell when she's washed up with a swell guy. But you're not Winnie—not the Winnie I knew—and there aren't going to be any fun and games from now on, I guess."

She took a hearty pull at her highball.

"So we're friends," she announced. "You've got a swell wife waiting for you. If you ever need me, I'll be around. If you don't, that's okay too. What gives with you?"

I gave her a fill-in on the Washington trip and the events that had brought me to the Retreat. She listened with a growing smile.

The music stopped, and Vail and Miss Post returned to the table. Her eyes shone, while my attorney had the poleaxed expression suitable only to lovesick adolescence. "Winnie," Vail announced, "spring hath come to Colebridge, Connecticut."

"Okay," I told him. "This is the official opening of spring. Just give me those papers I wanted to sign, the money for Dr. Rutherford, I mean."

He stared at me. "You don't mean to say you were serious about that!" he exclaimed. "I thought it was a gag to tip me off that you were being railroaded to the asylum. Hell, I'll have the stuff drawn up and you can sign it on Monday. There's nothing doing in town over the week end and Rutherford can wait. I think I'll stay in Colebridge overnight. Mighty fine little city, Colebridge."

THE music started up and Merry grabbed Emily Post by the arm. "Come on," he urged. "Got to dance. I'll show you some steps that aren't in the book of etiquette."

"Why, Mr. Vail!" She agreed, and they were off again.

I resumed my talk with Arthurjean. "You'd better stay here, too," I told her. "It's getting late and they lock up the trains on the New Haven road along with the cows. I'm going to drive back and see whether spring has come to Bedford Hills. Even commuters have children now and then," I added. "They used to blame it on sunspots or Roosevelt but now I guess they'll have nobody to blame but themselves."

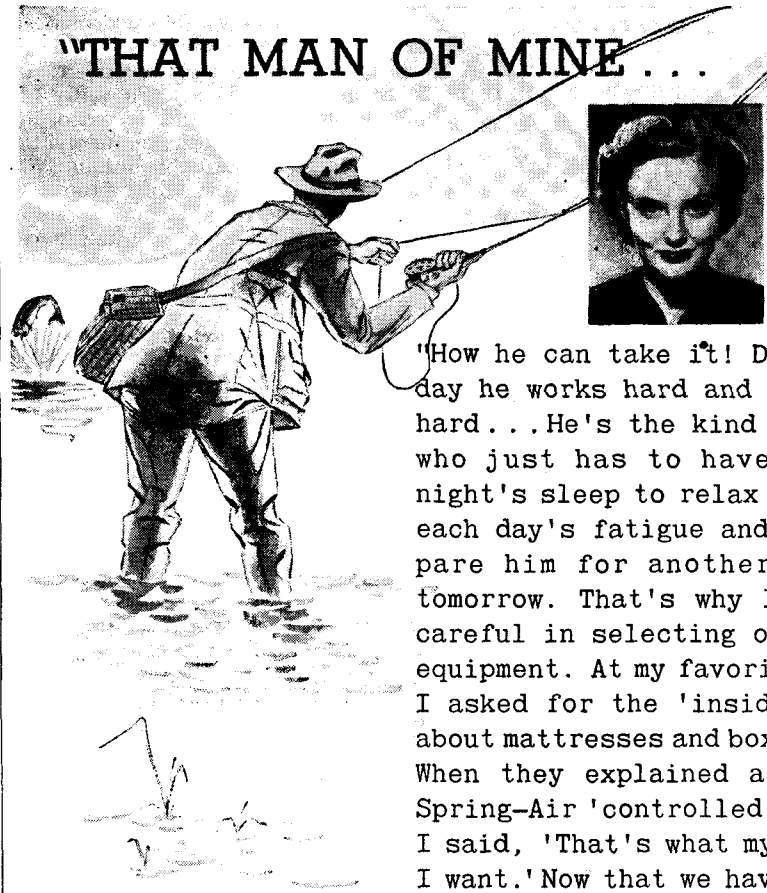
In return for a five-spot the hotel doorman told me how to find the nearest black-market gas station, so I tanked up the coupé and worked myself cross-country until I hit the parkway.

The night was clear and cool but there was a hint of blossoms in the air. The frogs chirruped in the little ponds as I passed by in the dark and there was a haze of buds on the birches and elms; already the maples were darkening with the burden of their unfolding leaves. The parkway was clear of traffic and the tollgates passed me along through the April night, while overhead the stars marched slowly through the heavens.

Vail was right. Spring had come. Soon I eased the car to a slow stop on the crackling gravel of the entrance to Pook's Hill.

I left my bags in the car and walked quietly along the grass until I let myself in at the front door. A muffled woof from the kitchen showed that Ponto had drowsily recognized my tread as I tiptoed up the stairs and into my bedroom. It was three o'clock in the morning and the frogs were still jingling in the marshy meadows as I stood by the window and tasted the night air. Then I undressed rapidly and put on a dressing gown and

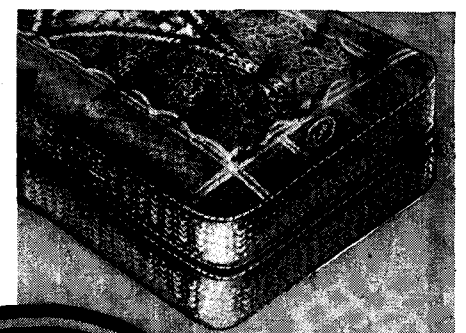
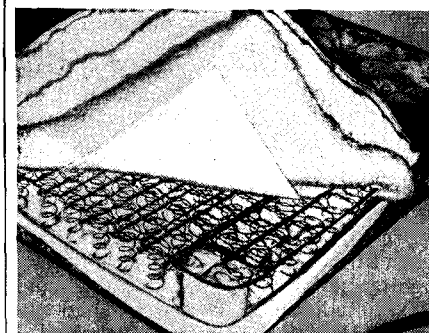
"THAT MAN OF MINE..."



"How he can take it! Day after day he works hard and he plays hard... He's the kind of a guy who just has to have a good night's sleep to relax him from each day's fatigue and to prepare him for another active tomorrow. That's why I was so careful in selecting our sleep equipment. At my favorite store I asked for the 'inside story' about mattresses and box springs. When they explained all about Spring-Air 'controlled comfort' I said, 'That's what my man and I want.' Now that we have chosen Spring-Air, we 'Sleep Right—Wake up Bright.'"

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IRRESISTIBLE COMFORT

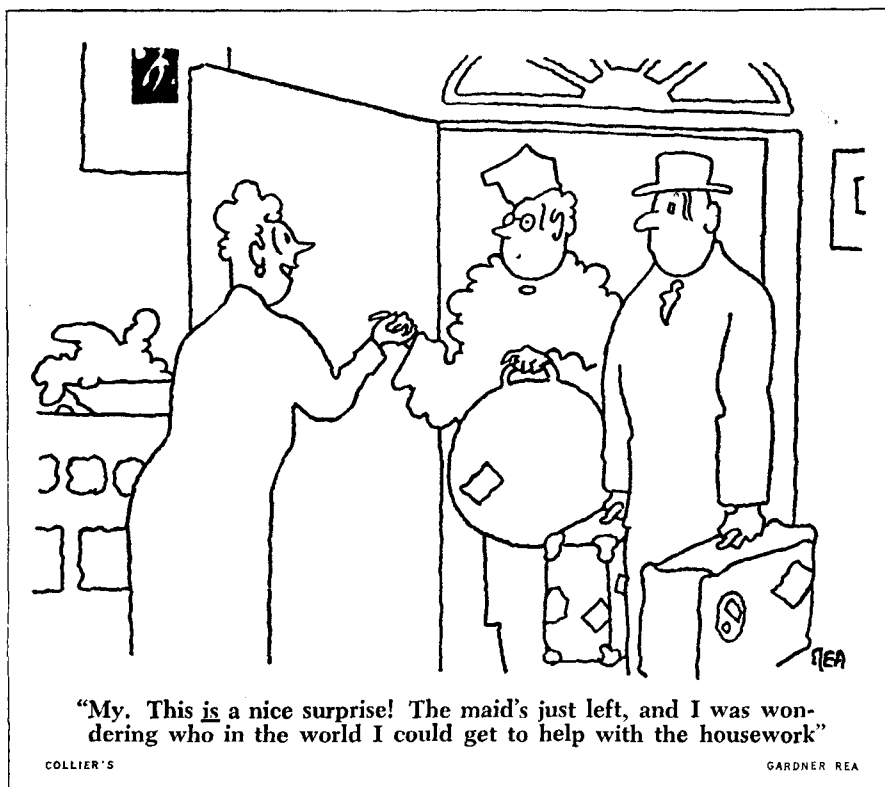


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"My. This is a nice surprise! The maid's just left, and I was wondering who in the world I could get to help with the housework"

COLLIER'S

GARDNER REA

WATCH YOUR STEP! Athlete's Foot Fungi Thrive in Socks and Shoes

No matter what the season, it's always "summer" inside your shoes. Athlete's Foot fungi live and breed in stale, acid perspiration that clings to feet, socks and shoes, whenever you walk. That's why Quinsana for daily foot care is so important, all year 'round. That's why Quinsana Foot Powder—easy-to-use aid for prevention and relief of Athlete's Foot—has been used and acclaimed by millions.

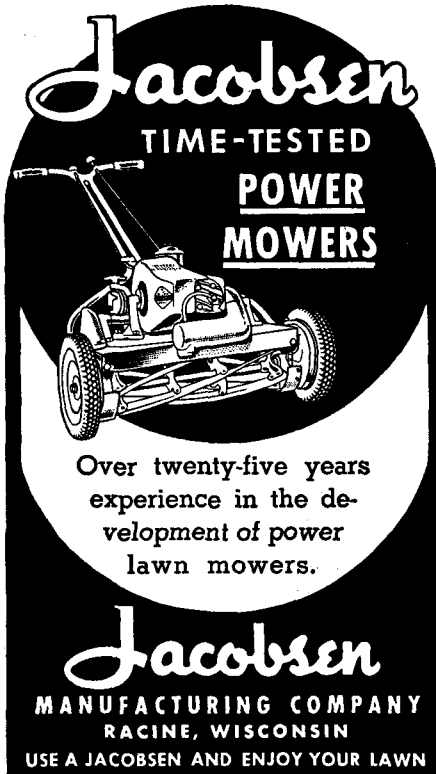
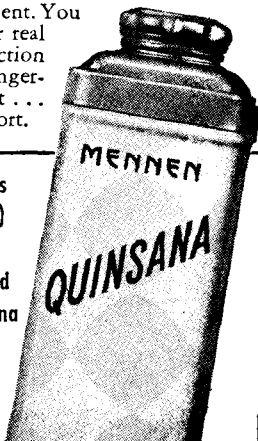
Quinsana will destroy Athlete's Foot fungi that thrive and breed in sock and shoe linings. Quinsana helps heal cracks, relieves itching, burning on already infected feet. Daily care can prevent disease from coming back.

• **SHAKE IN SHOES** . . . Quinsana absorbs and alkalizes stale perspiration.

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Use Quinsana night and morning, after bath or shower, when feet are hot, perspired, swollen. Not messy like ointments or liquids. You'll like its soft, silky feel—its clean, refreshing scent. You need Quinsana for real year 'round protection against painful, dangerous Athlete's Foot . . . and for foot comfort.

Most chiropodists
(Foot Specialists)
recommend
foot massage and
soothing Quinsana
to comfort,
pep up
tired feet.



slippers. Turning off the lights, I tiptoed across the hall to my wife's bedroom.

Her door was closed but, when I turned the handle, it proved not to be locked or bolted. I closed it softly behind me and approached the edge of the bed. Germaine was sleeping quietly, the faint glow of the starlight outlining her dark hair against the white pillow. I quietly got into bed.

When I opened my eyes in the morning the bed felt strangely deserted. I reached over and found that I was alone.

"Jimmie!" I called. "Jimmie!"

She appeared at the bathroom door. "Hullo," she remarked. "Where did you come from? And what are you doing there? Don't you know that all respectable married couples sleep in separate rooms, according to the gracious-living magazines?"

"I'm not respectable," I told her. "Please notify the editor."

She sat down on the bed beside me. "We must set a good example to the servants. It's way past breakfast time and I don't want Myrtle to guess that we're absolutely shameless."

"Winnie," she said drowsily after a while, "I want to have a little stockbroker just like you, darling, with a roadster and a great Dane. Do you suppose he'd be born with them or do you grow those things later?"

"You're maudlin, darling," I remarked. "Now stop dithering, put a new face on so that Mary will only suspect the truth and let's get some breakfast. I'm famished."

"Her name is Myrtle," said Germaine. "And so am I."

Breakfast was waiting for us when we came downstairs and we gave a reasonably good impersonation of an elderly married couple at the breakfast table. I read the financial section of the Times and Germaine busied herself with the social page of the Herald Tribune, now and then reading brief items about marriages and divorces, while I grunted non-committally about the state of the market. As a matter of fact, we both believed we had succeeded admirably when our attention was attracted by a meaning kind of cough.

It was Mary-Myrtle.

"What is it, Myrtle?" Germaine asked, with a radiant smile.

"It's not my business to say so," the maid stammered, "but I wanted to know whether you would really keep me on. I—I like it here—and I'm so glad you're happy, Mrs. Tompkins . . ."

Whereupon, to her and our surprise, she burst into tears.

So Germaine got up and put her arm around the girl's shoulders and gave her a half hug, half pat on the back.

"Of course, you're going to stay with us, Myrtle, but why do you say that?"

Myrtle gave an April giggle through her tears.

"You can see it in your face, Mrs. Tompkins," she said, "and Mr. Tompkins he was looking at the sporting page and talking about the stock market. And—oh, it's nice." She began crying again, and fled from the room.

GERMAINE looked at me like the angel at the gates of Eden. "There!" she exclaimed. "That's what happens when I trust you. You can't even find the right page in the paper to fake from. Next time I'm going to marry a man who doesn't look so happy it's a giveaway."

"It's spring," I explained, stupidly.

"You know, Winnie," my wife said suddenly, "speaking of spring, I've been thinking about Ponto. You've had him for five years now and I think he's getting a little queer. Don't you think it would be a good idea to send him to the kennels and have him bred? Perhaps that's all that's been wrong with him."

"Spoken like a woman, Jimmie," I said, "but it wouldn't do any harm. I'll phone Dalrymple after breakfast."

"You won't forget, will you?" she asked. "The poor darling oughtn't to be celibate in this household. I wouldn't want it to happen to a dog." . . .

On the morning of Monday, April 23d, I dressed in gray flannels, got Germaine to change the bandage on my fingers, and took the early morning train into New York. Spring had done its work and the club car was full of middle-aged businessmen, with dark circles under their eyes, prepared to fight at the drop of a hat anyone who said they weren't as young as they felt. With Jimmie's perfume still in my nostrils, I hadn't the heart to deride them, so I did the next best thing and talked them into a poker game.

By the time we pulled into Grand Central I was eighteen dollars and seventy cents ahead, thanks to a full house just before we reached 125th Street.

Instead of joining my fellow brokers in their rush for the downtown subway express, I strolled north along Park Avenue, fair and cool in the midmorning, to the Pond Club.

At the Pond Club I found Tammy engaged, as ever, in polishing the glasses behind his gleaming little bar.

I dialed the number. Virginia answered.

"Winnie?" Her voice was cool and amused. "You'd better come up here in a hurry. It's urgent."

"Where is here?" I asked.

"At our place, the apartment," she said.

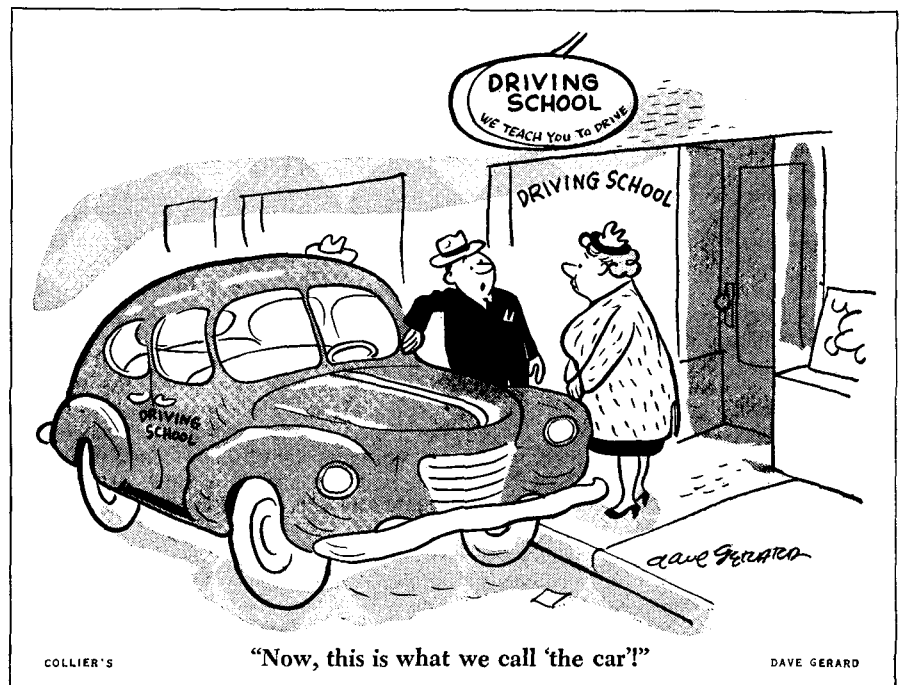
"Better give me the address," I suggested. "I can't seem to remember."

"Winnie, that particular joke is getting tiresome. You know perfectly well it's 172½ East 72d Street and the third floor front. The name, naturally, is Smith."

I MANAGED to snag an uptown taxi and rolled to 172½ East 72d Street. This proved to be the sort of old brownstone front that becomes an exclusive rental property by virtue of a coat of white paint and three mangy box bushes in tubs.

I pressed the button marked Smith and was rewarded by a clicking of the latch. I climbed the stairs and on the third story tapped the little brass knocker. The door opened and Virginia appeared clad somewhat in a white silk dressing gown.

"Come in, stranger," she said.



"My! Mr. Tompkins," he exclaimed. "You look as though you'd just made a million dollars," he told me. "The usual, sir?"

"It was over two millions, Tammy, and accept no substitutes," I told him. "What I need is concentrated protein. How about a dozen cotuits and some black coffee?"

The steward raised his eyebrows knowingly.

"I'll mix you one of my Second-Day Specials, sir," he said.

"Make it a double," I ordered.

He smirked knowingly but had the tact of good club servants to say nothing. I sipped his concoction, which tasted entirely unlike the egg nog it outwardly resembled. A moment later, I tried another sip. It was not at all unpleasant, so I drained the glass. This, I decided, was exactly what I needed.

"Ah-h-h!" I beamed. "That's much better. Now if anybody telephones me, say I'm not here, unless it's one of my friends."

"Would that be true of that Mrs. R, sir?" he inquired. "That lady with the red hair you told me about, Mr. Tompkins?"

"If Mrs. Rutherford calls," I said, "let me know."

He smiled slyly. "Then I was to deliver a message to you from her, sir. She wants you to call her at the apartment, she said. Circle 8-7326, the number is. She said it was important."

I hesitated but the Second-Day Specials drove me forward like a steer in a runaway.

She closed the door and settled herself comfortably, with a cigarette, on the suspiciously broad day bed. I sat down in a very deep easy chair, facing her, and lighted a cigarette too.

"Well?" I inquired.

"Winnie," she began, "you know I never try to interfere with your private life or try to ask questions, but don't you think this farce has gone on long enough?"

I flicked some ash on the carpet and tried to look inscrutable.

"You know what you are doing, of course," she continued, "and your performance in Washington was magnificent, but just between ourselves, can't you relax?"

Although the windows were open, the room seemed oppressively warm. I threw back my coat and confronted her without speaking.

"Of course," Virginia continued, "I know we've got to be discreet. There can always be wire tapping and detectives and it seems that the F.B.I. knows all about this place, but, Winfred, can't you just—"

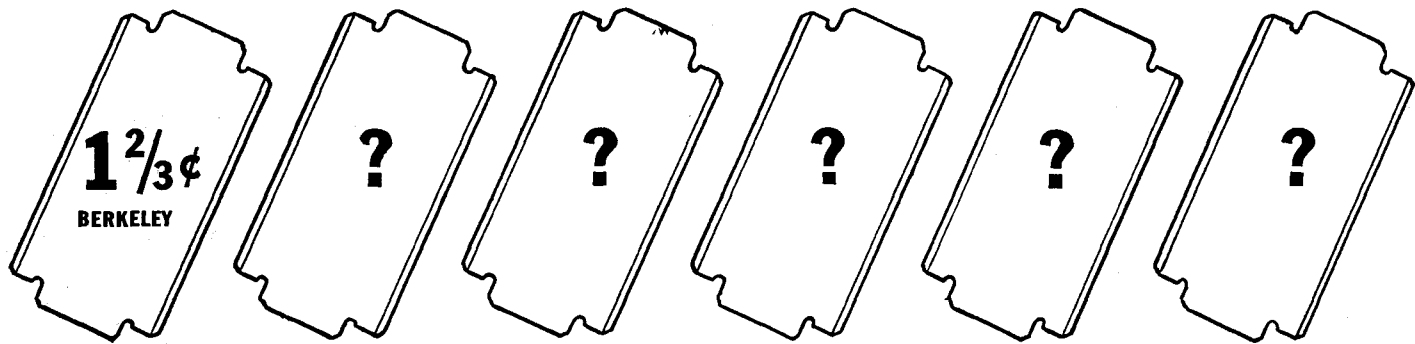
I had pulled out my fountain pen and now I wrote rapidly on the back of an envelope: *I suspect that we are watched.*

Her eyes widened as I laid my finger to my lips.

"What I came to see you about, Vir-

Collier's for March 29, 1947

WHAT PRICE BLADES GIVE THE BEST SHAVES?



Shave tests reveal:

No distinct difference between leading brands!

Only true test of a razor blade is: *Shave with it.* America's highest authorities on standards know of no other way to compare blades for sharpness.

So, before you pay high prices for blades, do this:

Take two razors exactly alike. In one razor, place the brand of blade you now use—we don't care how much you pay for it. In the other razor, place a 15-for-25c Berkeley Blade. Now—so that you won't know which blade is which—have someone else hand you first one razor, then the other. Shave with one razor, then with the second, and so on until you finish your shave. See if you can detect any difference between blades.

We'll bet on a "photo-finish"

We've watched men try these "hidden blade" tests again and again and again. And *no* blade had a real edge on others.

In other words, there seems to be no mysterious, magic formula for making one blade better than the others.

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But, no matter how many shaves you get per blade, you'll find no better blade than Berkeley at any price! Millions of Berkeley users already know this. Your own "hidden blade" shave test will prove it to you.

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United States Testing Co. Inc.'s* impartial chemical, metallurgical and microscopic tests of Berkeley Blades and 5 other leading brands disclose:

1. SAME TYPE STEEL
2. SAME STEEL FLEXIBILITY
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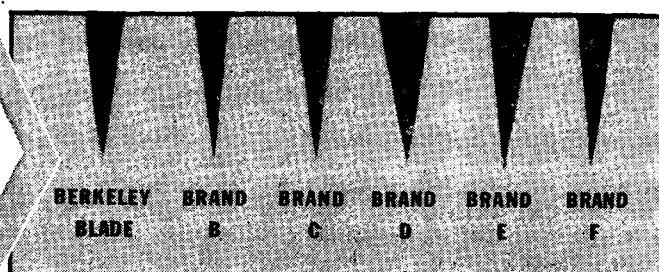
*United States Testing Co. Inc. report No. 75,471, Dec. 4, 1946



HIDDEN BLADE TESTS reveal that, making direct stroke by stroke comparison of leading blade brands, you'll detect no difference when you don't know which blades you are using.

Can you detect a difference in the sharpness of these shaving edges?

The microscope enlarges Berkeley and other leading blades in cross-section—to 92.6 times actual size, to show you the almost-identical bevel of each shaving edge.



15 for 25^c

DOUBLE and SINGLE EDGE

Tests reveal:

"NO BETTER BLADE AT ANY PRICE!"

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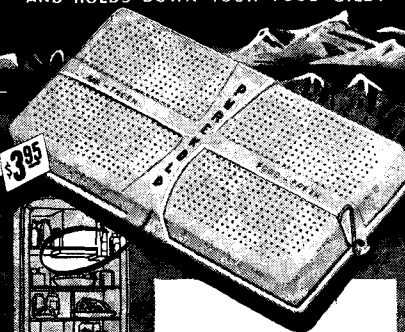
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ginia," I said, "is to tell you, once and for all, that all is over between us."

That was a mistake. She gave me a wink, and came and sat beside me on the arm of the chair.

"I too, Winfred," she said dramatically, "have become increasingly distressed by your apparent coldness."

She cuddled down and planted her lips on my ear. "No," she continued, "the time has come, Winfred, when we must face the facts, unpleasant though they may be. I was never meant to be a part-time girl for any man." Her sharp little teeth nipped my neck, savagely.

"Virginia," I said, "what I had to say—what I mean is—"

I never said it. Her mouth was suddenly glued to mine and she melted into my arms.

"Damn you, Virginia!" I told her. "There."

The apartment doorbell was buzzing like an accusation.

"Tell them to go away," she murmured. "Say we're not at home."

I disentangled myself, ran to the door and jiggled the button that released the downstairs catch. "Go and make yourself decent," I told her. "I'll stall them if you aren't too long."

I LISTENED as the footsteps slowly mounted the stairs. It was a man's step. Then came a brisk tap on the brass knocker. I opened up. It was A. J. Harcourt of the F.B.I. He seemed rather surprised to see me.

"Good morning, Mr. Tompkins," he began. "I thought that—"

"Oh, come on in," I urged him. "Mrs. Rutherford will be out in a moment. I—we..."

He nodded. "You certainly do get around," he admitted. "Last the Bureau heard you were a patient up in Colebridge, and here I find you in—"

"In a love nest," I suggested. "A den of perfumed sin. I got here about ten minutes ago. Mrs. Rutherford said that I might be in trouble, but she didn't get around to explaining what trouble."

Virginia appeared at the entrance to the bathroom, completely though revealingly clad, and advanced into the room. "And what has the F.B.I. to do with me, Mr. Harcourt?" she demanded.

Poor Harcourt looked abashed but made a speedy recovery, getting out of the rough in one stroke.

"Now that Mr. Tompkins is here, Mrs. Rutherford, ma'am," he said, "I have nothing to see you about. We heard he had gone to a private asylum in New England and I was told to see you and ask if you knew any of the circumstances."

"Oh!" Virginia sat down on the rumpled day bed. "That sounds rather like a lie, you know."

"That's not my fault, ma'am," Harcourt replied. "My chief gives me my orders and I follow them without being asked for my opinion. If the Bureau wants to check on Mr. Tompkins through his friends—"

Virginia beamed and dimpled. "You couldn't do better than come to me," she admitted.

"Well, here I am," I told him, "and Mrs. Rutherford needn't feel bothered. What is it now?"

"We just wanted to get the rights of your run-in with the Secret Service," he told me. "Our liaison there told the director that you stood Chief Flynn on his ear and that Flynn threatened to swear out a lunacy warrant. How come?"

I gave him a full account of my encounter with the Secret Service and ended by producing the certificate of sanity signed by Dr. Folsom.

The special agent smiled. "You're nothing if not thorough, Mr. Tompkins. Have you had any luck filling in that blank period before Easter? The Bureau would feel much happier if you could remember. Now don't get me wrong.

The case against you is closed, but just the same it seems funny you can't remember."

Virginia Rutherford turned on him, like a battleship bringing a battery of 16-inch guns to bear on a freighter. "Perhaps he has a good reason for not remembering," she remarked. "Perhaps he went somewhere, with someone—in skirts!"

She smiled and relaxed, possessively.

"That's just what puzzles us," Harcourt admitted. "We've had fifty agents from the New York office alone making checks, as far north as Montreal, in Portland, Boston, Providence, and even Cincinnati and Richmond. 'We've checked the trains, busses, air lines and the garages as well as hotels and overnight cabins. There isn't anybody that can remember seeing Mr. Tompkins, with or without a woman, during that week.'"

"Then you're still investigating me?" I asked, while a chill went down my spine.

The special agent shook his head. "Not at all, Mr. Tompkins. Like I told you, the investigation was called off last week, when we established your Z-2 identity. This is just the result of the inquiries we started the week before last. We can't find a trace."

"Come on, A. J., I'll buy you a taxi downtown. Staying here, Virginia? Fine. I've got to stop in at my office and gather some of my unearned income. They tell me we've made nearly three million dollars in the last ten days."

Harcourt consulted his notebook. "The Bureau's figures put it at two million eight hundred seventy thousand two hundred forty-six dollars and seventy-one cents, if you want to know," he said.

"So you are keeping me watched," I remarked.

"What do you think?" asked Special Agent Harcourt of the F.B.I.

"What's the big idea?" I demanded. "I thought I was in the clear."

HARCOURT looked embarrassed. "Perhaps I oughtn't tell you this, Mr. Tompkins," he explained. "You're in the clear with the Bureau. We've checked and double-checked and any way we slice it, you're still okay. Maybe you're Tompkins with a lapse of memory, maybe this yarn of yours about Jacklin is on the level, but we're sure of you."

"Then why all this interest in me?" I asked. "You've been swell with me personally but it's getting on my nerves having you pop up all the time. Though I must say I was relieved when you showed up today. Mrs. Rutherford—"

He grinned. "Redheads spell trouble anywhere, any time," he observed. "No, it's this Von Bieberstein we're gunning for. Mr. Marks at the Bureau has a notion that Von Bieberstein may have some connection with you that you don't know about. He might be using your office as a call station or he might be somebody that you know as someone else. For all I know, he might even be a woman."

I glanced inquiringly in the direction of Virginia's apartment.

"Not for my money," he said. "We've checked her, too. And it isn't that Tennessee secretary of yours, either. There's a girl for you. We've got her biog right back to the Knoxville doc that delivered her. But the Bureau doesn't think it's an accident that you turned up in the middle of this case, so I've been told off to check on all your contacts."

I scratched my head. "If only I could remember that blank spot, I might be able to help you."

"Well, there's always women, but I guess we've carried that line as far as it will take us," said Harcourt. "We've checked the doctors and the dentists and the bars and the night clubs. How about astrologers, say? Hitler made use of them in Germany. He might use 'em over here, though we've screened 'em all since before Pearl Harbor."

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Collier's for March 29, 1947

I laughed. "I doubt that a man like Tompkins would use astrology," I told him.

Harcourt shook his head. "That's where you'd be wrong. You'd be surprised how many big Wall Street operators go for that guff."

"It doesn't register," I replied, "but I'll phone the office and see if Miss Briggs knows."

When I made the connection, Arthur-jean informed me that the phone had been ringing all morning and when would I be in. Vail, she reported, was still in Colebridge with a bad case of Emily Post. I asked her about astrologers and she said she didn't know but would find out. In a little while she reported that Phil Cone thought I'd once gone to see that Ernestina Clump that used to advise the Kilbourn partners.

"Okay," I told her. "I'll be in about four this afternoon and will handle any calls or visitors then."

I turned to Harcourt. "It doesn't sound like much but Phil Cone thinks I once consulted Ernestina Clump. Want me to make an appointment?"

He nodded, so I looked up her number and dialed the office in the Chrysler Building where Miss Clump kept track of the stars in their courses and the millionaires in their jitters.

Arranging for an immediate appointment through the well-bred secretarial voice that stiff-armed me was not easy until I said that I would pay double the fee. Then she believed it might be arranged. "That will be two thousand dollars," she imparted, "and you must be here at one o'clock precisely."

MISS CLUMP, it turned out, was a motherly woman whose wrinkled cheeks and plump hands suggested greater familiarity with the stove than with the planets. Her office showed the most refined kind of charlatanry—everything quite solid and in good taste, with no taint of the zodiac. She directed me to a comfortable chair, across a heavy carved oak table from her, and consulted the file and charts which her secretary gave her.

"Well, Mr. Tompkins," Miss Clump remarked in a pleasant, homey voice with a trace of Middle Western flatness, "I wondered when you would be in to see me again. The stars being mean to you? Or is it another woman?"

"Let's see," I stalled, "when was the last time I consulted you?"

She cackled. "Young man, you've been comin' to see me, off and on, the

last ten years. Last time was in March. That was about the redhead. What's the matter now?"

"Police," I said. "Loss of memory. Women and money are all right but I'm being followed and I've drawn a sort of blank for the whole month of March. Can you take a look at my horoscope and tell me what the stars were doing to me then?"

She stared at me shrewdly. "Police," she remarked. "Land's sake! I don't want trouble with the police. You—"

I hastened to interrupt her. "That's only a figure of speech. I'm in trouble with the government. Just tell me what I was doing in March and give me a hint of what lies ahead next month."

She examined the chart carefully and made a few penciled notes on a scratch pad. Then she looked up at me in bewilderment.

"This doesn't make much sense, Mr. Tompkins," she told me, "but here it is. So far as I can make out, in March you went on a long trip and had some kind of bad accident. There's Neptune and Saturn in conjunction under Aries and Venus in opposition. That could mean more trouble with that girl, I s'pose. Then early in April you came under a new sign—money it looks like. Lots of it, and Venus is right for you. It looks like happiness. Now for the future, there's something I don't understand. There's a sort of jumble, an accident maybe, right ahead of you and then some kind of crisis. You're going to live quite happy with a woman for a while—and well that's all I can see, except—" she paused.

I raised my eyebrows. "Except what?" I asked. "I want the truth."

She lowered her head. "It might be a bad illness," she said, "but it's the combination I generally call a death—somebody else's death, that is. You aren't planning to murder anybody, are you?"

I leaned back in my chair and laughed heartily.

"Good Lord, no, Miss Clump! And even if I were, I have money enough to hire somebody to do it for me—like the government. Here's a check for you," I added. "Two thousand I think you said."

"Be careful," she told me in a low voice, almost in a whisper. "Be very, very careful. I don't like to see that combination in the stars. It might mean bad trouble."

I rejoined Harcourt in the downstairs bar of the Vanderbilt Hotel and gave him a quick account of Miss Clump's forecast, including her final warning.

"That looks pretty hot," he allowed,



"Brother, your troubles began when you didn't use the Warner 1-2 Treatment!"



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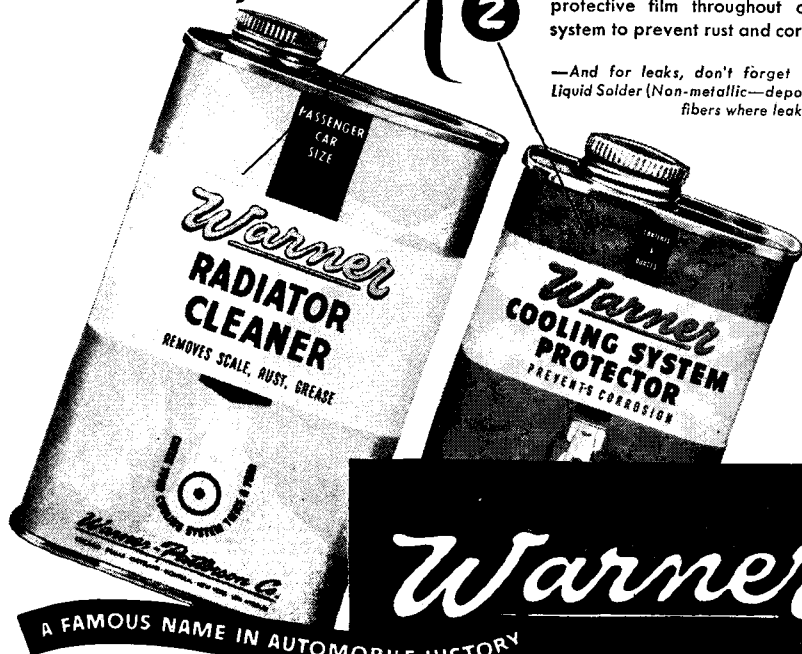
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"except that it sounds like anybody. The usual line is money coming in, success, trouble, and just call again sometime. Anyhow, the Bureau doesn't handle murder and you don't look like a killer to me, even though you've got yourself back in good shape, physically, I mean."

"She sounded pretty much in earnest," I told him, "but I'm damned if I know where I'd begin if I went in for a career of killing."

"So you think she's on the level?" he asked. "It's all hokey to me."

I considered carefully before I answered him. "The astrologers claim," I told him, "that they practice an exact science. They have won lawsuits based on that claim and have won exemption from the old statutes against gypsies and fortunetellers. Miss Clump is a good showman. Her fees are high as the Chrysler Building and her office costs plenty. No stuffed owls or dried bats or any junk that would make a businessman think he was going slumming. When she talked to me she seemed honestly surprised at what she claimed she saw in the stars and she certainly sounded entirely in earnest when she warned me. My guess is that she's on the level and has nothing to do with Von Bieberstein, if there is such a person."

HARCOURT sipped his orange juice, being on duty and hence not drinking, in official silence.

"You don't seriously think that she knows anything about Von Bieberstein, do you?" I asked.

He smiled ruefully. "No, I don't, but the way you describe her, she's a sort of nice, old-fashioned woman, and yet she drags down a thousand bucks for fifteen minutes of astral horse feathers in this tough burg. There's something screwy about a setup like that. It's going to be plenty work for the Bureau to check this one, before we're sure she's okay."

I told him that I didn't enjoy being put in the position of an F.B.I. Typhoid Mary, who automatically exposed his acquaintances to immediate visitations of G-men.

"Shucks, Mr. Tompkins," he assured me, "they'll never know we're around. We got a pretty smooth outfit now and we have ways of checking you never dreamed of. When we go to work, we do a neat job, and we try not to bother folks while we're doing it."

I rolled my eyes. "I'll be down at the office until late and then back to Westchester. I'll be in town again in the morning."

The highly respectable receptionist at the office of Tompkins, Wasson & Cone almost smiled at me.

"There are several gentlemen waiting for you, Mr. Tompkins," she announced. "Some of them have been here since before lunch. Do you plan to receive them or shall I ask them to return tomorrow?"

"No, I'll see them in a few minutes," I replied. "Miss Briggs will let you know."

No sooner had I settled down at my desk, however, than Graham Wasson and Phil Cone came dancing in, wreathed in ticker tape.

"We're rich! We're rich! We're rich!" they chanted.

"Where's the Marine Band and Hail to the Chief?" I asked.

"Just a bit under three million in one week," Wasson reflected. "It was as you said. We went short of the market and after Roosevelt's death, boy! Did they liquidate! And thanks to Phil here, we got out before the big boys put the squeeze on the shorts."

I pushed the button for Arthurjean.

"Who's been waiting the longest to see me, Miss Briggs?" I asked.

She consulted a little pack of memo forms. "There's this Mr. Sylvester," she said. "He was here when the office opened and has been waiting here all day. He wouldn't state his business."

"Okay," I replied. "Send him in or he'll faint from hunger."

Mr. Sylvester was florid in a quiet Latin way and looked as though he might be anything from an operatic tenor to the proprietor of a gambling ship. He waited until my partners had withdrawn and the office doors were closed.

"Mr. Tompkins," he said, speaking quietly, "I represent a syndicate that's reorganizing the free market in meat. We need a real smart guy, well-connected, like yourself, to head it up and keep track of the money. We'll pay a million dollars a year any way you like it—Swiss banks, Havana, Buenos Aires, Mexico City—and no tax. You interested?"

"I'm always interested in a million dollars but I never did like Atlanta," I told him.

"Atlanta!" He shrugged his shoulders. "We got lawyers could talk Capone outa Alcatraz, and we got a fix on the courts, too. What would you be doin' in Atlanta?"

"I doubt that they'd make me librarian," I said, "and I don't think I'd make the ball team, so I guess I'd have to work in the laundry. What's the trouble with the black market, anyhow? Seems to me you've got OPA right in your corner."

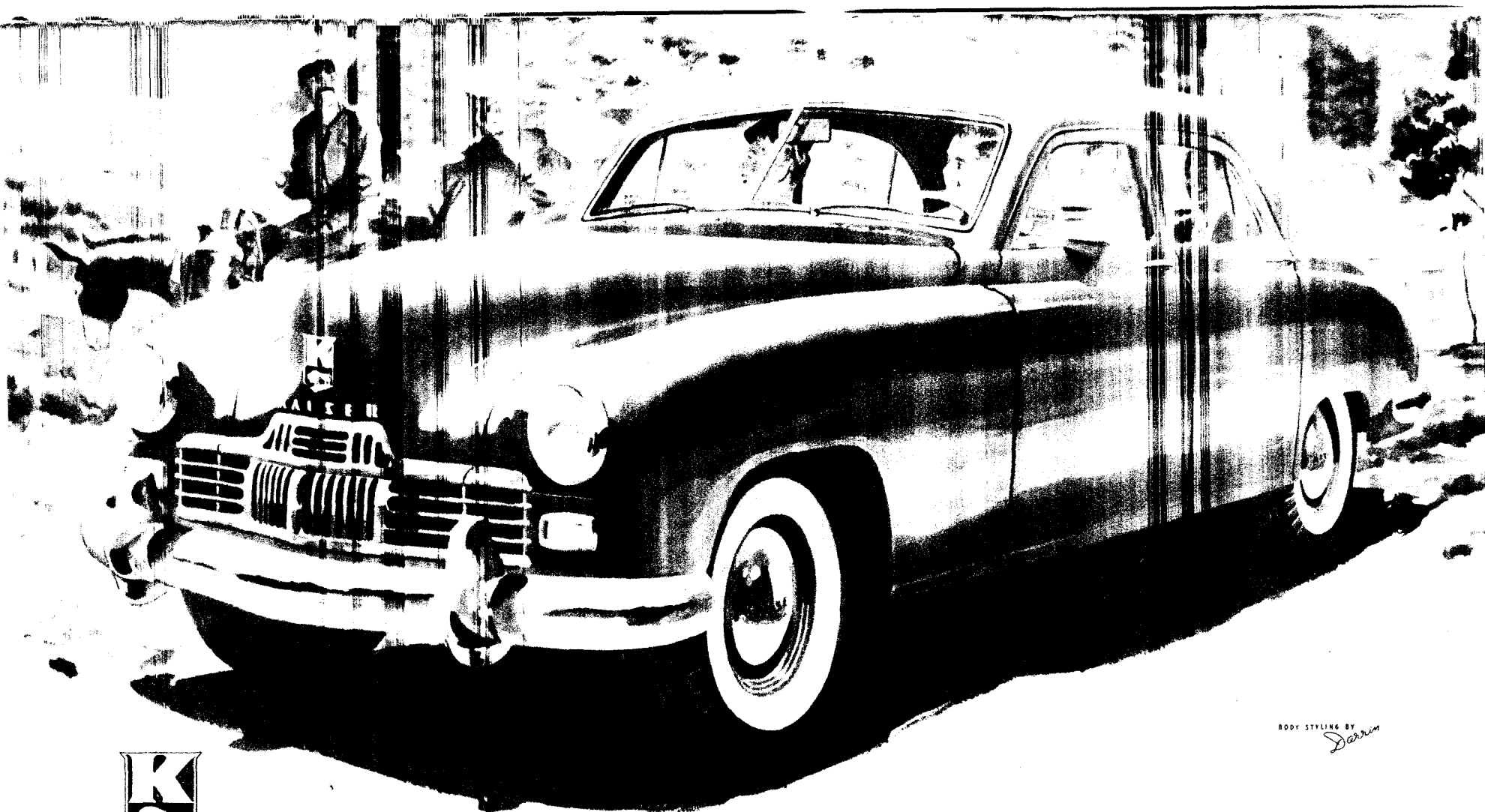
"Too many amateurs and outsiders," he told me, "just like with prohibition. Meat's bad and too many cops get a cut. We aim to do like the beer syndicates—"



"I made it out of just the seats of the pants of passers-by!"

COLLIER'S

JEFFERSON MACHAMER



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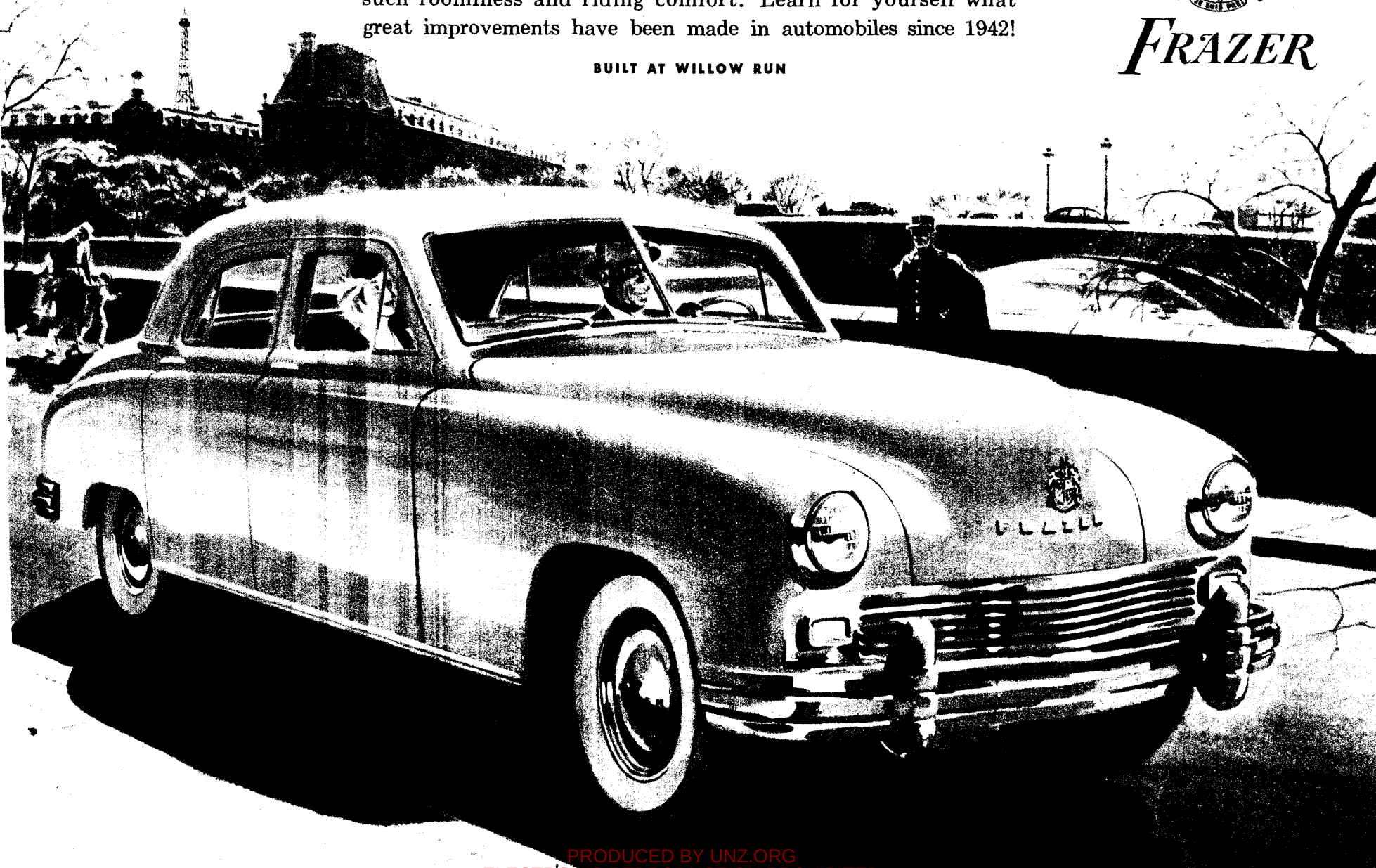
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I shook my head. "I've got a million and a half," I remarked.

"Okay." Mr. Sylvester straightened up, shook my hand and gave a little bow. "Think it over!" he urged. "If you change your mind, put an ad in the personal column of the Tuesday Review. 'Meet me anywhere, Winnie.' That's cute. Meet and meat, see? Our representative will call on you."

"Well, Miss Briggs, who's next?" I inquired, after Sylvester had withdrawn.

"One's a general but he comes after this other man, what's his name. Patrick Michael Shaughnessy, whoever he is."

"Send in the Irish," I told her. "Ten to one he's up to something crooked but has connections."

Mr. Shaughnessy was an Irish-American counterpart of the Mr. Sylvester who wanted to reorganize the free market for meat. He was a natty dresser and he spoke out of the corner of his mouth.

"Mr. Tompkins," he said cautiously, "I'm from the Democratic National Committee. We wanted to ask whether you'd consider a diplomatic appointment."

"Of course I would," I replied. I was thinking of Germaine's artless wish to be ambassador. But that depends on where I'm sent and that kind of thing. What have you in mind?"

"There's only one post open right now," he remarked. "That's Bolonia or Perunia or—hell, no, it's Bolivia. That's somewhere in America, ain't it?"

I agreed that Bolivia was located in the Western Hemisphere. "That's where the tin and llamas come from, Mr. Shaughnessy," I educated him. "The capital city of La Paz is located about twelve thousand feet high in the Andes and the inhabitants are mainly Indians. I don't think that Mrs. Tompkins would care for it."

HIS face fell. "You'd be an ambassador, of course," he said, "and that's always worth something. But if you wouldn't fall for Bolivia what about Ottawa?"

That's the capital of Canada. It's right next to Montreal and those places and there's good train service to New York any time you want to run down for a show or a haircut. The boss said Canada was a real buy."

"Oh, a buy?" I remarked.

Shaughnessy looked at me shrewdly. "Why, yes," he replied.

"How much will it cost me to be ambassador to Canada?" I asked the representative of the Democratic National Committee.

Shaughnessy was faintly aggrieved. "The boss don't like to talk about money and jobs that way, Mr. Tompkins. He always says think of the chance to serve the country. Say you're a good Democrat or if you aren't a Democrat you're the next thing to it, a Republican that is, and you want to make a contribution to the party. You see, we got to take care of the Senate so they'll vote to confirm you and there are some operators up there won't vote for nothing 'cept they get taken care of first. Then the rest we put into a dignified publicity campaign, to build you up with the public and let the Canucks see they're getting something special when your nomination comes up."

"Doesn't the State Department have

something to say about that?" I asked.

Shaughnessy told me exactly what the State Department could do about it, so I told him to let me have a few days to think it over. After all, three hundred thousand dollars was quite a lot of money to pay for a diplomatic post. It wasn't as though I could make it pay off in Scotch whisky or mining shares as in the past.

"That's what you think," the agent of the Democratic National Committee rapped out. "Listen, Mr. Tompkins, if you buy that job, take me along as your private secretary and I'll show you how to make it pay like a bank and no ifs. What shall I tell the gang?"

"Tell them that I'm definitely interested," I replied truthfully, "but I'd like a couple of weeks to think it over."

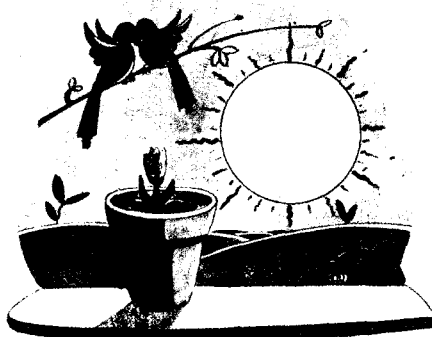
MY NEXT visitor was General Forbes Forbes-Dutton of the Army Service Forces.

"Remember me, Winnie?"

He advanced effusively upon me.

"Why, sure!" I replied with great cordiality. "If it isn't—"

"That's right," the general interrupted.



SIGNS OF LIFE

Winter's getting old and older,
The pallid sun grows bold and bolder.

Its incandescent bulb is stronger,
And afternoons are growing longer,
While yonder flowerpotted crocus
Proves spring is coming into focus.

—Margaret Fishback

"Well, boy, after Pearl Harbor I got me—I was asked to go to Washington to help out, so the bank said it was my duty, that they'd hold my job for me, and I've been there ever since. I'm on Westervelt's staff, in charge of financial procurement policies. Neat, eh?"

"So you're still working for the bank?"

"Not for them, Winnie. With them. We're both working for the government. Financing war contracts, you know. Now we've heard good things about you, Winnie. I was much impressed by the way you turned down that gang of chisellers who tried to horn in on the quinine deal. They're all out. We've got a big job in mind for you. How'd you like to be a brigadier general?"

"It's a little late for that," I told him. "The war's almost over."

He laughed very heartily. "It's a honey of a job, Winnie. Here's what gives. This war's almost over, as you say. Then the Army will have the job of selling off the stuff it doesn't need and, boy, it has everything! We've just about cornered everything there is and the whole world's going to be crying for the stuff. We want a good trader in charge, who knows how to play ball with the boys, realistic that is. No stargazer, eh? And that's where you come in. There's millions in it. Hell,

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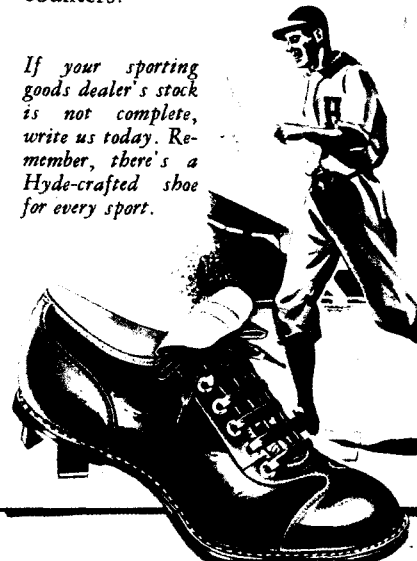
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Collier's for March 29, 1947

there's billions! We got to go slow in selling it or we'd bust the market, wreck values and stall reconversion, so when we heard how you cleaned up in the funeral market, we figured: How about it? Want to play ball and get next to the biggest break you ever heard of?"

I looked Forbes-Dutton squarely in the eye. "Isn't it going to be a headache?" I asked. "I mean, won't there be a stink in Congress about it? I'm no fall guy."

The general shook his head. "Congress is in on it, every man jack of them outside a few screwballs," he assured me. "We got a deal worked out in every district—all legal and clean, of course—so there isn't a senator or congressman that can't march right up to the trough and get his. Hell! There's so much of it—food, tractors, jeeps, clothes, ships, factories even—that we could buy every congressman ten times over and still have plenty of glue. With you on top—"

"It still sounds as though you were looking for a fall guy," I told him.

He again laughed merrily. "Anywhere you fall in this surplus game you'd still land soft and be in clover. What about it? Shall I phone the Pentagon and tell them you're in?"

"Sorry to stall you," I said, "but I've got to think it over. I've got to talk to my lawyer. I'd still like to come down to Washington and study the angles."

"Angles? Hell! This hasn't any more angles than a big ripe watermelon. Brigadier general's not a bad title for postwar use. When these G.I.s come back they'll want to find soldiers running things. Okay, Winnie, I see your point. I'll tell the general you'll be coming down to look the ground over. You'll get the Order of Merit, of course—"

"I've already got it," I informed him.

"The hell you say! That's wonderful. Well, then we'll fly you over to London or Brisbane and give you a couple of theater citations to dress you up. After a couple of weeks on Ike's or Mac's staff you'll have a build-up like nobody's business. Then we make a killing. Great to have seen you. 'By!'"

When the door closed behind General Forbes Forbes-Dutton I called for Arthurjean.

"Honey," I told her, "get me a snort of brandy."

"What's eating you, Winnie?" she asked.

"I've just been propositioned by two gentlemen who would be complimented if you called them almost any insulting

name," I told her. "The only honest man I've met today was that first little guy. All he wanted me to do was to help reorganize the black market. Who's left now?"

She poured me a drink and I put it where it would do the most good.

"There's only this one man who calls himself Charles G. Smith and has been waiting some time. He looks like a crank. Shall I give him a handout and tell him to go away?"

I shook my head. "I'll see Mr. Smith but tell him to make it snappy. I can't take much more of the current brand of patriotism."

CHARLES G. SMITH was a small man, with a protruding Adam's apple, buckteeth and shabby clothes. He ignored my outstretched hand and advanced on me, with a glittering eye.

"Mr. Tompkins," he announced, in a curiously deep, velvety voice, "you have made millions of dollars that you must soon leave behind you. You have invested years of your life in collecting and keeping those dollars—little disks of metal, little slips of paper. What have you invested in the only thing you will be permitted to take with you when you leave?"

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"I mean your immortal soul, Mr. Tompkins, your immortal soul," said Mr. Charles G. Smith.

"Oh, Lord! A religious crank!" I exclaimed.

"Naturally," he agreed proudly. "I'd rather be crazy about God than nuts about money. Why not?"

I looked at him with growing respect. Why not, indeed? I thought.

"My case is out of your line, Mr. Smith," I told him.

"They all say that," he replied, "but God doesn't think so."

"My case is different," I repeated. "You see, I have not one but two immortal souls."

He nodded benignly. "I know," he said. "God told me that you were in trouble."

"That sounds as though you and I were buddies, Mr. Smith," I observed. "Where can I find Him? I sometimes think it will take God Himself to straighten out my case."

Smith shrugged his shoulders. "You can't find Him," he said. "You've got to wait until He finds you."

(To be concluded next week)

FIBBER MCGEE and MOLLY—famous radio comedy team heard every Tuesday night on the NBC network for Johnson's Wax—say:



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PENCIL of the PRO'S

You can renew the lead and eraser in a Scripto pencil in a few seconds with long, strong Scripto refill leads and snap-in erasers. Keep a pack of each within your reach.

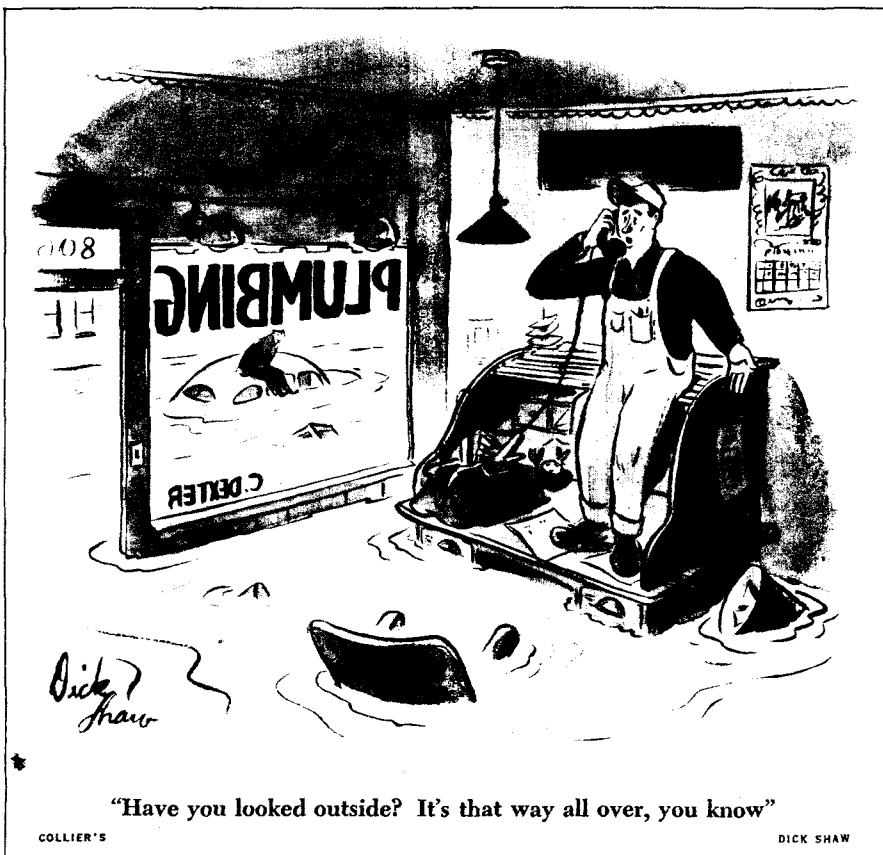
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Arrow indicates refill signal visible through jewel-like translucent barrel of model illustrated. Also in opaque plastic.

20¢



"Have you looked outside? It's that way all over, you know"

THE WEEK'S MAIL

Continued from page 4

LINCOLN'S SANDBURG

DEAR SIR: Re Mr. Sandburg's What Would Mr. Lincoln Do Today? I think he would say: A house divided against itself cannot stand.

We are now engaged in a great undeclared civil war, testing whether the nation can any longer endure.

Old Andy Jackson on his deathbed regretted that he had not hanged John C. Calhoun; so will I regret any New Dealers that I leave unridiculed and unchanged.

F. W. SMITH, Chicago, Ill.

... In his 4th paragraph Mr. Sandburg writes: "And when such an one does . . ." Webster says: "In present usage 'a' is invariably the form of the indefinite article before words beginning with a consonant sound . . . such a one . . ."

Grammar is not very stable but is this a mistake by Sandburg?

C. PETER TRAWLEY, St. Lawrence U., N. Y.

You modernists are right but we artists will be pardoned for observing old grammar rules.

TUT TUT, SIR!

DEAR SIR: Where on earth did your cover editor get the idea for the February 8th issue? I had to read the explanation on The Week's Work page to make sense out of the thing. And where did he get the subjects? Are they really models for Montgomery Ward or are they what they appear to me to be, fugitives from King Tut's tomb?

Is the staff running out of white shirts, shorts, or nylons and has to use this means of acquiring them? We have lots of these things in Canada and I would prefer to get them and give them to you rather than have you prostitute yourselves.

JULIAN BAIR, Seattle, Wash.

In rebuttal, we suggest Mr. Bair cast his eyes on Mary James, one of the girls on the cover—snapped candidly by Mr. David Peskin. If this is the kind of girl King Tut had for company, we're leaving for 2000 B.C.



DEPARTMENT OF CORRECTION

DEAR SIR: In his otherwise intelligent article, Factories Are Fortresses (Feb. 8th), Mr. Drew Middleton reports that the U.S.S.R. was "aiming at a capacity of 60,000,000 tons of steel and 50,000,000 tons of cast iron in 1950." This is inaccurate. These figures are being held as a goal for 1960. This error persists. Too bad Collier's and fairly responsible reporters are so afraid of being considered Red that they don't read Russian accounts of things behind the Iron Curtain.

J. W. HARVEY, JR., Manistee, Mich.

Collier's for March 29, 1947

The backbone of the Pennsylvania Dutch were so-called Hessians captured by American troops. When released, they preferred this country to the old, and settled on the land. Added to these were Huguenots, Scotch Covenanters, and about 400 Mennonites from Switzerland.

This conglomeration intermarried, and evolved its present speech, really a dialect, with no grammar, set form or literature. It differs in various counties.

Mr. Botsford's second paragraph on page 57 is ridiculous: Amish Mennonites!! You might as well speak of Quaker Baptists! There are Dunkards, who are quite mild, but whose women wear dark plain clothes; Old Mennonites, somewhat more strict, whose women wear only black or gray plain clothes. The New Mennonites are almost as strict as the Amish, and their women wear only black. All three groups use buttons on their clothes; but the Amish, very strict in religion, wear hooks and eyes, as buttons are a "vanity." The women of all four groups wear poke bonnets on the street, and little lace caps in the house; women's hair is also a "vanity."

The Amish again are divided into two groups: two-suspender Amish, and one-suspender Amish, the strictest of all. These wear a single strap diagonally over their shoulders to hold their pants up!

One more criticism: When did a Pennsylvania Dutchwoman in Kleinfeltersville, Schaefferstown, Cocalico, Reinholds, or Ephrata ever use a "French dressing" for pickled mushrooms? Even a native of Intercourse, Bird in Hand, Paradise, Blue Ball or Bareville wouldn't do that! She'd make a dressing of hot bacon fat and vinegar, and "lightly toss" them into that! Mr. Botsford should stick to his recipes and stop trying to describe a people who are the salt of the earth.

MILLARD H. ASHTON, Buffalo, N. Y.

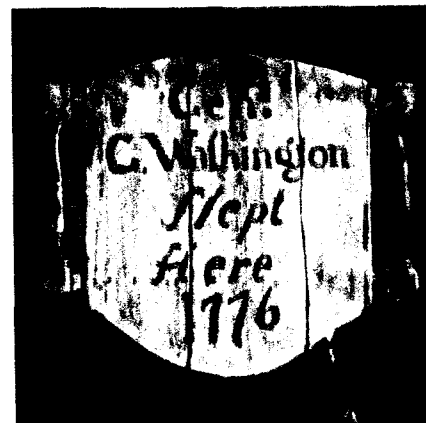
... Mr. Botsford states: "The dishes they serve differ but little from the dishes served a century ago" and gives recipes for Grumbere Pfannkuchen and Ob'l Puffers which call for the use of baking powder. A century ago, baking powder was unknown. All early American women used baking soda with sour milk, and baking soda and cream of tartar with sweet milk for leavening so-called quick foods—foods in which yeast is not used.

MINNIE ESTABROOK WILLIAMS, Canton, N. Y.

WAFFINGTON FLEPT HERE

DEAR EDITOR: After reading about Earl Blossom's many troubles in making up This Week's Cover (Feb. 22d), I decided to study it the second time. Was it an error or just an old way to spell Washington with a "th"?

MRS. J. P. URBANSKI, Coraopolis, Pa.



It wasn't either. Washington's name is spelled with the Anglo-Saxon long "s," which resembled the "f," except that the bar doesn't go completely across the letter. That doesn't mean that Thomas Jefferson was our 3d President.

Style HIGH AND DRY IN DAN RIVER STORMWEAR

Fair-weather coat, to all appearances. Reason? It's Dantwill,* one of Dan River's Stormwear Fabrics. Looks like worsted gabardine. Actually tightly-woven, fine cotton twill. Vat dyed, Sanforized,† Zelan-treated for bone-dry performance, it can be washed or dry cleaned without losing its water repellency. You can tell it on sight by the Dan River label.



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The Keene
DOVETAIL
EXCLUSIVELY KEENE

"BEST... ALL-AROUND!"

KEENE PRODUCTS, INC.

34 Exchange Place, Jersey City 2, N. J.

HEARNO, SPEAKNO, SEENO

Continued from page 15

movie producer sees them," the redhead says, "Mike has got his fortune made. The movies are always saying they want new faces."

"Look," the Gyrene says, "why are we wasting time on this scuttlebutt? Here I got separated at 9 this A.M. and I have not even found a place to sleep yet!"

"If we only had a place to leave the monkeys," she says to me, "we could move in with my folks. But what are we going to do?" she says.

This was when this idea hit me which I would say at this point you would have done the same thing. A guy is a human even if he is a leatherneck and you have often said yourself the Marines are a great outfit. And besides which a veteran deserves a break.

"Maybe," I says, "I could keep the monkeys for you."

The redhead kind of squealed and I bet I would have got kissed only the Gyrene was not a type that would like it unfortunately. "I knew all along you had a kind face," she says.

"Chum," the Gyrene says, "if you take care of the monkeys I will take care of you." He was not looking so much like a spaniel any longer on account of he was grinning like a chess cat. "I will split with you on every penny the monkeys make," he says.

So we all shook hands all around and I took Hearno and Seeno and Speakno and they drove away singing something about the hauls of mazuma and that is

why you have got monkeys in your oil storeroom.

Now I have got their phone number and I could call up and tell them to come get the monkeys if you want to be like that. Only I am sure you are going to see it my way and not I hope. This would foul up the deal and I know you would not stand in the way of me having the opportunity of a lifetime to step into a new career as half a monkeys' manager.

So leave us not be a jerk and skip that stuff about do I want to leave Saturday. The Gyrene has not been back yet and the monkeys have not seen a movie producer yet and I will give you all the notice you want when I sign a contract which I might not.

J. McGettrick

P.S. I notice you seem to have forgot about the \$25 fish I asked you for which I know you were excited about whether I was going to leave or not probably naturally. Leave us not forget about this again as I would like to buy those red coats for the monkeys with brass buttons before we try and get in the movies.

J. McG.

P.S. I have been thinking over about you not being able to get in the oil storeroom on account of the monkeys. I am taking the oil and grease out of the storeroom and on account of there is not room to stack them in the driveway I am piling same on the flat part of the roof that sticks out over the gas



"I seem to have lost a half-full bag of walnuts, a nut-cracker, a glove, a shoe and a valuable baguette bracelet"

COLLIER'S

JOHN RUGE



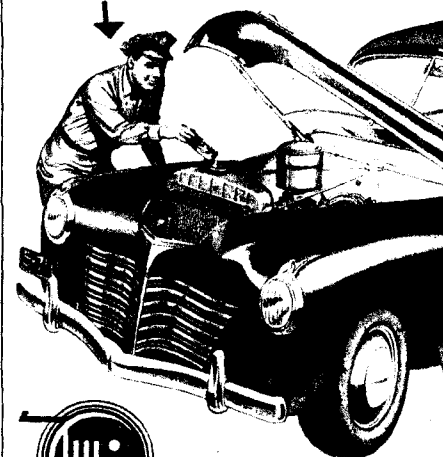
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80

pumps. Now all you got to do when you want a quart of oil is climb a ladder. Joe.

Wednesday, 6:00 P.M.

McGettrick:

This settles it. When I came in this A.M. and found cans of oil and drums of grease all over the station roof I made up my mind. You say you know I would not stand in the way of you having the opportunity of a lifetime. You are right. Being a monkeys' manager is exactly what you are cut out for and I wish you success. You can step into your new career Sunday A.M., as the Saturday midnight shift will be your last one. You will find your check in the cash register at that time.

Fred Updike, Prop.

Thursday, 12:01 A.M.

Dear Sarge:

I have just come in and read your note which I can see you are excited. Leave us not go off half cocked over a mere trifle. Especially to the point of firing our best friend and forgetting again about the 25 bucks he has been asking us for like we did not even want the monkeys to have red coats with brass buttons.

Now about the monkeys I can see how you stand on the same. And when it comes to a tossup over stepping into a new career which is not definite or walking out on a guy who he said once I could work for him as long as I wanted there is only one person I would give the break to and you know who. My pal.

So I have just called up the Gyrene on the phone and told him to come get his monkeys which he did not like on account of I got him out of bed.

"Chum," he says, "I cannot come get them. If I take monkeys into this house my wife's old man will toss me out. What is the percentage in that?"

"If I keep them here," I says, "my boss is not only going to toss me out but he has just about the same as done it already practically. You figure the percentage in that."

"Chum," he says, "I am not interested in figuring out percentages at this point. I will make you a deal. Keep the monkeys and I will give them to you outright."

"No," I says. "You come get your monkeys."

"What do you think I am?" he says which he did not give me a chance to tell him as he hung up. So I am now going to lock up for a few minutes and put Hearn and Seeno and Speakno in my car and take them to the Gyrene and he is going to take them off of my hands if it has to be over a dead body. That is what I think of you.

Also when I get back I am going to take all that oil and grease down off of the roof and put it back in the storeroom and police up the station so you can take and eat off of the driveway if you want it. Will you change your mind about somebody.

J. McGettrick

P.S. It is 1 in the A.M. now and I have just got back and it does not look as if I am liable to have time to take that stuff down off of the roof. This is on account of a slight accident which my plans have been changed and I am going to keep the monkeys which I will write out.

I got Hearn and Seeno and Speakno into the car all O. K. as it is duck soup to make them march anywhere if you whistle "Yankee Doodle" and everything was swell until I got to Sunset Blvd which I had to cross on account of the redhead's house being the other side of. So I waited till I saw this break in the traffic and then I gave her the gun and this was when Seeno happened to think of a trick which was putting his hands over his eyes. Only on account of he was sitting behind of me he put them over mine.

The next thing I knew there was this

crash and the car kind of stopped and when I got Seeno off of me I happened to notice I had snagged the rear bumper of a little guy in a chauffeur driven limousine who he was getting out looking a little mad in a dress suit from the back seat and traffic was piling up and horns were blowing and the monkeys were on the radiator making like a totem pole and saluting like crazy and a crowd was collecting up like it was something unusual which you know how easy it is to draw a crowd in Hollywood.

"My good man," the guy in the dress suit says, "why doesn't my car look where you are going?"

"What?" I says.

"You ought to call an officer and have my driver's license taken away from you," he says. "Who do I think you are? Am I drunk?"

Which it is not for me to say but he had a breath that you take off varnish.

"Mr. Goldbun," the chauffeur says who he had the bumpers untangled by this time, "don't you think you better get back in the car?"

"Take my hands off you," the guy says. "I ought to—"

This was when he stopped on account of he had just happened to see the monkeys. They had quit making like a totem pole and they were all looking at him and Hearn had his fingers in his ears and Seeno was peeking out from between of his fingers and Speakno was just sitting there.

"They are who?" the guy says.

"Monkeys," I says.

"You have got the DDT," he says. "Elephants I would not hold against you and snakes also. But with monkeys you have got to quit the stuff."

"One of us is wrong," I says. "One of us is sober."

"You poor fellow," he says.

"Look," I says. Which I took the monkeys and put them through all of their tricks and then I whistled "Yankee Doodle" and they marched route step back to the car and the crowd clapped and the guy just stood there with his mouth open rubbing his head.

"You are going to hate yourself in the morning," he says to me. "But if the monkeys are still there when you wake up," he says, "bring them to me."

Then he gave me a card which it says BEN GOLDBUN, EXECUTIVE PRODUCER, PARAMOUR PICTURES and got back into his limousine. "You go home," he says to the chauffeur. "You feel like I need another drink."

So from the above you will see I am sitting pretty. This is on account of the Gyrene said over the phone already he would give me the monkeys outright and that makes me all their manager 100 per cent. So I am going to take them to see Mr. Goldbun the first thing in the A.M. which is why I will not have time to take the oil and grease down off of the roof as I want to give them a bath before we sign the contract which they need around the feet especially.

Also I would say not to worry about the station as I am not going to let you down. I will come in at the usual time as usual tomorrow night and after I leave I will think of you often and give you the gas business on all of my cars. That is how you stand with me pal.

J. McGettrick

P.S. This is to remind you again about the \$25 I asked for which I suppose they will not pay me until the monkeys have worked a week maybe and they still would look cute in red coats with brass buttons.

J. McG.

P.S. It is too bad you are not here to see the monkeys having their bath. They are more fun than a barrelful of people.

Joe.

Thursday, 6:00 P.M.

McGettrick:

I have read your note and I have only

Collier's for March 29, 1947

got one thing to say to you. You keep asking for \$25. You are not going to get it. You are not even going to get your pay check Saturday unless you get those oil cans and grease drums down off the roof and back into the storeroom. And I mean tonight. This is an order.

Fred Updike, Prop.

Friday, 3:00 A.M.

Dear Sarge:

I am a little late writing this but that does not mean I did not come in at midnight which I did. The reason I am late is on account of several things happening which you may notice the cans and drums all over the driveway and the street and the oil running all over a little and the monkeys back in the storeroom. None of this is my fault and you can blame it all on Mr. Goldbun who I have always heard everybody in the movie business is a screwball and I believe it after what happened when I went to see him at the Paramount Studios this A.M.

First there was this guard they got on the gate that I had to show Mr. Goldbun's card to. He looked over me and then he looked over the monkeys which he did not like any part of us and then he took us inside to another guard and they both looked over us only more so. After this they both took us to another guard and he came along with all of us to Mr. Goldbun's office and it was like a squad of MPs was marching you to the pokey only I had to whistle "Yankee Doodle" to keep the monkeys moving and the guards all fell in step.

So we got to this door and one of the guards knocked and no answer so he pushed it open and Mr. Goldbun was sitting at a desk with his eyes shut and his head in his hands kind of moaning.

"Quiet," the guard says, "he is thinking." Which if you ask me he was just hanging over. "It is a studio rule," the guard says, "we got to wait till he finishes a thought."

So we might be waiting there yet only on account of a little thing which was Speakno remembering Mr. Goldbun from the night before and running over and pulling his pants leg. Mr. Goldbun opened one eye and looked down. Then he opened the other eye and looked up. This was on account of Hearnno was hanging from the chandelier by this time by his tail and Seeno was sitting on the bookcase holding his head just like Mr. Goldbun and at this point Mr. Goldbun jumped onto his desk and started screaming slightly.

"Get them away from me!" he says.

"But Mr. Goldbun—" I says which I

did not get to finish my thought as a guard happened to put his hand over my mouth just then.

"Last night," Mr. Goldbun says, "it was you that had them. But now I have got them myself! Get them off of the lot," he says to the guards. "The big one too!" Which they did.

After picking myself up off of the sidewalk I thought I would give some of the other studios a chance at the monkeys but no dice. Every studio in Hollywood is all alike. You can not get inside of the studio without a pass and the Joe that makes with the passes is always inside the studio.

So I took the monkeys home and my wife was surprised a little on account of I had not thought to mention having monkeys to her. This was because I was afraid I might say something about the \$25 I have been trying to get from you accidentally for red coats with brass buttons and she would put her foot down on it. However I did not need to worry about this as there was not time for us to talk on account of the minute we got into the house Hearnno put on my wife's new hat that was laying on the davenport and Seeno started in to eating the little artificial cherries off of it and the next minute we were out on the street again and Speakno was offering me the lend of his bandage as he could see I was holding my head where I had got hit in the excitement with a broom.

So I drove them around in the car until it was time to come to work which I found your note where it said I would not even get my pay check unless I got the oil and grease down off of the roof. Now I am not a type that would say no to an old pal on a little favor like this. I got me a ladder and started up there and this was when several little things kind of happened unfortunately.

First the monkeys got up the ladder ahead of me and I started in whistling "Yankee Doodle" to make them march down. I guess this was what gave Hearnno this idea he ought to have a drum to beat. Only on account of he had mislaid his coconut shell somewhere he picked up a quart can of engine oil and it slipped out of his hands and fell down to the driveway and busted open.

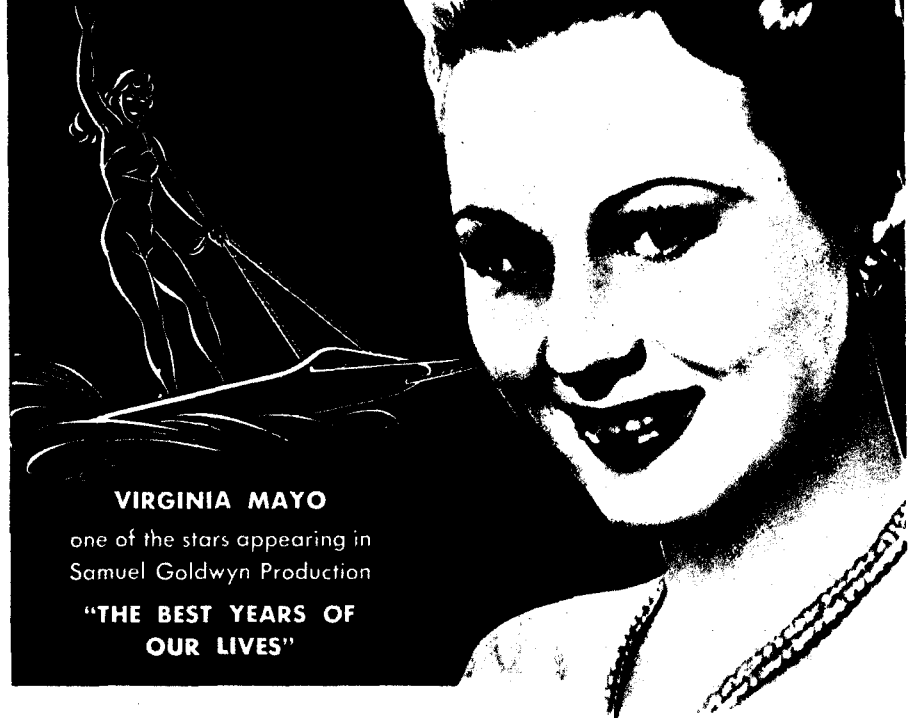
So Speakno saw this and he had to go and throw one down too and Hearnno took the top off of a drum of pressure lube and started heaving it down by handfuls and Speakno and Seeno got some more cans to throw and in a minute the driveway and the street in front of the station looked like a shambles only slipperier and here I was yelling and whistling and dodging grease and

"Plenty of milk helps Virginia Mayo stay trim and slender."

Says IDA ECKWALL

Studio Dietitian

Samuel Goldwyn Productions, Inc.



VIRGINIA MAYO

one of the stars appearing in
Samuel Goldwyn Production

"THE BEST YEARS OF
OUR LIVES"

"Many of the loveliest stars in Hollywood take diet suggestions from me," says Miss Eckwall, "and I always recommend three or four glasses of milk a day.

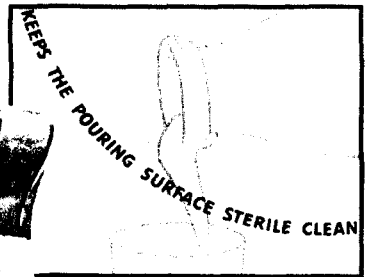
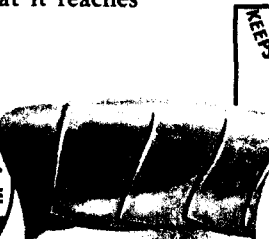
"The vitamins and minerals supplied by milk are essential, and milk does not in itself add figure-spoiling pounds."

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Because the importance of milk as a basic food is so well recognized, it is surrounded with safeguards of every kind to insure that it reaches

you with all its original purity and wholesomeness.

One of the extra sanitary precautions used by modern dairies is sealed protection of the pouring surface of the milk bottle—as provided by the Sealright Hood. Sealed on over the regular bottle cap, this hood keeps the pouring surface safe from contact with hands, moisture, melting ice or dust-laden air until you yourself break the seal. Its protection goes all the way home.



Sealright

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CANADIAN SEALRIGHT CO., LTD., PETERBOROUGH, ONTARIO, CANADA
SPECIALISTS IN SANITARY PACKAGES FOR FOOD PRODUCTS

"Well, there's the economic postwar readjustment now current, and the temporary recession in non-essential commodities and the widespread buyer timidity in the middle brackets and, as you know, the product stinks"

COLLIER'S JOHN MILLIGAN

What a man!
...and what a Marlboro



Spoken like a sport, little lady . . . for you're talking about your stiffest competition. Naturally, you can't expect *all* eyes to be on your Easter chapeau . . . when your chap is decked out in a Marlboro!

P.S.—Any man's mirror shows why Marlboro white shirts are most admired, most desired.

Marlboro Shirt Company, Inc., Baltimore, Md.



Marlboro

SHIRTS



SPORTSWEAR

oil and not getting anywhere with anything.

This was when this police car came down the street and I will say it was lucky they were not going any faster which if they were they might have knocked the telephone pole clean over instead of just bending it a little when they skidded in the oil. And there was no reason for the cops to get excited even if one of them did slip and fall getting out and his gun went off and he thought it was me shooting at him and shot back. All he did was put 5 holes in the drum of winter grade transmission lube I happened to duck behind at the moment which was all the more mess.

Also there was no reason for them calling the fire department in case somebody dropped a match and the emergency squad to rope off the street and the riot squad to catch the monkeys. There was very few cars that skidded going around the trolley that got stuck on account of the grease on the tracks and the monkeys ceased firing when they ran out of ammo and went back to the storeroom by themselves and the pictures the newspapers came and took will prove everything.

So from the above you will see that none of this is any of my fault which it would not have happened if Mr. Goldbun had give the monkeys a contract as then I would not have tried to take the stuff down off the roof as a favor to you. And he might have give them a contract if you had only come through with the \$25 I have been asking for as red coats with brass buttons would have made a big difference in the impression they made on him I am quite sure maybe.

However there is no use asking for the same any more something tells me as you will be pretty sore when you come in this A.M. probably and see things. Also I guess I better take your offer and leave after the Saturday midnight shift even if it is liable to make my wife madder than she is already which is on account of the monkeys ruining her hat. And even if you do not change your mind by any chance and ask an old pal to stay on I will always think of you as a friend and a guy which I saved the life of once who I would never do a thing like this to believe me.

J. McGettrick

Friday, 6:00 P.M.

McGettrick:

I have got a little surprise for you. You are going to stay on the job. Furthermore, you are going to stay on the

job a long time. Because you are going to keep working until you have paid off every nickel of the damage you and your monkeys did. And from the way it looks now the bill is going to be bigger than that experiment at Bikini.

It is not only for the grease and oil which is only going to run \$40 or \$50. There is also the telephone company who had a lawyer here this A.M. with a damage suit for the pole the cop's car tipped over and a guy from the City Attorney's office that says I have got to pay for the repairs to the car, too, and a Joe from the street department who says they are sending me a bill for scraping the oil off.

I have not had time to add all this up as we have had a rush of customers all day on account of the papers all had pictures of the monkeys and the station this A.M., and that is good advertising. But sit tight and I will give you the bill. And in the meantime, if you do not get those monkeys to hell out of the storeroom tonight I am going to skin you alive, skin the skin, bury you six feet deep and then sue you.

Fred Urdike, Prop.

Saturday, 2:00 A.M.

Dear Sarge:

I am a little late again writing this note which it does not mean I have not been here. I have been running like a chicken with a head off ever since midnight as you said the pictures in the paper were a good ad and it sure was as I have had so many customers I have not had time to close my eyes even. This ought to make you happy as I know you are a loving guy of a cash register and also you will notice the monkeys are out of the storeroom which you have been griping about too.

The way this happened was this Gyrene and the redhead drove in about an hour ago which they had seen the papers and they were sorry.

"Chum," the Gyrene says, "you seem to have got into a spot trying to help me."

"You have got a kind face," the redhead says, "and we want to square things. What can we do?"

"You can take your monkeys," I says.

"Anything but that," the Gyrene says.

"Where would we sleep?"

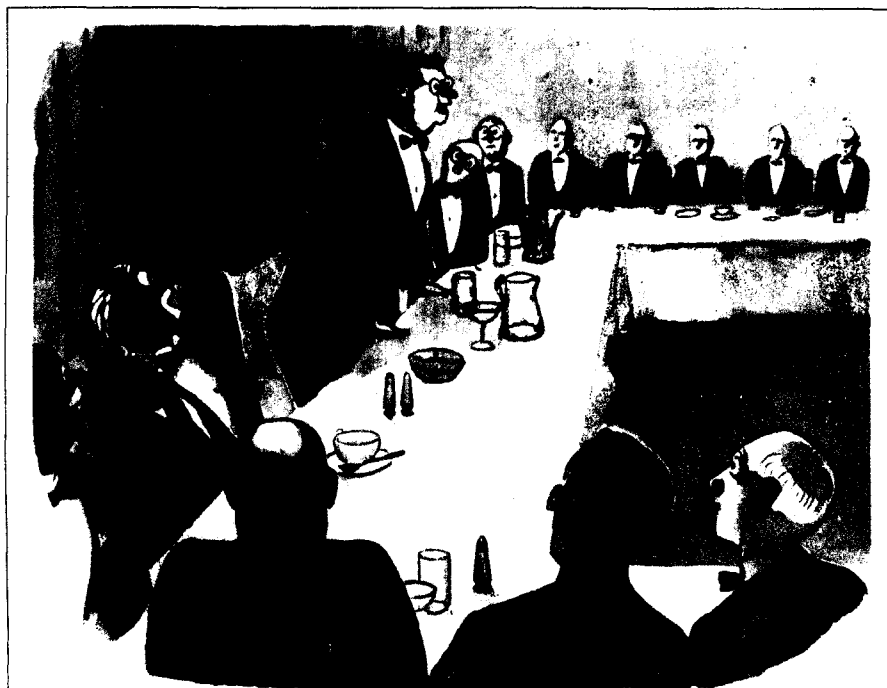
"That is not my problem," I says.

"You take them or else."

"Or else what?" he says.

I did not have an answer to this as the Gyrene is a pretty big guy but the redhead saved me the trouble.

"Mike," she says, "we will take them off this nice man's hands. Even if we

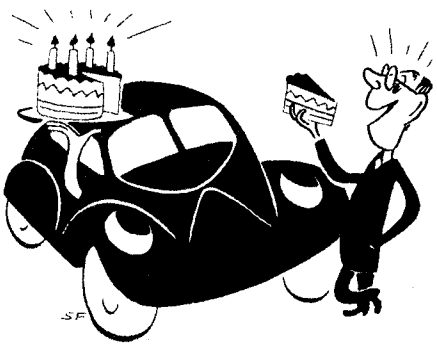


"The papers are going to print my speech in the morning editions, so there's no use boring you with it now"

COLLIER'S

CHARLES PEARSON

Collier's for March 29, 1947



I'm sharing
my birthday
cake with
the boss!



Because when he has my cooling system drained for spring, he has the service man give me a *complete* Nor'way* Radiator Service job. With my radiator feeling fresh and clean as mint, I'm ready to roll up my sleeves and pitch into summer!



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Collier's for March 29, 1947



"Oh, dear! You finished your mashed potatoes already and I meant to ask you if you would look for my ring!"

COLLIER'S

HERB WILLIAMS

have to go back to riding around in the car all night."

I do not know if he would have took them or not because just then this limousine drove in and you will never guess who it was. Mr. Goldbun. Who he was as sober as some judges.

"I have come to see my discoveries," he says.

"What?" I says.

"Don't interrupt," he says. "My reading department saw their pictures in the paper," he says, "and right off I recognized them as the monkeys I discovered personally on Sunset Blvd. I am thinking of casting them into a short sequence," he says, "and I could also think of buying them outright. Who is the monkeys' agent?"

"I own them," I says.

"Chum," the Gyrene says, "you just gave them back to me. Remember?"

"I am tired of these jurisdictional disputes," Mr. Goldbun says. "Who do I talk to and how much?"

"Me," the redhead says. "And I could listen to five thousand."

"I could only say five hundred," he says.

"In that case," the redhead says, "I could listen to three thousand."

"Could you listen to seven fifty?" he says.

"By straining," she says, "I might be able to hear a thousand."

"That is what I like," Mr. Goldbun says, "no haggling." Which he took out a roll and peeled off a grand without a quaver almost. "Deliver me the monkeys," he says.

So I got Hearn and Seeno and Speakno out of the oil storeroom and they shook hands all around except Speakno who he has got this sudden idea of trying to kiss people. Then we showed Mr. Goldbun how to whistle "Yankee Doodle" which he did with a little accent and he marched them into his car and they drove off and here was the redhead and the Gyrene and me with a thousand dollars. Only the redhead was holding it.

"Well," the Gyrene says, "shall we say good night?"

"Not so fast," I says. "How about my split?"

"What split?" the Gyrene says. "You gave the monkeys back to me," he says. "Leave us go," he says to the redhead.

"Mike," she says, "this nice man deserves half of the money and you know it."

"Leave him try and get it," he says.

"Chum," I says, "come over here behind the grease rack."

"Gladly," he says. Which we went behind the grease rack and he started rolling up his sleeves. Only I stopped him.

"Look," I says. "I just happened to

notice Speakno has got this idea of kissing people suddenly. A monkey would not kiss people unless he had seen people kissing people."

"Sure," he says. "Those South Sea Island babes were always kissing people."

"Who?" I says. Which he just stood there looking at me a minute.

"I see your point," he says.

"I wonder if your wife would see it," I says.

"Let us go back and talk to her," he says. Which we did. "Give this man five hundred dollars," he says to her.

"Why?" she says.

"Because he has got a kind face," he says.

Which it shows how it pays to keep a kind face because she not only give me the five hundred but she just the same as squeezed my hand when we said goodbye which I rather you would not mention to my wife if you happen to see her as I got her sore enough already at me about the hat the monkeys tore up. In fact we are not speaking any more except when she mentions it.

Anyway you will find the \$500 herewith which you can use towards the damages you mentioned and take the rest of it out of my pay little by little. Only make it as little by little as possible on account of this is going to be another thing that is pretty rugged explaining to my wife.

J. McGettrick

Saturday, 6:00 P.M.

McGettrick:

This is to acknowledge receipt of the \$500. You are a lucky guy. I have been figuring up the damages and they come to \$475.05.

I am willing to forget a nickel for an old pal, especially as business has been so good since you got the monkeys' pictures in the paper. So you have got a balance of \$25, exactly what you have been crying your eyes out for all week. You will find it herewith, also your regular weekly pay check.

Fred Updike, Prop.

Sunday, 12:30 A.M.

Dear Sarge:

I have just come in and got the \$25 which I thank you. Only you seem to have forgot what I wanted this for was to buy red coats with brass buttons for the monkeys which I now have not got any monkeys. I do not know what I should ought to do.

J. McGettrick

P.S. I have just thought of something in my mind which will square everything up. It will also make my wife happy I am hoping again. I am going to use the \$25 to buy her a new hat.

Joe.

THE END



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BY JACK BELDEN

MANILA

DURING the war, the young Filipino writer had sailed a 13-foot boat through the Jap fleet to bring information to the Americans. Now, he leaned across the table and said angrily:

"You Americans think we haven't learned democracy, but we learned it from you. Now when we protest against your doctrines, when we fight against your demands for military bases and when we struggle against the terror of our government, which you and MacArthur loaded on our backs, you say we are anti-American. Hell, we're more American than you are."

These words, in a country famed for its friendliness toward the United States, are a symbol of the Filipinos' disappointment over the lost paradise they so fondly believed would be theirs on independence.

Many Filipinos will admit that much of this disillusionment must be put down to the war's aftermath and to failure to realize that independence not only means liberty, but added financial burdens and increased political responsibilities. But they feel they have some legitimate grievances—economic hardship, the unkindness of American trade bills, the free circulation of collaborators in high places, corruption in the police and the beginnings of questionable political practices. So the Filipino is not happy.

Though two years have gone by since liberation, the Islands have not begun to get back on their feet. Government expenditures are high; revenue is low. Foreign trade consists mostly of imports. Exports, save for abaca and copra, are practically nonexistent and cannot sustain the Philippine economy as formerly. The sugar industry is at a standstill, waiting for the passage of new laws. Mining is dead, for lack of equipment and capital. Crops are below normal, food prices high. The shortage of materials and equipment for rehabilitation remains desperate.

The departure of the American Army has brought unemployment. Public morals continue to decay. Lawlessness is rampant, and corruption, if not condoned, is accepted. Meanwhile, a half million guerrillas and veterans are clamoring for back pay; nearly 3,000,000 civilians are waiting to file war-damage claims; and President Roxas' government, admitting it can't stand on its own feet, seeks American loans and campaigns among its own people for a change in the constitution to meet American terms for free trade.

The port of Manila, without which Philippine economy cannot hope to revive, displays a contrast of progress and decay. Piers are handling more cargo than at any time in history, but the harbor is still a maze of wrecked and sunken ships that only a quartermaster as agile as an eel can navigate. Damaged wharves, destroyed warehouses, lighter and truck shortages, and a too-sudden avalanche of imports have given the port a tremendous burden.

Importers and carpetbaggers continue to pour in by plane and ship in the guise of government commission members, the unusual profits drawing them here like flies to honey.

With the exception of Shanghai, Manila is probably loaded with more

retail merchandise than any port in the Far East. A period of wild buying followed the end of the war and every kind of merchandise that was not wanted in the States—cheap perfumes, cotton brassières, wartime toys, whole boatloads of squid and enough soda crackers to supply the Islands' demands for two years—somehow found their way to this city.

Goods That Are Unsalable

Today, much of this merchandise cannot be sold. At the end of 1946, there were 15,000 cases of wartime American cigarettes going begging. One thousand pairs of 1930-style ladies' shoes are still unsold because they are size six to nine, entirely too large for Filipino women.

Patent medicines and whisky are a glut on the market. As many as eight well-known brands of imported Scotch that can't be found in America are available here. The price: \$3.75.

The period of wild buying is about over, though a legitimate import business will probably be good for two or three years. Importers of cars, trucks,

radios, canned foods, building materials and many other diverse items are piling up huge profits.

But this wealth is not being shared by the Filipino laborer, office worker or peasant. The common tao must use all his peso wages to support himself, his family and homeless relatives. Until recently, Filipinos could be found working 16 to 18 hours a day on two distinct jobs, a day shift with the Army, a night shift elsewhere. Now that the bulk of the Army has gone, that has stopped, unemployment has increased and most firms display "no vacancy" signs.

Foreign trade is completely lopsided. It is a common saying in Manila that the biggest export of the Philippines is the American Army. That is, the Philippines are exporting dollars left here by G.I.s in exchange for imports from America. With most of the G.I.s gone, this main export of the Islands will soon be consumed.

President Roxas says he hopes to balance the budget in five years, but he gives no hint of where he is going to get the money. With a new Republican Congress, the chance of obtain-

ing any but face-saving American loans appears doubtful. The printing of bank notes might plunge the Islands into chaos as bad as China's. The levying of import duties on goods from America is forbidden under terms of free trade.

Roxas frankly admits that he can raise little money from taxes. The people just don't have anything. For the moment, the President seems to be relying entirely on war damages from America to keep the people quiet and on free trade to re-establish the Philippine economy. And to obtain these concessions from America, he is campaigning for the passage of a bill that many Filipinos believe will deprive them of any semblance of national independence.

This is the Philippine Trade act, better known as the Bell act, which grants the Philippines free trade with the United States for eight years, with tariffs ascending up to 100 per cent at the end of 28 years. In return the Bell act requires the Filipinos to amend their constitution so as to give American citizens and corporations the same rights as citizens of the Philip-



President Manuel Roxas (left) greets General Douglas MacArthur. At right is American Ambassador Paul V. McNutt

It took almost a half century for the Filipinos to gain independence, but less than a year to learn that liberty is not an unmixed blessing. They're disillusioned and angry, but determined to make a go of the republic

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piners in the development of natural resources and in the operation of public utilities.

Because of this clause, the Bell act has become ironically known as the Parity bill. Many Filipino intellectuals have irreverently termed it in Spanish—*para ti* (for you); and in Tagalog—*parating* (bribe). And the action of the President in supporting the bill has led to complaints, that he is too much under the influence of Paul McNutt, American ambassador to the Philippines.

Opponents of parity complain that the act freezes trade in prewar channels and grants what amounts to monopoly rights to a relatively small group of prewar operators. Quotas for sugar, coconut oil, cordage, cigars and other Filipino exports are given to them exclusively. The act blocks the development of Filipino control of their own national economic life.

"Though your politicians," say Filipino opponents of the act, "are delivering speeches about the necessity of the Philippines standing on their own feet, the act gives them little chance to do so."

These men say that such Filipino industries as do benefit by free trade have been badly destroyed and are not yet ready to produce. By the time they get going, tariffs on sugar and diminishing quotas on other products will be in force.

Plight of Islands' Industry

In the meantime American industry can flood the market with postwar goods and take advantage of eight years of free trade. Filipino industry can't. This is what these men mean when they say "*para ti*," namely, for you—the Americans.

The Bell act does restore the Filipino sugar industry to the most favored position in the world by granting the free entry of 850,000 tons a year into America. But when America once again slaps tariffs on Filipino sugar, it seems unlikely that the Islands can compete with the closer Cuban market or even with Java sugar, which is produced at sub-human labor costs.

Supporters of parity declare the whole question of the constitution, monopolies and quotas is academic. They say the Philippines can't exist now without free trade, and if American capital has certain demands, they must be met now, for no one knows the future.

The Filipinos sense a lack of con-

fidence in their future and they are hurt. They believe their only way out is to produce crops for domestic consumption and to industrialize. They want American capital, but fear it won't invest save on the most onerous terms.

So they are angry. Uncle Sam has become known as Uncle Shamus. Posters are slapped on walls showing greedy America with her foot on prostrate Hawaii. "Do you want this to happen to you?" they query.

Filipinos are angry, too, at the delay of the American government in handing out back pay to veterans and guerrillas and war-damage claims to civilians. Filipinos who listened to American broadcasts by Manuel Quezon that every carabao lost and every coconut tree destroyed would be paid for cannot understand why they have received no money.

The War Damage Commission, authorized to pay out \$400,000,000 to satisfy claims of \$500 and under, has been so slow in getting started that at the end of 1946 it was still wistfully waiting for 50 tons of application forms from America. Three million claims are now expected, instead of the 1,000,000 originally planned for, and the funds set aside by Congress will undoubtedly prove inadequate. Even processing one claim every three hours, with the present staff, it would probably take the commission ten years to finish its job. By that time many of the claimants will be dead.

Guerrillas and veterans have formed lobbies to press demands for back pay, but few of even the widows of dead heroes have been reimbursed yet. American Army authorities point out that the work is necessarily slow, because records were lost and burned in the retreat. The "Escorta Guerrillas," a term somewhat synonymous to our Broadway cowboy, have excellent papers drawn up by smart lawyers, but often the real guerrillas were too busy fighting the Japs to have any papers at all.

The demand for the establishment of American military bases in the Philippines has stirred up some of the press against the American Army. Roxas claims that the granting of bases to America does not infringe on Filipino sovereignty because they are given voluntarily. "If America were an aggressive power," Roxas says, "the question might be different, but these bases will safeguard the interests of both countries."

This is quite a different view from



"Why don't you stay home evenings, instead of always wanting to go somewhere?"

COLLIER'S

MISCHA RICHTER

Collier's for March 29, 1947



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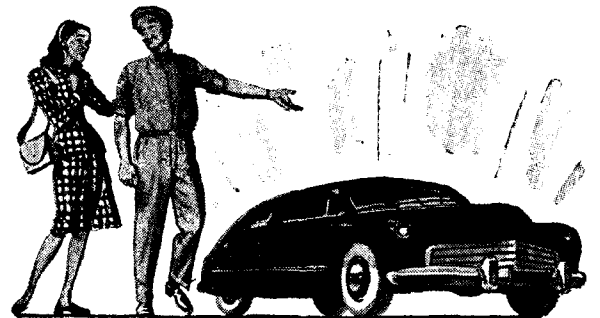


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ASK your independent dealer! You'll benefit by his know-how in choosing everything from tires to spark-plugs. Ask him!



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REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

that of Manuel Quezon, former President of the commonwealth, who in his book, *The Good Fight*, declares that President Roosevelt agreed with me that the establishment of American bases in the Philippines would make of Philippine independence a farce."

Many Filipinos fear that the establishment of American bases in the Islands would leave them open to indignities at the hands of G.I.s.

Recently a Manila newspaper published pictures of prisoners with shaved heads and affidavits that alleged men had been beaten by American Marines at the naval base in Olongapo.

Wants U.S. Forces Sent Home

"Note," said Columnist A. H. Lacson, "a free Filipino residing on the supposedly free soil of our own native country can be arrested and confined in jail and deported by citizens of an alien power staying here merely as guests. In Olongapo we are furnished a preview of what is in store for Filipinos who are fortunate enough to reside in those areas which will be converted into bases. This teaches us there is no alternative to absolute independence. Let us build bases, but let the Filipinos man and handle them. Send all the alien soldiers home. The minute war comes, the United States can pour in all the men she wants."

Obviously this is the extremist viewpoint but many Filipino intellectuals believe the bulwarks of their freedom are being taken from them by the Bell act and the demand for bases, and they are touchy, hurt and cynical about their independence. When you ask them in all good nature: "How do you like independence?" they stare at you as if you were a curious and stupid creature.

"Independence?" they say. "Independence would be wonderful, if we had it."

And from the mint of their own private bitterness, they have coined a word for their new-found freedom that they use in self-mockery among themselves. It is: *Independejo*. It comes from the Spanish word *pendejo* and it means "he who gets cuckolded."

Many of the grievances Filipinos held against the Japanese have now been transferred onto the backs of their own duly elected government. They are beginning to turn against Roxas and, though they elected him, many of his opponents contend that America in general and MacArthur in particular made his election possible.

In their dilemma, the Filipinos are likely to face a choice between two political roads within the next few years—one slightly to the left along the way of liberal, democratic reform; the other sharply to the right in the direction of supranationalism, with some such man as José Laurel, head of the Japanese puppet government, becoming President of the Philippines.

Since the most prominent members of the right are still under indictment for treason in the Philippines, most of the opposition to Roxas today comes from the left wing of the Nationalista party and from the Democratic Alliance. This opposition has crystallized around the collaboration issue.

When the Islands were liberated, it seemed likely that most of the collaborators would be punished and there were plenty of willing witnesses against them, but MacArthur's support of Roxas and his subsequent election dampened the enthusiasm of the general public for the collaboration issue.

Nevertheless, certain resistance groups, including the Blue Eagles, the Hukbalahaps, the USIP forces, the Cavite Guerrillas, the League for National Liberation and the Peasants Union and Civil Liberties Union banded together and formed the Democratic Alliance, which now wields influence out of all proportion to its numbers in the Islands.

"We did not claim," says Judge Barera, head of the Alliance, "that those who were in the puppet government were guilty of treason, but we said they were guilty of a kind of national unworthiness and they should have no part in the re-establishment of the government."

In France, one would never have expected to see Pétain or Laval in the reviewing stands during the great liberation parades down the Champs Elysées. But during the inauguration of the republic in Manila, top puppets had choice seats in the stands, while many well-known guerrilla leaders were not invited.

In Manila, people are pooling funds for the defense of the top puppets. Local guerrilla chieftains who kept quiet when the collaborators were held by the CIC are now coming forward with documents to prove that certain indicted were active members of their units. In other cases, some persons accused of collaboration are passing out thousands of pesos a day in patronage and bribes and giving elaborate dinner parties in an attempt to influence certain quarters on their behalf. Businessmen are taking collaborators into their firms. Meanwhile, the real Filipino guerrilla and the young patriot who was imprisoned in Santiago and tortured by the Japs grab you by the arm and say: "What did we fight for? What the hell did we fight for?"

Of 5,000 cases before the People's Court, only two or three hundred have been tried in over a year. At this writing it appears that such men as José Laurel, head of the Japanese puppet government, Claro Recto, minister of education under the Japs, Jorge Vargas, ambassador to Japan during the war, Benigno Aquino, head of the Jap People's party and many others will be acquitted of treason charges.

Defending Laurel, Vargas, Recto and other top accused collaborators are the best brains in the Philippines, including three Supreme Court judges and twenty of the most brilliant lawyers in the Islands. Against them are the prosecutors of the People's Court, headed by Lorenzo M. Tanada, solicitor general of the Philippines.

Not even Tanada, a Harvard graduate and a brilliant, courageous barrister, believes he has a good chance of obtaining convictions against the big indicted. During recent months, some witnesses have begun to lose their memories or suddenly turn hostile on the stands or disappear altogether.

How Witnesses Are Persecuted

In central Luzon, there have been cases where policemen accused of collaboration have been released from jail and arrested the witnesses against them. In some cases the witnesses and their families have been driven from their homes. Others have been killed, others disappeared, and some in desperation have gone off to join the Huk.

Tanada, however, is determined to carry on.

"I was in the resistance movement," he says. "I saw men die for the very cause I am now defending. I may lose every case. But I would be committing a sacrilege to the memory of our dead if I faltered now. I won't quit."

Ex-guerrillas and underground leaders, seeing Laurel address public gatherings while he still stands indicted for treason, fear that he may become the next President of the Philippines.

"I used to be a student of Laurel," one Filipino who fought alongside the American Army in Manila said, "and he taught us Nazi doctrines all the way up to sterilization to purify the Filipino race. If he becomes President, we are going to have a supranationalist state and the suppression of all liberty. When that time comes, I'm going to take to the hills again."

Since the collaboration issue is so

Collier's for March 29, 1947

complicated, Filipinos are showing some forbearance toward the government's apparent friendliness to many of those indicted for treason. But the first Congress of the republic instead of being a source of pride to the electors has become a subject for contempt. When Congress recently voted itself 3,000,000 pesos back pay, the press shouted that the "treasury was being looted." "Back pay for what?" one columnist asked. "For being in the Assembly of Laurel?"

One congressman cynically answered press criticism with the remark: "So what if back pay is immoral? Everything is immoral nowadays." When Manila city workers recently struck for an increase of the daily wage from \$1.90 to \$2.18, the mayor declared the strike was rebellion and the Secretary of Justice decreed that picketing was seditious. Twelve men were jailed for 15 days without formal charges and bail was set at \$3,000 a man for carrying placards.

The Roxas government has so far been unable to suppress crime. American Army officers are murdered to obtain jeeps, intercity busses are ambushed, political kidnappings and murder are common. For a time about 150 murders were recorded a month in the Islands. Gunmen, well-heeled with tommy guns and automatic rifles, have come into the Manila Hotel and shot up the lobby, killing innocent bystanders. Theft is prevalent. At the height of the crime wave, more than 1,200 Army vehicles were stolen in a month. G.I.s in Palawan became so incensed at thefts that they conducted an organized search of Filipino homes, thereby violating the constitution of the Islands, and further angering the Filipinos.

Roxas' opponents worry that in the coming plebiscite, even should the people vote against the Bell act, it would nevertheless not be defeated. They point to the fact that in all previous national votes, there was commonly a member of the majority, a member of the minority and a neutral schoolteacher to count votes. The teachers for no apparent reason have now been eliminated. Parity will pass no matter how the people vote, say opponents of the bill.

The serious political complaint against the government today is that under the guise of suppressing the peasant movement it is beginning to suppress all political opposition.

"Our government is rotten," a senator told me without hesitation. "It is cor-

rupt and undemocratic, but worse, it is terroristic."

"The jails of central Luzon are filled with members of the Democratic Alliance and supporters of the Congress of Labor Organizations," Judge Barrera, head of the Civil Liberties Union, told me. "Attorneys who confer with prisoners are themselves jailed without warrants and held for questioning."

Many Classes Feel Apprehensive

The peasant believes he is being betrayed again by his leaders just as he was betrayed during the tragic years of the Japanese occupation. The average Filipino businessman thinks his government has surrendered its sovereignty to American big-business interests. The intellectual believes that any semblance of independence was given up when Roxas consented to a change in his constitution so that Americans may have "all the rights but none of the duties of Philippine citizenship." The professional men—the lawyers, the judges, the newspapermen—believe their liberties are in danger from the inroads of a new and undemocratic-minded government.

In their own words, they have become before they started "a nation weary of acting as a nation."

But no Filipino I met wants to trade the republic for a commonwealth under America. They learned under the Japanese that you have to fight for liberty and they still mean to fight. If go down they must, they would rather go down under their own steam than that of an alien power.

Granted economic and moral encouragement from America, the Philippines would have an even chance to escape the disaster that seems certain to overwhelm most of the countries of the Orient within the next few years. There is land within which to expand, there is a strong educated class from which to draw administrators and there is a healthy, vital people, who, in spite of all, are still imbued with a strong sense of freedom and a happy philosophy of life.

Take away American encouragement, however, and there is every danger that in the long run the Islands will become another banana republic, with all that implies of a one-crop economy, domination by foreign business interests, and a palace clique carried on the backs of a brutally exploited peasantry.

THE END



"I'll bet they're showing that trip to Niagara Falls again!"

COLLIER'S

DON TOBIN

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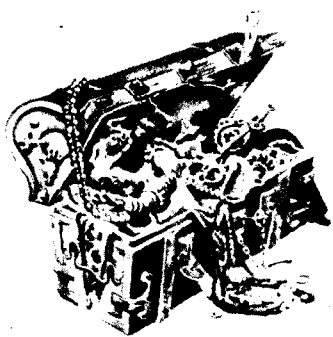


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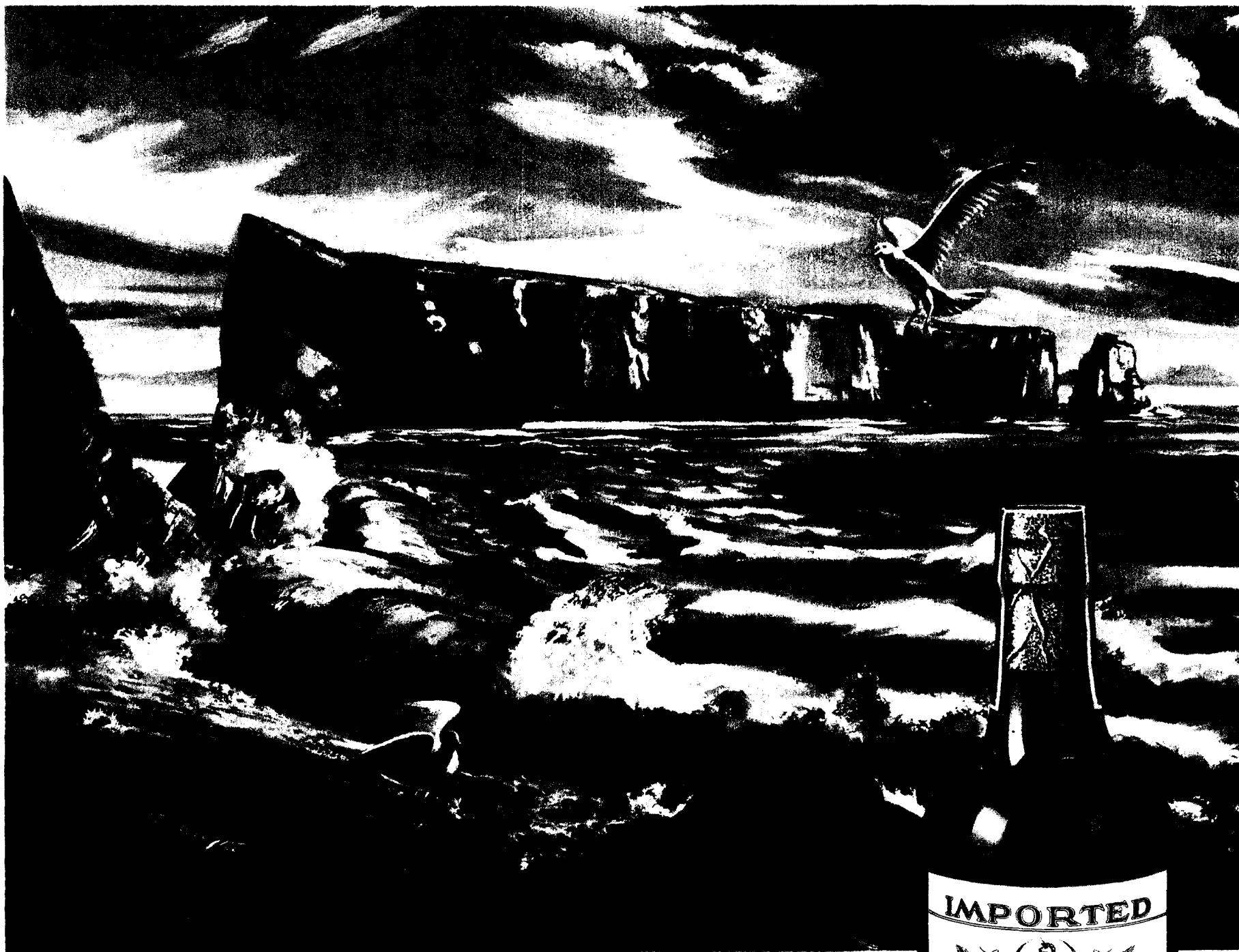
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A ROBIN IS A THRUSH

BY BILL WOLF

Many of our birds and wildlife have been misnamed. But there isn't much in a name, and spring is still spring



The spotted breast of the young robin identifies it as being really a thrush

WHEN spring and summer return, the birds come back to the North, the hibernators emerge from their sleep and the plants bloom again. But look as hard as you can, you will not see a single robin, not one oriole, no turtledoves, groundhogs or many of the things you associate with warmer weather. Chances are, you will not encounter any partridges in the woods or bass in the streams.

None of this will be due to failing eyesight or inability to recognize things. Instead, it is because many of our animals, birds and plants were incorrectly named long ago and the misnomers stuck.

When the red, red robin comes a-bobbin' along on the heels of the vanishing snows, it isn't a robin at all. It's a thrush. The first English settlers in this country saw a bird that resembled the robin red-breast of their homeland. They didn't have time to coin a new name for it, so they called this thrush a robin. It is a regular winter migrant to the South, but returns in the spring to mate, nest and bring up its young in the North. The spotted breast of its young identifies it as a thrush.

The Cock Robin killed by bow and arrow in the nursery rhyme wasn't the robin we know. And, furthermore, if

the sparrow that did the dastardly deed was an English, or common house sparrow, it wasn't even a true sparrow. Most bird experts now agree that the English importation we call the common house sparrow really belongs to the family of weaver finches because of the way it sometimes builds a partly covered nest.

The house sparrow (or weaver finch) was imported from England in 1850 and again in 1852 and introduced in Brooklyn to kill insect pests. This finch, alias sparrow, fell in love with Brooklyn's streets and drayage and multiplied. Its excess offspring set out for new worlds, and now it is somewhat of a pest over most of the nation.

Among the early spring visitors are the orioles—except that they aren't orioles. There probably isn't a true oriole (a European bird related to the crows) on this continent except in aviaries. The beautiful American birds we know as orioles actually are blackbirds. When you listen to the clear spring call of the Baltimore oriole, *here, here, look right here, here*, you hear a blackbird. There is nothing wrong with the Baltimore part of its name because its colors—orange and black—are those of Lord Baltimore, founder of Maryland.

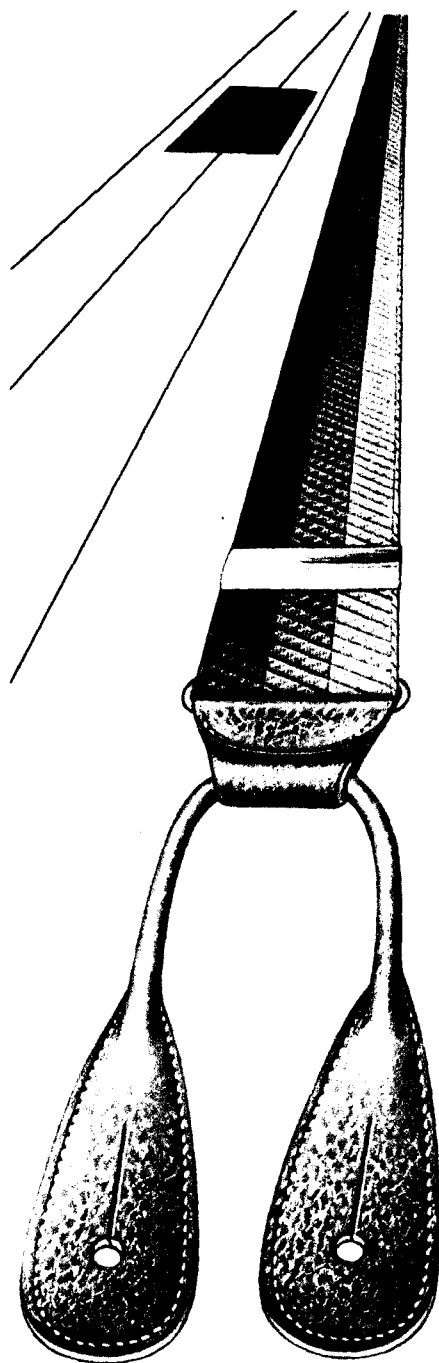
Now, then, if you want to achieve ut-



The mourning dove, known for its soft call, is often misnamed a turtledove



The Baltimore oriole carries the colors of Lord Baltimore, but is a blackbird



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ter confusion, remember that the American oriole belongs to the blackbird family; but it didn't look like the English blackbird to the first settlers, so they called it an oriole. However, the "blackbird" back in their home country isn't a blackbird; it's a thrush closely related to our robin! As for American blackbirds, almost any bird with purple or black feathers is called such. There is the purple grackle which is most frequently known as the blackbird or as the crow blackbird, the marsh blackbird and the red-winged blackbird.

Our ancestors apparently were much too busy holding on to their scalps to worry over bird names, even where differences between European and American birds were quite marked, as in the case of our "warblers."

Dull-Hued Birds Sing Better

The European warblers were dull-colored birds with sweet voices, such as the nightingale and reed warbler. The American birds dubbed warblers are usually brightly colored and not especially noted for their songs.

Speaking of nightingales, I got up before dawn on Tilghman's Island in the Chesapeake Bay country to hear one sing its morning song, as the inhabitants in that early-rising section said it did each day. I'm not certain what I heard, but think it was a wood thrush.

At least several thrushes were called "nightingales" all through the South simply because they reminded homesick early colonists of the vesper songs they heard in their homeland.

We know one thrush as a bluebird and look forward to its arrival in the spring because it brings with it skies that match the color of its coat. However, colonists in old Massachusetts had a different name for it and their name almost stuck. When they saw this bird with the reddish breast and pert manners much like the English robin, they called it the "blue robin" because of its cerulean jacket.

Do you have any idea what is meant by a partridge? I don't. If in New England a person mentions "partridge," they have in mind the ruffed grouse. If in Virginia, they are talking about the bobwhite quail. In some other sections a partridge is a ring-necked pheasant.

The ruffed grouse of the northeastern states looked vaguely like the European partridge to those busy early settlers, so they simply tagged it as a "partridge." At that time it was easy to kill, and it must have provided many a meal for the colonists. It is a wild and cautious bird now after centuries of hunting. There was less excuse for calling the bobwhite quail found farther south partridges because they are much smaller birds than European partridges. However, partridges they became and partridges they still are to Southerners.

Careless moderns are responsible for calling ring-necked pheasants partridges. The ringnecks have been residents of this country for about half a century, being an imported breed that resulted from a cross between Chinese and English pheasants.

There is no reason why some gunners should call them partridges. However, just to keep the record straight, the true European partridge does exist in this country; but it is known as the Hungarian partridge. It "took" in some areas.

The roundabout manner in which the turkey, which we hunt wild in the Appalachian range and grow as a tame bird for the table, acquired its misnomer is fairly well known. The early Spanish conquerors of Mexico found the natives raising a large bird for food. They took it back to Europe with them about 1500. A short time before that, the guinea fowl had been introduced to Europe from Africa by way of Turkey and was known in England as the "turkey cock." When

the American bird arrived, it was confused with the guinea fowl and called "turkey" too.

Therefore, when the Massachusetts settlers arrived, they found wild "turkey cocks" in the woods and promptly added them to their larder. Later, domestic turkeys were brought over from England. The domestic turkey of today differs slightly from the wild turkey because it was bred from the Mexican species. It shows its Mexican origin in the white tips on its tail and rump feathers. In the wild bird of the eastern United States these tips are brown.

A double error in name appears in the "turtledove," which is so much the subject of controversy between hunters and bird societies. It is hunted heavily in the South, but bird lovers say it should be on the songbird list and protected as a valuable species. It's a second cousin to the passenger pigeon, which was hunted out of existence, but it isn't a turtledove.

The first error in its name was made in Europe where there is a true turtledove. In Latin, this European bird was called *turtur*, a name descriptive of its soft voice; but in English this was corrupted to "turtle." Thus, the English called it a turtledove, which brings up an interesting side error in the Bible where the word "dove" was left out in translating a line and we read that "the voice of the turtle was heard through the land," although turtles aren't exactly vocal. The turtledove was meant, of course.

The second ornithological error was made when English settlers here saw a bird that had some slight resemblance to the European turtledove and simply transferred the Old World name to it. Our turtledove is more correctly known as the mourning dove, a name which fits it well, as anyone will agree after once hearing its unhappy, bell-like calls.

There is little use in going into the innumerable wrong names given to waterfowl because that way lies utter confusion. The hunter in Florida can't understand the language of the hunter in Maine and, yet, they could be talking about exactly the same bird. Only one example will be given, that of the American pintail.

More Aliases Than a Con Man

The American pintail has a scientific name. It is *Dafila acuta tzitzihoo* in one classification, or *Anas acuta tzitzihoo* in another. Then it has these common names in various localities: Pintail, pinnie, gray duck, sprigtail, sprig; *canard gris* (gray duck), gray widgeon, kite-tailed widgeon, fall duck, neck-twister, longneck, *paille-en-queue* (strawtail), pheasant or pheasant duck, pent-tail, picktail, pintail widgeon, sea widgeon, smee or smeas, smoker, spike, smethe, spiketail, splittail, spindletail, springtail or spring-tailed widgeon, sprittail and trilby duck!

It's a wonder that the graceful American pintail can fly north when weighted down with so many names, but it is an amateur at aliases in comparison to the hooded merganser, which has at least sixty-eight distinct names in different sections of the country.

The sins of our fathers in naming things were not confined to the bird world, although avian misnomers are most frequent. When the snow waters run off this spring, the anglers will fish for brook trout. This "trout" is a charr. It was called a trout by the English settlers in the East who were familiar with the brown and Loch Leven trout at home and saw some resemblance in the brilliantly colored brookie. No fisherman today would dream of quibbling over its name and insist on calling it a charr, but such it is. The charrs differ from other trout in having light spots on a dark background instead of dark spots on a lighter background.



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It is doubtful whether the most eager angler ever caught a "bass" in this country, in fresh water. Nearly all the true basses are salt-water fish and there are only several species in our sweet-water streams. All the fish we catch as "bass," with these several exceptions, are actually sunfish.

The smallmouthed black bass, for which I wouldn't trade any fish when it comes to making for interesting angling, belongs to the sunfish family. So do its relatives, the largemouthed black bass and the spotted bass. All these following "bass" also are sunfish: Redeye bass, warmouth bass, rock bass, crappie bass, calico bass and blue bass. The only true bass in our fresh waters are the white bass and yellow bass, both of which are related to the sea basses. All this is rather confusing, but for sheer chaos in nomenclature, go South, young man—where the largemouthed black bass (really a sunfish) is known as a "green trout!"

Names Picked Haphazardly

In some sections, the walleyed pike is called a "salmon," which is no more puzzling than the fact that the walleye isn't a pike at all, but a member of the perch family. Apparently, our forefathers just closed their eyes and picked a name at random.

The dolphins off Florida, brilliant fish with iridescent colors, aren't the least bit related to the true dolphins. The Old World dolphin isn't even a fish; it's a mammal much like a porpoise; but someone imagined our Gulf Stream fish looked like it and called it a "dolphin."

Those often-wrong pioneers took a quick look at many animals and plants here and named them incorrectly because they resembled something with which they were familiar in their native lands. When they encountered a big, shaggy animal that ranged from western Pennsylvania to the Far West, they called it

a "buffalo." It's a bison, of course, and not even distantly related to the true buffaloes.

When they found a heavy-antlered animal in the West, they took one quick look at it and called it an "elk." It is not an elk, it is not related to an elk and is properly known by its purely American name, the wapiti.

The moose could be more correctly called an elk. Our ground hogs aren't hogs at all, but rodents, and even their correct name of "woodchucks" is a corruption of an Indian name. The American cottontail rabbit isn't the least bit like the European rabbit after which it was named. The mountain lion (alias panther, alias catamount, alias painter) isn't a lion or panther, but is correctly known as a puma or cougar.

The flowers and plants that bloom in the spring also took a beating when they were named; but, fortunately, in their case the busy pioneers just scratched their hairy ears and took the easy way out. If they saw a plant that looked like a cultivated one they knew, they simply put the prefix "wild" in front of it. Thus we have wild ginger, wild carrots, wild mustard, wild oats, wild rice and such.

Or else they found a fancied resemblance to some cultivated fruit or plant and put a descriptive prefix in front of it. Thus we have May apples and skunk cabbage, which are among the first plants to appear in the spring, but which certainly aren't apples or cabbage. Knowing nothing of orchids, they can be excused for calling the many beautiful Northern species of orchids "lady's-slippers," which is the name by which you know them today. But they are orchids.

There really isn't much in a name. Spring is still spring despite the fact that the robin is a thrush, the oriole is a blackbird, the skunk cabbage isn't a cabbage and the brook trout that rises eagerly to a fly is a charr after all.

THE END



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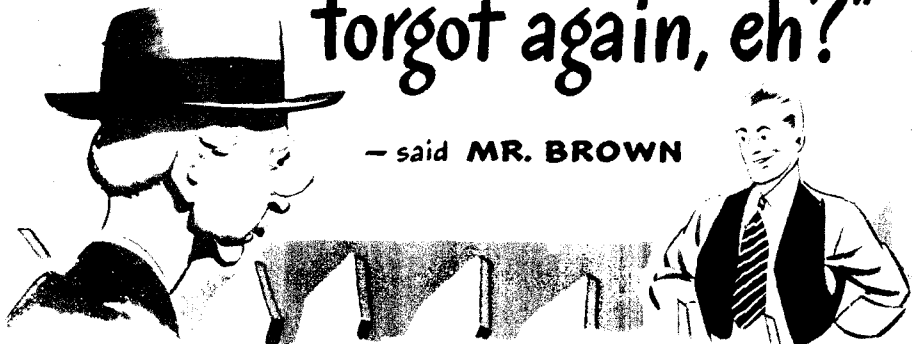
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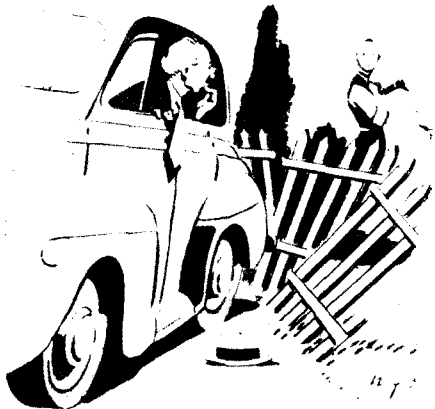
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"So you forgot again, eh?"

— said MR. BROWN



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Mr. Finch's day had begun poorly, with cold coffee, a late start . . . and something important on his mind that he just couldn't put his finger on. Then, backing out of the garage, it came to him with a bang (you might say). He remembered . . . his brakes weren't working right!

FORD SERVICE, LAD...



"Morning, Finch," said Mr. Brown from next door as he surveyed the damage, "I see you forgot to get your brakes checked at the Ford Dealer's like I told you, long ago!"

"That's right," admitted Mr. Finch ruefully, "and I'm heading there right now!"

SO NOW HE'S GLAD!



Mr. Finch was "back home" at the Ford Dealer's in practically no time. Within an hour, he was pleased to see how efficiently his brakes had been taken care of.

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"I will remember, from now on!" agreed Mr. Finch.

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THE SANDMAN'S ON THE PHONE



DAVID ROBBINS

A couple lullabies over the phone, and Mike Maloney has the baby sound asleep

BY ARLENE WOLF

MIKE MALONEY is a brave soul who croons babies to sleep at the rate of 15 or 20 a day. He does it on a wholesale basis over the telephone. This assembly-line method for luring babies into the Land of Nod is Mike's own idea. He is a former diaper-service route man, who, naturally enough, got to thinking about babies while making calls in Westchester County, N. Y. After listening critically to the howls of some of his customers' progeny and doing a few practice do-re-mis, Maloney discussed his theory of telephonic lullabies with his boss at the General Diaper Service—a man with obviously more than the usual quota of imagination.

For before Mike could say rockaby baby, he was installed in an office, provided with a telephone, and put on nine-to-six duty while other drivers spread the word that a phone call would bring the lullabydour (just like troubadour, see?) to diaper-service members.

At first, the good ladies of Westchester were dubious about the whole idea.

"They were all very skeptical," Mike says with rare understatement. "They'd call and say they didn't believe I could do anything, but anyway they were willing to try. I start by telling the mother to hold the receiver close to the baby's ear. Then I make some clucking noises to attract the baby's attention. Then I sing."

One chorus of Rock-a-bye Baby, and two of Too-Ra-Loo-Ra-Loo-Ral, Mike says, is enough for most kids. It's worked on 99 per cent of the sleep-eluding youngsters so far, and business is picking up every day as word of Mike's strange job gets around.

Most of the lullaby man's crooning is conducted over the phone, but Mike has been known to hop into the nearest diaper-service truck and drive over to give a personal on-the-spot treatment. One of his most harassing cases was that of a pair of twins. Twin number one was awake, and howling—twin number two was asleep. Ever so gently, Mike sang to number one, and finally number one dozed off. At the same split second, number two awoke. This went on, exactly like a Mack Sennett comedy, Mike laughs, until he was hoarse and both kids were sleeping simultaneously.

The lullabydour, a 44-year-old man with the mildest of mild blue eyes, is a little sheepish but triumphant about the

whole business. He says he's had no more than the usual amount of training as a parent for this sort of thing, but he does remember, 18 years or so ago, singing his own kids to sleep. His gentle, home-grown tenor never has been heard professionally, nor has he had any singing or music lessons.

"As a matter of fact," Mike grins, "I can't even read music. But I have a friend who has a piano, and together we managed to get the tunes of some foreign lullabies, in case I need them. You never know when you're going to run up against a baby who's used to Chinese or Russian."

Mike can close his eyes and envision the future of this slot-machine variety of lullaby. He sees a whole corps of lullabydours on call, each ready to take off at the sound of the phone bell and give out with something soothing. As a matter of fact, the National Institute of Diaper Services is keeping an ear tuned to Mike's soporific success, and is thinking of putting the whole business on a nation-wide basis, with singers lullabying like mad in diaper-service offices all over the country.

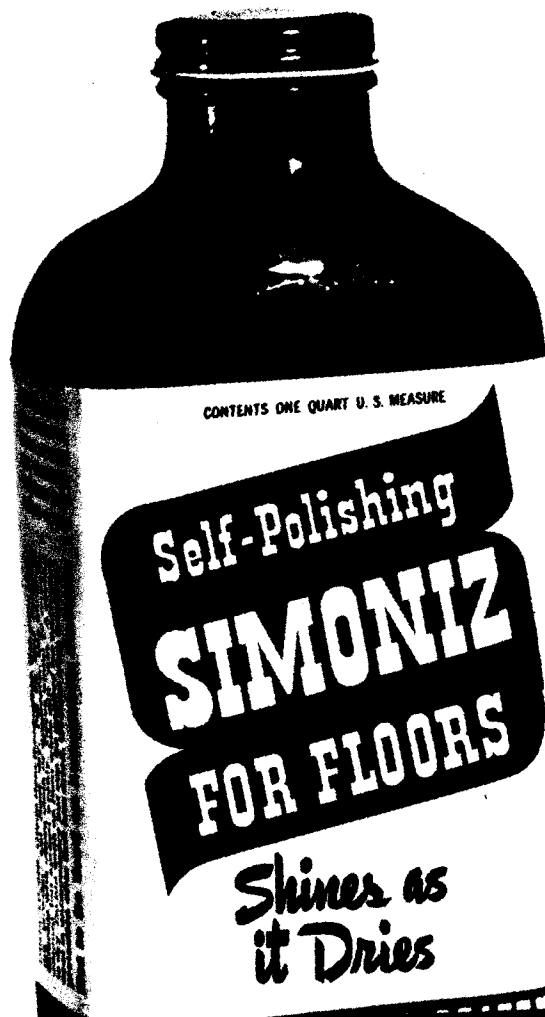
Mike has what he thinks is an even better idea. He'd like to have the lullabies recorded—just as sleep specialist Max Mann and others have recorded snooze-inducing patter for adults. Then, Mike points out, Mother could turn the record on or off whenever she needed it—even in the middle of the night, when lullabydours have gone home and Pop is walking the floor with a howling bundle in his arms.

Strangely enough, Mike, whose business it is to put babies to sleep (he's drawn the line at anyone too old to wear a diaper) used to be a milkman, and kept the usual number of people awake, amidst the usual number of pleas to "keep those bottles quiet."

His wife thinks the whole idea is crazy. His co-workers have taken to calling him "Frankie," or the "Groaner," and squealing pointedly when he walks by. One prankster put a sign on his door: "The bobby-soxers have Frankie—the Diaper Set has Mike." And almost everyone within earshot has complained that Mike's crooning is going to put the whole office to sleep if it keeps up.

Which only goes to prove, Mike Maloney thinks, how well the idea can work. ★★

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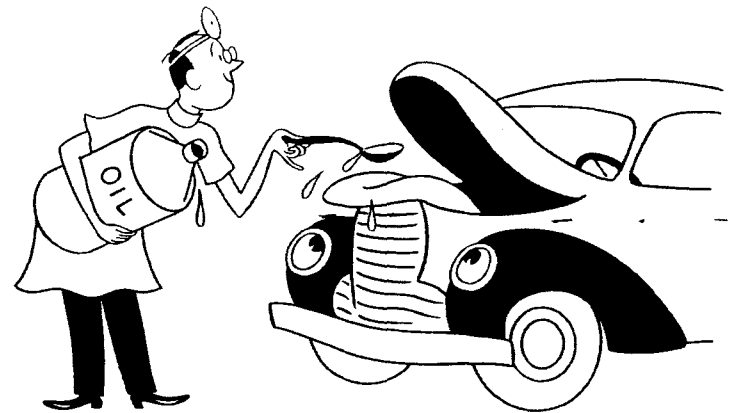
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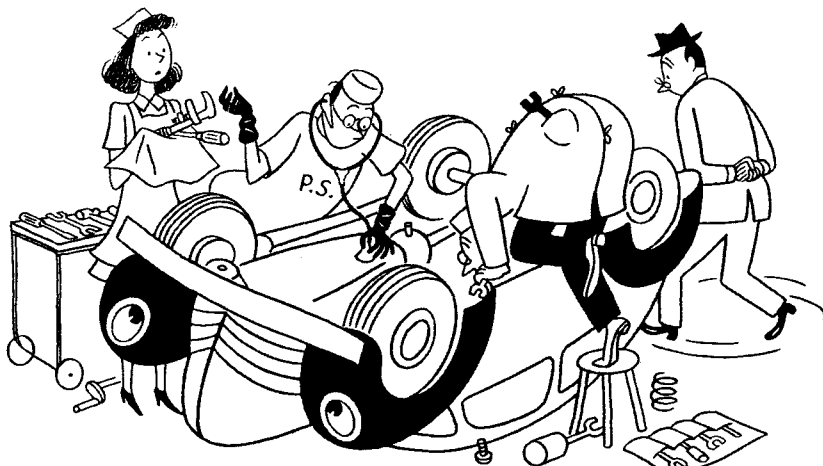
IN THE SPRING A SMART MAN'S FANCY



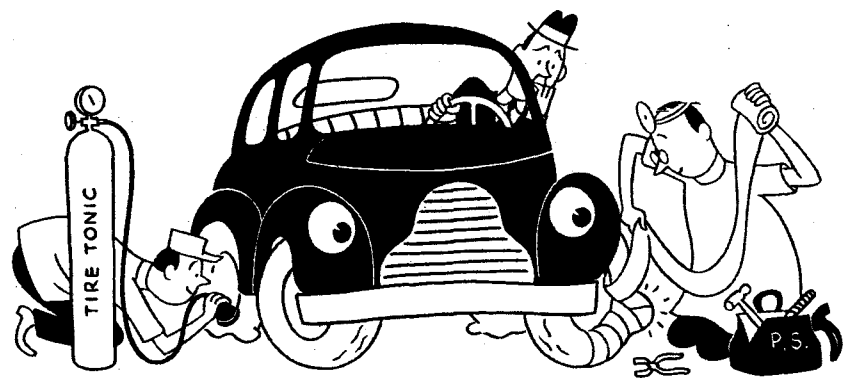
1 CLEAN THE COOLING SYSTEM Overheating can cause inconvenient delays and expensive engine damage. Anti-freeze should be drained; radiator thoroughly cleaned; hose connections and fan belt checked.



2 CHANGE THE ENGINE OIL Winter oil should be drained and the correct Summer grade of good quality oil be put in the engine. Air cleaner should be removed and cleaned. Change oil filter element.



5 MAJOR TROUBLE DIAGNOSIS If symptoms indicate need for a major engine job—for example, excessive use of oil and dense smoke from exhaust usually shows need for a piston ring job—it is well to have your service man diagnose and do the job *now* to avoid serious breakdowns or spoiled Summer vacation trips.

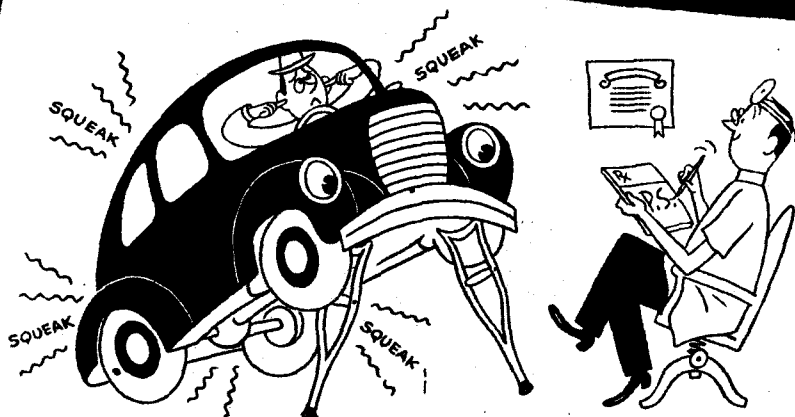
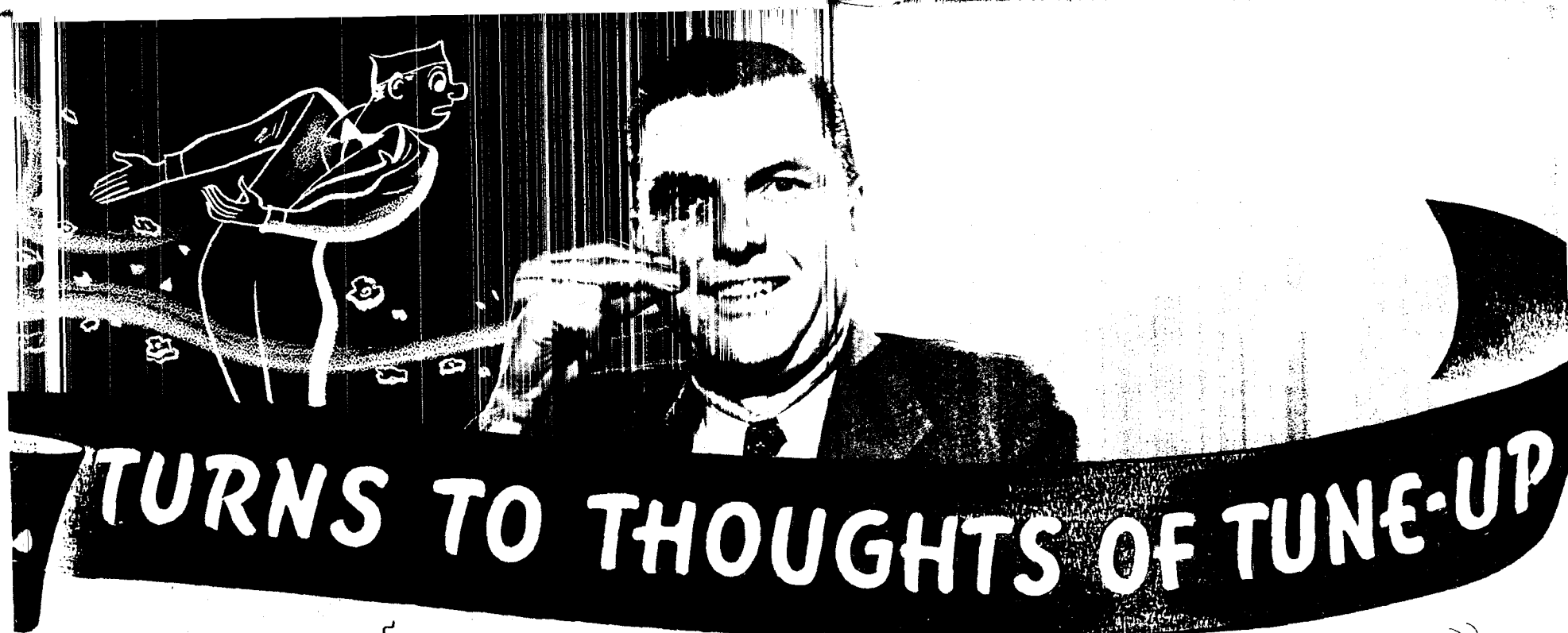


6 TIRES It is dangerous, as well as foolish from every viewpoint to start a Spring and Summer with tires worn to the trouble-making stage. Tires should be carefully inspected. Don't take chances on tires worn smooth. Have small cuts and abrasions fixed before they grow large. Check wheel alignment, king pins and steering.

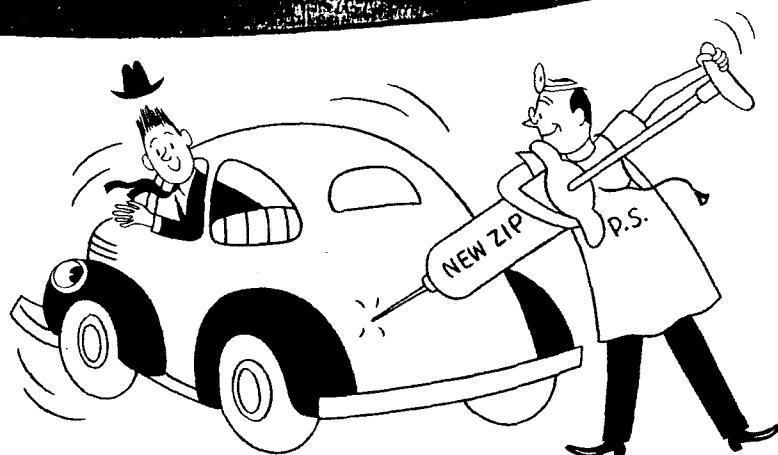
Make a date with your service man **NOW**

Yes, Mr. Car Owner, Spring is coming. And it's a mighty smart idea to do something about it. The average car took a pretty tough beating last winter . . . and we'll bet yours was no exception.

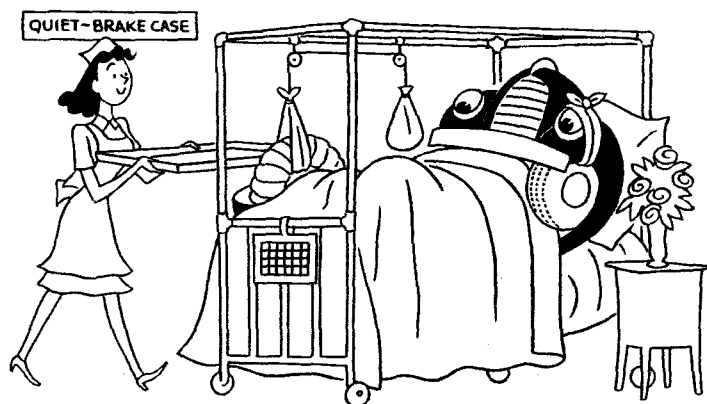
There's nothing like a Spring Tune-Up to shake out the bugs and assure you months of pleasant, safe driving. It's a wise motorist who follows Collier's P. S. (Preventive Service) suggestions. It only takes a little time and costs surprisingly little for a reputable service man to put your car in A-1 condition . . . *don't put off P. S.*



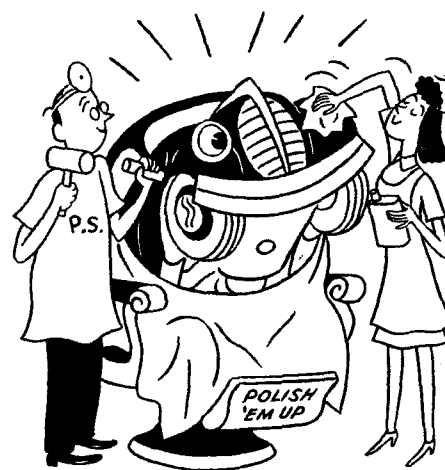
③ LUBRICATE THOROUGHLY Probably no single service pays such big dividends for so little money as does proper lubrication of an automobile. In the Spring, it is important to get a complete and thorough lubrication job. Water pump, transmission, differential, universals, wheel bearings, springs, shock absorbers and all chassis points should be given attention. A proper job requires the use of several different lubes, and the service of a trained lubrication man.



④ TUNE UP ENGINE A Spring engine tune-up should include checking and adjusting the ignition system including distributor, spark-plugs, coil, wiring and battery; cleaning and adjusting carburetor and fuel lines; check of fuel pump. If engine is sluggish due to sludge, carbon or sticky valves, use of a good chemical solvent will often correct trouble.



⑦ BRAKES To check brakes properly, a wheel must be removed so that the brake linings, as well as the operating mechanisms can be inspected and tested. Brakes should be thoroughly checked three times a year. Hydraulic fluid should be added if there has been leakage or loss.



⑧ AND, OF COURSE

For the protection of the car— get fender dents straightened and give the body a good wax or polish job. Protection of the finish plays an important part in keeping up the value of your car.

For your protection— windshield wipers should be checked and put in proper operating condition; all lights should be inspected and burned out lamps replaced; all broken windows should be replaced.

P.S.

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LITTLE MAN, BIG SPLASH

Continued from page 17



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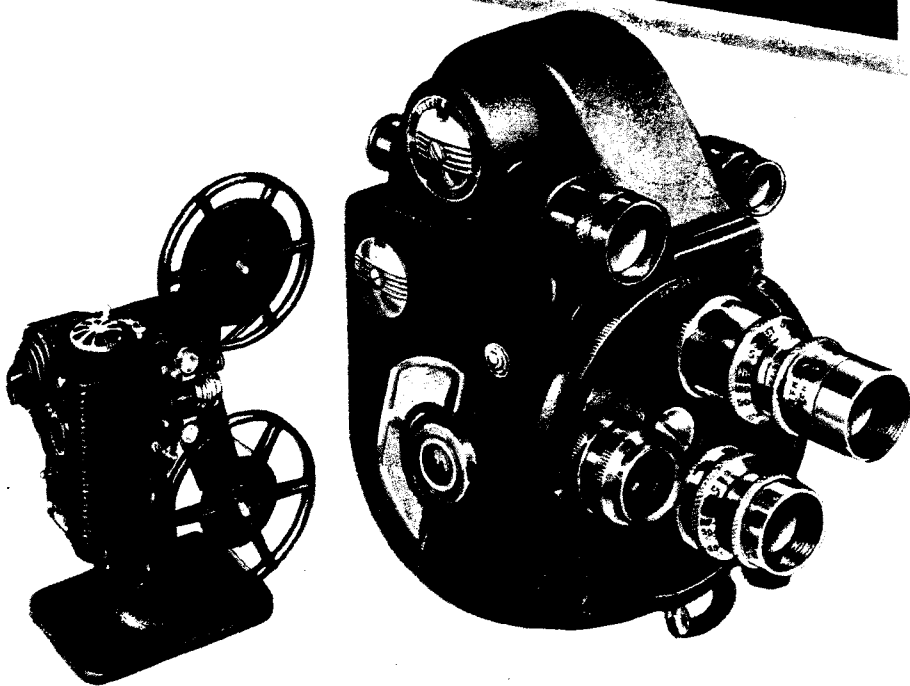
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Revere—EIGHT

Anderson just went out and won himself the Western Conference, National Collegiate and National A.A.U. championships. This year he is cocaptain of the Buckeye team, probably will knock off another Big Triple.

One of the hallmarks of a Peppe-trained diver is originality. Mike encourages the boys to invent and perfect new dives.

It is in these optional dives that the scores mount. They are rated mathematically by degree of difficulty, from 1.0 upward. Anything above 2.2 is considered extremely tricky stuff.

To have a new optional dive entered in the book a diver must unveil it in private audience before a joint collegiate and A.A.U. committee which has power of refusal or acceptance.

Last year before the nationals Peppe and Anderson announced the invention of a double twisting forward $1\frac{1}{2}$ somersault.

The committee said, "Don't be silly, Mike. Nobody could do that, let alone with any kind of finesse."

"Wanna bet?" Mike cracked. Anderson demonstrated. Several pairs of committee eyes popped. Every member of the committee scrambled to be first to holler approval. The dive was awarded a 2.8 degree of difficulty, highest rating ever given an optional. When the committee quieted down to a point near normalcy Anderson said he had another to peddle: a back $1\frac{1}{2}$ somersault with a $1\frac{1}{2}$ twist. They bought that one, too, with 2.7. You are asked to recall that these dives were invented by a kid who a few months previously couldn't get six inches off the board.

Other "Optionals" for the Book

Anderson is the third Buckeye artist to put a new flip into the book. Patnik pioneered a tricky half gainer with a half twist and forward $1\frac{1}{2}$ somersault. Jimmy Patterson, Peppe's first national titlist, legalized a $2\frac{1}{2}$ cutaway.

Unlike football coaches who are deep-dyed gloom mongers, Peppe is forthright and ebullient. His team this year is "the best we've ever had, and if eligibility doesn't throw us it should be the greatest in swimming history." It wouldn't surprise him, Mike hints, if it makes the 1948 Olympic team en masse. Examination of the talent at hand would appear to back him up.

Not only does Peppe have the best diver in the country but possibly the *four* best—this by his own admission. Right

behind Anderson is Bruce Harlan, fresh out of the Navy. Jack Calhoun and Jim Strong are on a par and pressing closely.

Peppe has Jack Hill returning in defense of his national 220- and 440-yard free-style crowns. Cy Schlanger, 1500-meter national titlist two years ago, is back from service to take up where he left off. Breast-stroker Jim Counsilman and backstroker Dick Fetterman not only are sure-pop for points in their specialties but they also form two legs of the Buckeyes' championship 300-yard medley relay. The third leg is swum by Halo Hirose.

Hirose is one of two Hawaiians on the Ohio State team who probably could win most dual meets between them. Hirose may be branded merely as great. Bill Smith, the other, has a more grandiose label. Bill Smith, according to Peppe, is the greatest swimmer the world has known, and that goes back to Weissmuller and even Leander of the Hellespont.

Hirose and Smith both owe their presence to a trip Mike made to Ecuador in 1937 when he took an A.A.U. swimming team on a good-will tour of South America. One of the boys assigned to the party was a tiny, sixteen-year-old Hawaiian named Keo Nakama, who, Mike realized, with the proper training was just a couple of years away from a rash of world records.

Keo's roommate on the junket, happily enough, was Al Patnik, the Ohio diver. Patnik began selling Nakama on Ohio State. A couple of years later the little Hawaiian showed up as an Ohio State freshman. He immediately had himself an orgy of Conference and intercollegiate record smashing and made a shambles of the world mile mark.

Meanwhile he was writing glowing letters to an island pal named Bill Smith, a six-foot, 200-pound Polynesian whose father is a Honolulu cop. (The American handle stems from an earlier forebear who migrated from Detroit.)

Smith followed Nakama to Ohio State and began his own assault on the record books, shattering every world free-style mark between 200 meters and 880 yards—eight in all. There are doubters who, closely observing his power and stroke, have hinted darkly that an examination might be in order to determine whether Smith has scales and fins. He has two more years at Ohio State, Navy service having interrupted his career.

Nakama and Smith having blazed the trail between Hawaii and Columbus, it came as no great surprise when Halo Hirose showed up with a desire for



Collier's for March 29, 1947

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higher education and a place in the record books. Halo, however, took a slight detour, arriving in Columbus on the way back from Italy, where he picked up a flock of medals for bloody work with the famed Japanese-American 442d combat regiment. Last year he won the national collegiate 100-yard free style and anchored the Buckeyes' championship medley and sprint relay teams.

The first thing Peppe tells swimming candidates is that it'll be a long, tough grind. The opening meet isn't until January but Mike puts 'em in the water just as soon as school starts in late September. For the first few weeks everyone swims a mile a day. Along about November it really gets rugged.

Here's a typical daily session: first, a 200-yard pull by stroke alone. This is done by hooking the feet over a partially inflated inner tube which keeps the legs afloat just below the surface. Next comes a 200-yard push by kick only. A small board keeps the upper part of the body buoyant. This is followed by a fast 200-yard full swim, and then the whole thing is repeated.

The distance men simply do a 500-yard time trial twice a day. That's all, brother!

A daily workout resembles a three-ring circus, with Mike as ringmaster. He has a varsity squad of about 30, and it's a giddy job checking a sprinter's racing dive, a backstroker's turn, a breast-stroker's arm lift, a diver's hurdle and the dozens of minute but vitally important details that make perfect swimming mechanisms. Mike gets valuable aid from Carl Wirthwein, his assistant, but he still drives himself mercilessly. Besides the daily sessions which last until 6 P.M., Mike puts in two additional evenings a week until ten, working with divers only.

Ah! But Divers Are Artists!

It's tougher teaching divers, Mike claims, than swimmers. "Divers do their stuff alone at meets," Mike explains, "with every eye on them while they're performing. They're artists commanding every ounce of hushed attention, and they're liable to feel something like that even while they're practicing. Although they compete against one another as swimmers do, the result isn't determined by who touches out in faster time. Divers are judged by personal evaluation, and in practice they demand every bit of time and advice I can give them."

Peppe thinks free-stylers, however, can do a better job than divers in making a coach gray before his time. "They seem to be so unpredictable," he says. "A

few years ago one of the greatest prospects I ever had left school at the end of his first year to become a song-and-dance man. Another went off to take a plantation job in the South Pacific."

The way raw material feeds into Mike Peppe is something of an anomaly at Ohio State. Buckeye football and basketball teams are mostly home grown, but Mike can't depend on local talent. Whereas more than 1,000 Buckeye high schools have grid and cage teams, less than 40 have swimming teams.

But high-school tank men throughout the country seem to know where they're likely to get training second to none. Peppe's roster indicates this, anyway. Anderson is from Harshaw, Wisconsin; Harlan is from Philadelphia; Calhoun from Fort Lauderdale, Florida; Schlanger from Brooklyn.

Last year Peppe had a letter from the national breast-stroke champion of Egypt. Could Mike get him into Ohio State? Mike would have liked to; an Egyptian would add nice international flavor to that already supplied by his Hawaiians, but because of the huge enrollment of former G.I.s, no more out-of-state applicants were being accepted.

Although this chunky, pint-sized maestro now lives, breathes and dreams swimming, he was no great name in the sport as a youth. Columbus knew him as its most avid Y.M.C.A. swimming instructor while he was still in high school, and a little later on he won the Allegheny Mountain section A.A.U. diving championship (his most glittering title!).

When he graduated from Ohio State he took a job in the physical education department teaching a lot of things, including tap dancing. But the gents in command finally recalled that Peppe knew a little about swimming, so when plans for the natatorium went into effect they turned a beckoning finger on Mike.

Columbus is said to be the hottest football town in America. Today it is only slightly less daffy over swimming. The natatorium folks once thought would never be filled now falls short by several thousand of accommodating the crowds who clamor to see the meets.

All of which is very gratifying to Mike Peppe. The personal price of success, which he accepts cheerfully, is the ruination of two or three suits of clothes each season. Every time his kids win a team title, they seize Mike bodily and toss him into the pool fully dressed.

He probably will wind up his career the most-dunked individual since Seaman Moto of the Japanese Navy.

THE END



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Get the *right* Easter hat at your *Recognized Hatter's*, wherever you see the plaque shown below. Then you'll be off to a head start for the Easter parade!



this plaque identifies a *Recognized Hatter*

You're the right man in the right hat

IT WASN'T that he didn't like being married, Joe Hickman told himself, as he and Marie stopped at the railroad crossing. But sometimes, and this was one of those Saturday nights, marriage made him feel restless, bound. Tonight he could almost feel and hear the clank of shackles on him. He had felt the same way in the Army. And he remembered how he used to tell himself that if he ever got out he would stay free the rest of his life. Then, seven months ago, he had to go and get married. The way he felt now, he wanted to hop this freight and go where it was going. But he knew it was only fiddling in the yards, shunting the cars into sidings.

"Still angry, Joe?" Marie said.

"No," he said morosely.

"You don't sound like it," she said.

That was what got him. No matter what he said his wife took it just the other way around. You would think that she would get some sense in her head and stop trying to boss him. You would think, he reflected indignantly, that on a Saturday night she would find a place to go with a girl friend, instead of breaking up his pinochle game.

"Sometimes," Marie said in that tone he hated most, "I wonder why you ever married me. Why, Joe?"

"Because I loved you, that's why."

"Oh, you loved me. Past tense."

There, that was what he meant. She was looking for trouble, and if she kept up that tone much longer she'd damn well get it. He had taken about as much as he could from her tonight. If a guy worked in a factory all week, and brought his check home he ought to be allowed to go out and play a game of pinochle once in a while.

"I don't mind you playing pinochle and guzzling beer, but there is a limit."

"There sure is," he said darkly.

"Boy," she said, "you're certainly hard to get along with lately."

He was hard to get along with! He felt his nostrils dilate with anger. Seven months he had had of this. It was more than a guy could take.

He blinked in the black, smoky darkness, and knew that this couldn't go on much longer. If he let her win in everything, he would be just another henpecked husband. He watched the creaky freight move by slowly, the engine huffing heavily in the distance. What he ought to do, he told himself, was to put a good scare into her—hop this freight and pretend he was leaving her for good. She wouldn't know that it wasn't going anywhere.

"You know, Marie," he said, "if we don't straighten ourselves out I'll have to pick up and leave. I can hardly stand any more."

She didn't say a word.

"I don't suppose you believe me. I could hop this freight and go where it's going." He paused, waited and then added, "And never come back. Maybe you think I don't have the nerve," he said.

"Maybe," she said noncommittally.

That was a woman for you! When he didn't want to argue she argued all the time. But when he wanted to argue, like now, she got quiet. He couldn't put one over on her no matter how hard he tried. She had her way in everything, and now she wanted to take away the last thing, his Saturday night pinochle games with the guys.

His heart lifted as he eyed the freight train appraisingly. A woman wouldn't know by looking at this freight that it wasn't going any place. It was a long freight, and the way that engine huffed in the distance, anybody

might think that it was going far away.

But you never could tell about Marie. She wasn't dumb, he knew that, or she wouldn't be secretary to some big insurance man. But women didn't hang around freight yards like kids do, hopping them and riding a ways, feeling like brakemen going to far places.

"We can't go on like this," Joe said tentatively.

"That's true," she said. "You've got to act married sometimes. You're not single any more, you know."

That was what rankled. She kept reminding him that he wasn't free any more. He couldn't do what he wanted or go where he wanted. He had to listen to her, the way he had to listen to that sergeant in the Army. She wanted him to go to the movies on a Saturday night, or go visiting, and talk about the home they were saving money to buy. Well, if that was married life, he didn't want it. But the trouble was, he loved Marie. And that made the whole problem very difficult.

"I don't think I like this marriage business," he said cautiously.

"Then do something about it."

Okay, she was asking for it. He watched the freight carefully now. Presently a flatcar hove into sight and without a word he hopped on.

"Goodby, Marie!" he called.

SHE didn't answer. She just stood there, a shadow in the darkness, as if she didn't care whether he ever came back. Suddenly, sitting upon the flatcar, dangling his legs over the side, he felt foolish. He had supposed that she would protest and call him back, ask his forgiveness. But she hadn't even said a word. She just stood back there, waiting for the freight to clear the crossing so that she could go home.

The freight jolted to a stop. This would be it, he told himself grimly. The freight would move him back and then he would feel silly as hell. In a few minutes, the freight started to move again. He watched the red and green lights go by, thinking what a fool he had made of himself.

Suddenly, he caught his breath. The train wasn't backing up! It was going forward. Far ahead the engine hooted. He scrambled off the car. Hell, he didn't want to leave Marie for good.

He struggled through the pebbles toward Marie. He couldn't leave her, he knew it now, he would never leave her. He would even give up his Saturday night pinochle games for her.

"Why did you come back, Joe? You knew the freight wasn't going anywhere, didn't you?"

"That's what I thought. But don't it look like it's going someplace?"

"It did. But it's backing up now."

He stared at the freight. For a second he could hardly tell which way it was moving. Then he saw that it was backing up again. If he hadn't got so scared he'd be all right now. If he had waited a while longer he might have put one over on her.

"You didn't want to leave me, did you, Joe? Why?"

"Because—well, I thought I might teach you how to play two-handed pinochle, and maybe beat you at it."

She laughed. But it was a good sound this time. She wasn't laughing at him, she was just daring him to beat her at anything. Well, he told himself, smiling grimly in the darkness, win or lose, he'd have a good time trying.

I ought to put a good scare into her, Joe thought. Maybe hop this freight and pretend to leave her

BONDS OF MATRIMONY

BY S. KRYVICKY

A SHORT SHORT STORY
COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE



ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY MORSE MEYERS

Millions solve Laxative problem this healthful way:


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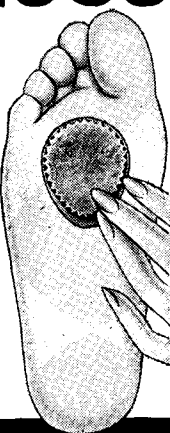


Keep regular the healthful way!
LEMON and WATER
—first thing on arising

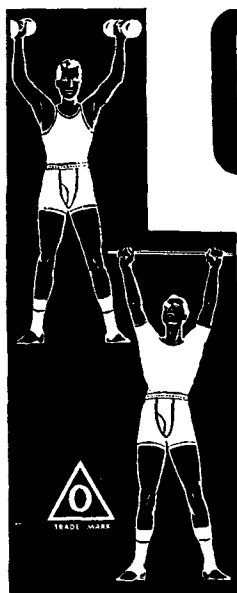
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LIFE BEGINS AT SIXTY

Continued from page 22

bases with genuine speed. Kugler was really remarkable. When the games were started during the winter season of 1930-31, there was fear that fatalities would result, but we were assured that nothing remotely serious has ever occurred on the diamond.

As a farm system for the Three-Quarter Century Club, they have the Gulls and Pelicans, who represent the Half-Century Club, youngsters between 50 and 75 who provide softball on what might be described as a good semi-semi-pro basis.

They take the game seriously, heckling the umpires and playing their heads off to win. They play three games a week and get in a contest against a girls' softball team on Sunday.

But this is an extracurricular activity and has nothing to do with the thousands who make a fetish of activity. The thing all started years ago when the horseshoe pitchers staked out a section of Williams Park for their own amusement. Naturally, there was always fishing in the Gulf of Mexico and the earlier visitors spent time on the bathing beaches, but it was the horseshoe boys who convinced the multitude that it was useless to run about for pleasure when it was on your doorstep. They are still pitching their ringers in another section of Waterfront Park but the practice is also showing signs of decay.

"It got too professional and there was too much money mixed up in it in prizes," an old-timer told us bitterly. "Then along came shuffleboard." He threw up his hands, as if that were the end of everything.

Back in 1926 the horseshoe pitchers were still so popular that a national tournament was held in St. Petersburg. Admittance was charged and for three weeks the champions fought it out. That wouldn't be possible today.

The shufflers haven't reached the stage of national tournaments but they have local championships and the grandstand and the space around is filled during the winter months while the sharks perform.

The card playing starts at seven o'clock every night at the club and long before that the tables are being held for their parties. The checker and domino players get in on this saturnalia and there are still devotees of auction bridge who scorn the newfangled ideas.

There's a Dance Every Night

But what is amazing is that in addition to the card players and the shufflers who go grimly on till ten-thirty, the town has a dance somewhere every night. It may be the association of retired New York policemen holding a ball out at Gulfport or it may be one of the state societies operating in the Coliseum. But the music is roaring and the old folks are hopping. Waltzes are popular but they go in strong for the fox trot and one-step.

"Do you notice one thing about them?" a man pointed out to us. "They never miss a dance!"

That is not strictly true but never in our life have we seen fewer wallflowers. How the ladies do it is not immediately apparent because it is scientifically held that there are about six women to one man in the region. It must be that the women dancers protect themselves in advance. If they don't have a date, they stick to the bridge table or the shuffleboard court. When you walk along the streets at night, you see the mobs of card players in every hotel and boarding-house.

What is not generally commented upon in St. Pete is the romantic angle. We are indebted for facts on this sub-

ject to Miss Mae Barber, official historian for the Shuffleboard Club and reporter of its activities for the local press. She has perfected a new form of writing known as the shuffleboard style, which is read every morning with avidity by the addicts and is almost Greek for anybody else. In a more traditional fashion, Miss Barber has given a report on romance:

"Every fall we have a large number of new widows and widowers who come South to get away from it all. It isn't long before boy meets gal and they go arming and charming all winter. Many a time at the club a woman will hit a hussy for trying to take away her man. (Tsk! Tsk!) The result is a number of weddings every spring and considerable flirting going on all of the time. These coy youngsters and their gallant escorts range from 65 to 90 years of age."

Source of Senile Delinquency

This is obviously a reprehensible state of affairs and probably contributes to an alarming amount of senile delinquency, but it also seems to be life. It provides a touch of piquancy for a setting of frenetic excitement that has no parallel in America.

As night falls the green benches fill up on Central Avenue and cars are crowded bumper to bumper in the parking spaces. Out at the Coliseum a dance will be going on. The large auditorium is jammed with women in long evening dresses and men in their summer best. There is laughter and jollity, and the place is jumping.

Across the street at the club, the shufflers are still hard at it and will be till the lights blink at ten-twenty and they get ready for the blackout, which comes at ten-thirty.

The tables in the clubhouses are jammed so closely together that when you once get seated it is practically impossible to leave again until the janitors start throwing you out.

The chess and checker sharks still sit with their heads bowed over the tables, as if they had been frozen there since dawn.

On the dance floor the most amazing spectacle will be taking place. Present will be Al Smiley, aged 91, formerly of Wisconsin; Judge Ellis, aged 97, of Wisconsin; Fred Pingree, aged 89, of Boston; Henry Fleshour, of Johnstown, Pennsylvania, who won't tell his age; Charles Woodley, aged 80, of North Carolina; Mrs. W. D. Carr (also age-modest) of Montgomery, Alabama; and our own Mrs. William O'Brien.

Mrs. O'Brien is a comparative youngster at 69 but when we knew her as a schoolteacher in Pittsburgh, she was complaining mightily of her underpinnings and looking forward eagerly to a respite from work so she could rest for the remainder of her life. Her present idea of rest, as can be seen, is a twelve-hour day of pleasure.

"Haven't had an ache or pain in three years," she says cheerily.

Well, it's obvious St. Petersburg is a place where age has a hard time creeping up on anybody because they won't stand still long enough. We can conceive of it as a resort for our declining years but a view of it in action this winter convinces us that we should only make this step after an elaborate hardening course in a gymnasium. We don't want to do down there and make a fool of ourself against competition of that sort.

They can outlast us now when we are still practically in our teens. What would it be 20 years from now?

THE END

Collier's for March 29, 1947



LENT LOIST

Instructor Leavitt gives Student D'Innocenti a visual tip before they take off for another lesson

John Leavitt, 30, a scrawled Dominic Michael D'Innocenti, 23-year-old San Jose, California, deaf mute.

Leavitt tossed his pencil on the table in the flight lounge at Palo Alto, California, airport and walked away.

Dominic slumped in his chair, gazed at the floor, discouraged and dejected. Deaf and mute since stricken with a childhood disease at the age of three, he had always received a negative reply when he wrote: "I am deaf. Will you teach me to fly?" Here was another instructor who had walked away from him.

But John Leavitt hadn't refused to teach him. He had merely gone to the model plane rack and picked out one with movable control surfaces. He returned to the downcast youth, placed the model on the table in front of him, smiled and wrote this note: "Let's learn to fly!"

Leavitt has been teaching flying since before the war and he specialized in that with the Army after being graduated from the Central Instructors School at Randolph Field, Texas. Now 34, and a resident of San Mateo, California, he is instructing at Palo Alto Airport to accumulate a background of experience preparatory to acquiring an airplane sales and service business of his own. But in all his flight-training experience, he never had been confronted with the challenge presented by eager young Dominic D'Innocenti, so he determined to gratify the oft-thwarted ambition of the deaf mute. How he would do it he didn't know then, but he found a way.

Ignoring published flight manuals and throwing aside his fundamental methods of teaching, Leavitt and the model and Dominic went to work. Since Dominic had never built or operated model planes, it was truly the absolute beginning of a great adventure for both.

The model with movable rudder, elevators and ailerons was thoroughly demonstrated, and then Leavitt took Dominic out to the flight line. Selecting a 65-horsepower Aeronca Champion as the school ship, he placed Dominic in the front seat of the tandem trainer and took off for a normal student demonstration ride of a half hour of gentle maneuvers.

When Leavitt throttled back for his final approach to a landing, he noticed something unusual in his career as an instructor. Dominic didn't tense up when the engine and propeller noise was suddenly reduced. Realizing that Dominic was unaware of the noise, Leavitt capitalized on this as a head start for his afflicted student, who didn't have to overcome the usual deep-seated fear that a

sudden reduction in power means a sudden and unhappy end of the flight.

After that first flight Dominic flew as often as savings from his baker's job in San Jose would permit. Before each lesson, Leavitt conducted a short ground-school class with pencil and pad and model. The plan worked out a simple set of signals. A touch on the left shoulder was the order for a left turn; a touch on the right shoulder, a right turn; a tap on the back of the head meant fly straight and level. Leavitt's arm extended palm upward was the signal for a climb; palm downward, a glide.

"We talked over the spins in detail," Leavitt says, "and made a couple of dry runs on the ground. Then I demonstrated one in the air—and Dominic did it right the first time."

Landings came easily to Dominic, but they were exciting for Leavitt. "I had to keep my hands up where he could see them, gesturing palm up to increase the glide angle, palms down to steepen the glide, and I was ready to grab the controls," he says. "But it worked out all right."

Dominic soloed after three hours and fifteen minutes of Leavitt's tutoring, a tribute indeed to both instructor and student. The event was duly and officially noted on his student certificate by CAA Inspector R. E. Bell, "without limitations." (Airmen records are not segregated by the Civil Aeronautics Administration as to physical disabilities, so we cannot report whether this is a national precedent.)

Next, Dominic completed the required cross-country flight training to qualify for a private pilot's license that will permit the deaf mute to carry passengers. "I just went along for the ride," Leavitt says of this, "and I checked him on the course by pointing at a town or landmark and had him indicate its name or position on the chart. He didn't miss a single one."

When Dominic logs the 30 hours of solo flying required for a private license (which he hopes to by the end of this month), Leavitt says he will recommend him for the government test without additional instruction. The CAA flight inspector will make only one departure from the flight examination routine: he will slyly, and without warning, ease back the throttle after distracting Dominic's attention, to determine if he knows when the engine revolutions drop.

"He will," predicts Leavitt. "He's extremely sensitive to vibrations."

Leavitt is prouder of Dominic than of any of the 300 students he has taught to fly. But he still thinks any instructor could have done the job if he had taken it on. . . .

WILLIAM FLYNN

lier's for March 29, 1947

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"NOBODY WINS A WAR"



THIS catch-22 is a long time now, but it's about war. In a sense, it's a winner of speaking, it's especially the modern game of war, a serious wash of griefs, hates, fears, dislocations, etc., etc., follows such a war, even victorious countries.

However, we'd be worse than foolish to take it too literally, and just give up national activities on the ground that it won't tell us what happens to us in our next war, if we win, God forbid.

A glance at the peace treaties which the Allies at last cooked up for the vanquished nations is pretty convincing evidence that it's a lot less pleasant to lose a war.

Italy, for example, quit the Axis in September of 1943, and declared war on Germany, October 13, 1943. Even so, Italy lost heavily by the peace treaty.

It had to give up various strips of strategic border territory in France, and 3,000 square miles to Yugoslavia; surrender Trieste to free-city status; hand over the Dodecanese Islands to Greece; and abandon all hope of recovering any of its once big holdings in Africa—Libya, Eritrea, Somaliland. Italy also had to agree to pay a total of \$360,000,000 in reparations within seven years.

Peace terms for Bulgaria, Finland, Hungary and Rumania were even tougher than for Italy. The general effect of these treaties will be to make the countries on the losing side militarily negligible for years to come, and to delay their people's economic recovery from the war. Yet these treaties were not nearly so harsh as many a peace settlement of past times.

So we'd say let's keep our national defenses strong, and let's not buy the "nobody wins a war" medicine too enthusiastically. It's no fun to fight a war, and our primary objective ought to be to avoid future wars. But until we're sure we can do that, let's do our level best to make sure that we'll come out on the winning side—which still is by far the pleasanter side of the two.

5,000,000 4Fs AND WHAT AILED THEM

AARMY Surgeon General Norman T. Kirk's office recently wound up the big job of tabulating the statistics on the 5,000,000 men aged 18-37 whom the draft boards during the late war passed up as unfit for service for mental or physical reasons—the 4Fs.

Here are the picture's main outlines:

Of the 5,000,000 4Fs, about 500,000 had such outstanding physical or mental disqualifications that the local boards didn't even examine them. One third, approximately, of the remaining 4,500,000 were rejected on mental grounds—676,000 for deficient intelligence, 10,000 as being morons or idiots, 856,000 for neuropsychiatric shortcomings. Then, too, there were 376,000 4Fs with physical defects beyond their control—hunchbacks, bone deformities, amputations, and so on.

However—and here we get around to the gist of

this editorial—317,500 men were classified 4F for heart trouble, 260,600 for hernia, 254,000 for syphilis, 235,400 for nerve injuries (mainly from infantile paralysis), 234,300 for bad eyesight, 189,700 for poor hearing, and 129,900 for tuberculosis. Out of every 1,000 draft candidates, three were seriously underweight and two badly overweight.

Rejected for flat and club feet were 65,700; for stomach ailments, 64,700; kidney weaknesses, 53,300; varicose veins, 48,200; gland defects, 45,300; hemorrhoids, 19,300; venereal diseases other than syphilis, 18,400.

Looking over that list, even a layman knows that it is a catalogue of troubles of which many could have been nipped in the bud by competent doctors, instead of turning into permanent and largely incurable defects through neglect.

It looks to us like just another manifestation of

an old, happy-go-lucky American tendency to ignore or minimize physical troubles which don't either kill you or keep you from working at any not-too-strenuous job. That's admirable in a way; and certainly people who don't let their defects get them down are better off than hypochondriacs.

But there is a happy medium, and we'd be a healthier nation if a lot more of us would take to hitting that happy medium. It consists in getting a physical checkup from a capable physician every year or so—and in carrying out any instructions he or she may have to offer.

After all, your primary, essential working capital in this life is your physical mechanism. If you neglect it, and fail to invest sufficient medical expense money in it from time to time, you're in danger of impairing this primary working capital permanently—and needlessly.

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